Aug. 31, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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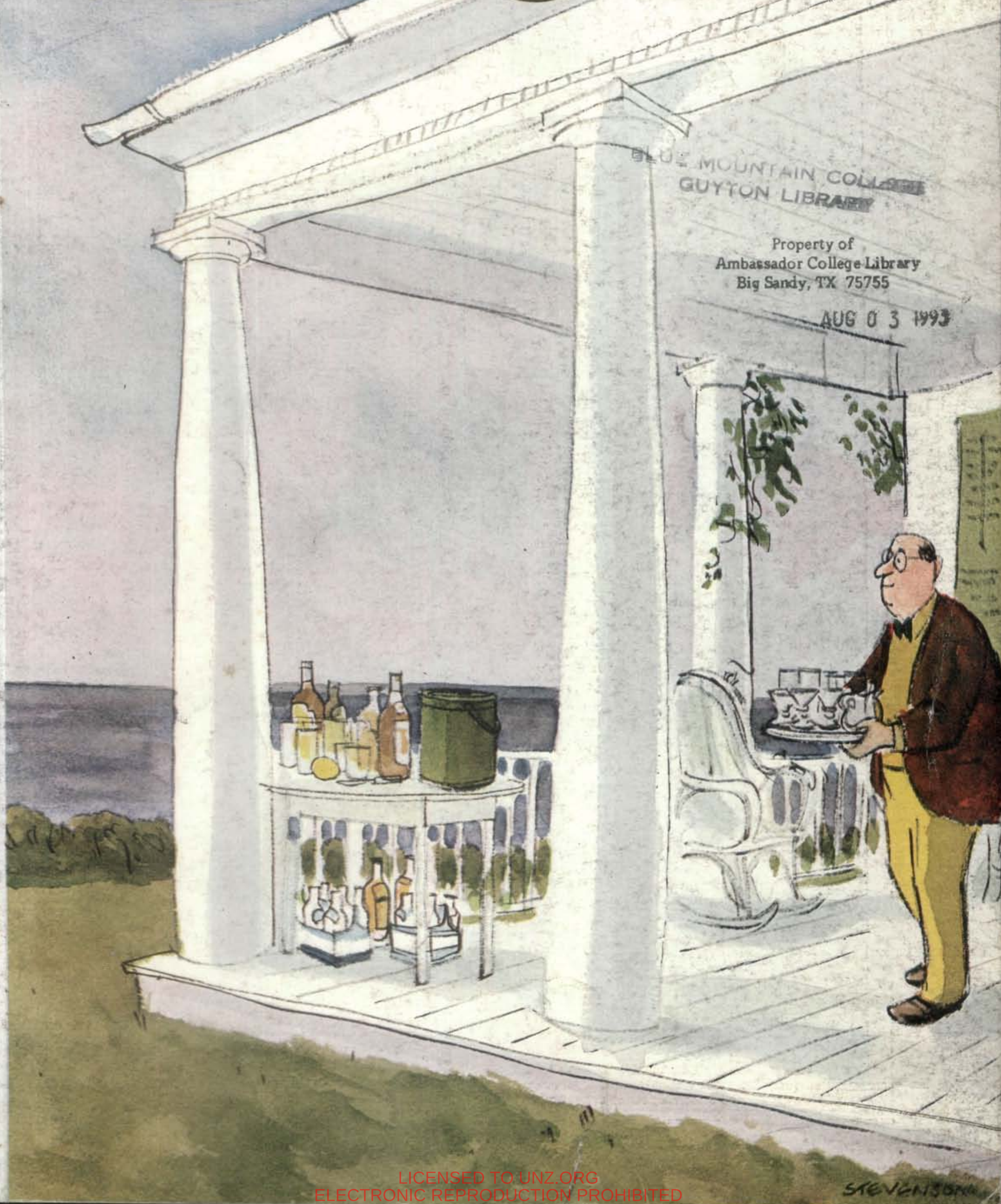

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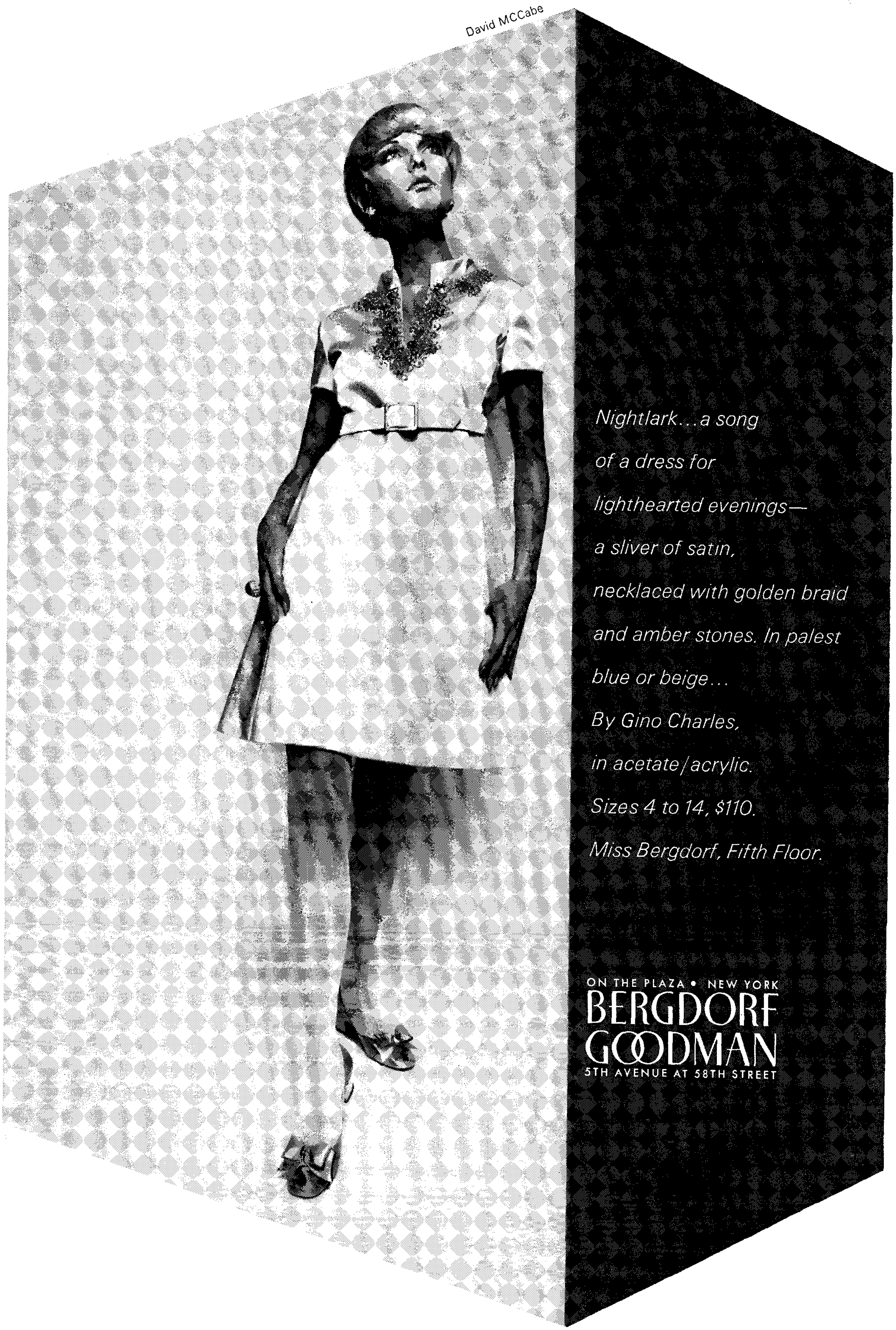

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 2. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 3, with performances of de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE**, which will run through Thursday, Sept. 12. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted to perfection by Art Carney and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Final performances of Richard Wright's adaptation of Louis Sapin's **DADDY GOODNESS** will close out a six-week repertory. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 29-30, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 31, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 3 and 8:30.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and David Burns is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:40.)

ROYALE
ROYALE
TAXI
tom funk

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD:** An invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **WEST SIDE STORY**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at

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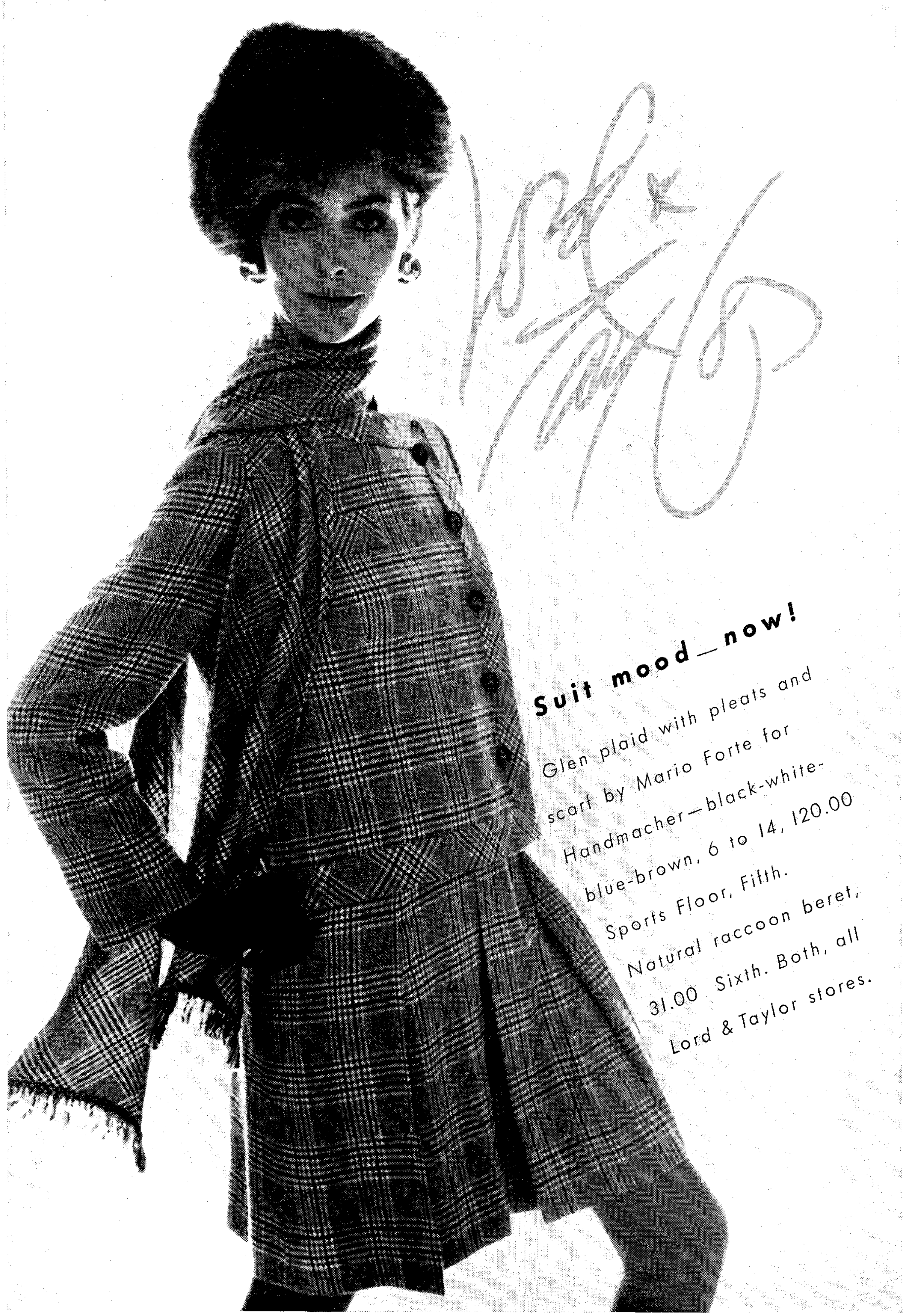

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** What ever became of Inez Pilk? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Hal Holbrook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Anna Galmarini. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Labor Day. Closes Sunday, Sept. 15.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of **ROMEO AND JULIET,** with Martin Sheen, Susan McArthur, Charlotte Rae, and Joe Bova, will close out the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 29-30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The first six in a series of nine free performances. Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8: Harkness Youth Company; Patricia Neary, Karl Musil, and Robert Scevers; the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español de Madrid; and Norman Walker and his company. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8: Harkness Youth Company, Anna Marie and David Holmes, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español de Madrid, and Norman Walker and his company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8: Lotte Goslar and her company; the Harkness Youth Company; Patricia Neary, Karl Musil, and Robert Scevers; Richard Kuch and his company; and the Rod Rogers Dance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 8: Harkness Youth Company, Anna Marie and David Holmes, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español de Madrid, and Norman Walker and his company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 4 (primarily for children): Harkness Youth Company and Lotte Goslar and her company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 8: Lotte Goslar and her company; the Harkness Youth Company; Patricia Neary, Karl Musil, and Robert Scevers; Richard Kuch and his company; and the Rod Rogers Dance Company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC,** with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

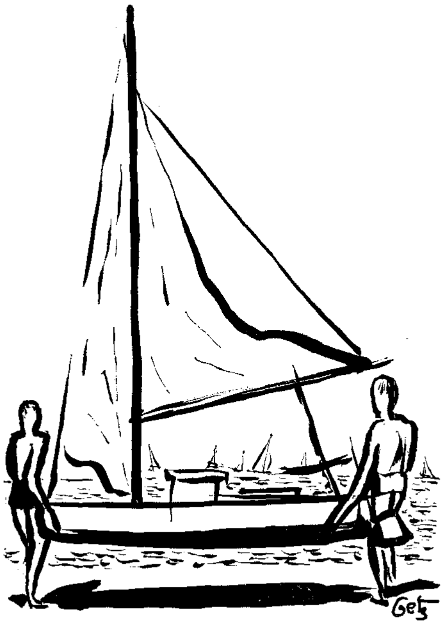
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Kensington Market provides rock through Monday, Sept. 2. On Wednesday, Sept. 4, the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble will arrive. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. Through Monday, Sept. 2, the Butterfield Blues Band will be drawing, probably, a lot of basic-electric-blues enthusiasts. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 3-5, comedian Larry Hankin, organist Al Cooper, and folk singer Charles O'Hagerty will be on the bill. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, the main act will be Blood, Sweat, and Tears, a powerful rock group that uses horns to good advantage.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about the only thing that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and a quintet headed by Zoot Sims and Ruby Braff. On Tuesday, Sept. 3, tenor-sax player Brew Moore will take Braff's place. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.



Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and ho-ho-ho. A fine how-do-you-do.

The Scene, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Where a lot of people think it's at. Buzz Linhart sings and plays guitar. John Hammond's trio and Hal Waters, an acoustic-guitarist, are around, too. On Monday, Sept. 2, other performers will move in. After two-thirty, visiting musicians often turn up for jam sessions. You can dance if you're so inclined.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Blue Mitchell quintet, which includes Bobby Timmons (who wrote "Moanin'," among other things). Monday, Sept. 2, will be turned over to singer Joe Lee Wilson, and on Tuesday, Sept. 3, Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs will start playing their own kind of music, which can hold an Avalon-type crowd as well as a jazz-type one. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Aug. 31, the Jazz Samaritans. Sunday, Sept. 1, the Substructure, a five-tuba outfit.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, Les McCann's trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Mort Sahl, who is more believable than most speakers heard recently in Miami and Chicago, takes turns with singer Arthur Prysock. Mondays are devoted to special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. The Kenny Burrell quartet plays five nights a week. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sundays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. Loud live rock alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte.* Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Saturday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor

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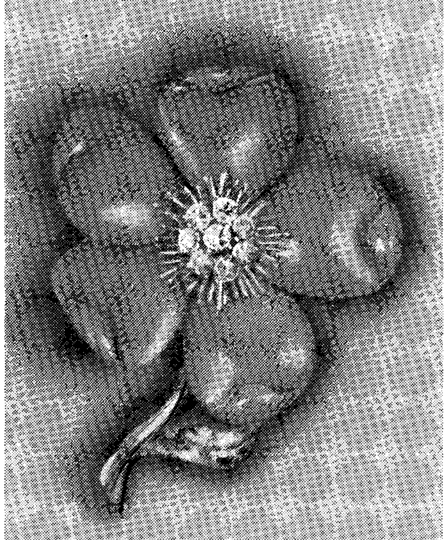

Pink Coral Flower

A beautiful new floral inspiration. Clip of warmly luminous coral, starry center of eight round diamonds and 18 kt. gold, golden stem and leaf, shown, $875. With gold and diamond stem and leaf, $1,500. Design © Actual size

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is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Live groups and rock records take turns over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. Alcohol? No.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are drinkable. Records play from nine to three or four except on Fridays, when they start at eight. Reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, The Blue Notes play for listening. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Elephant's Memory does. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Knock on Wood," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. After Friday, Aug. 30, the club will be closed for two weeks.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): In the best of all possible hill stations dwells Helen O'Connell, whose songs remind us that the heart can be a lonely (but lyric) hunter. She will be succeeded, on Thursday, Sept. 5, by Sarah Vaughan, a voice from a more tumultuous tradition. Phil Wayne's crew of musicians begins at seven, and there is always the view of the world you have left behind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The Romance languages are the only tongues known to the décor of the Roof, and the aura of *autre temps* is enhanced by the ministrations of a ballroom ballet duo—Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann. The *temps* of the bands—Quintero's and Joseph Sudy's—are, though, twentieth-century coming-out-party. On Saturday, Aug. 31, down comes the curtain, but on Tuesday, Sept. 3, the Maisonette reopens as a setting for Patachou, who, at dinner and supper, is apt to sing, in her native tongue, about the last time she saw Paris. La Boite, just across the way from her scene, reopens the same night, as sanctuary for lovers of the quiet life (all dinner and supper, no dance) and the calm fiddle of Ernest Schoen, the calm piano of Jules Kuti. Both these enterprises will be shut on Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The junior varsities will be having their nights in this Ivy League annex right through the Labor Day weekend; then, on Wednesday, Sept. 4, Stanley Worth's seniors and Ellen Harwicke, a pretty picture as she does her song-and-piano interludes between sets, get back to the campus. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Peace-on-earth is the guiding principle of the restaurant, and good-will-to-all is the spirit of Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The Glenn Miller band, which sometimes lets bygones be bygones and essays more contemporary tunes, is operating under the guidance of Buddy De Franco, and every night but Sunday. The Eddy McGinnis band, which obeys all the conventions, begins at six; the Millers begin at seven-thirty. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain, simple, unvarnished facts—a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling the Frug, the Tug, the Hugger-Mugger), in-perpetuity dance music (Don Alfredo's is the leading, and Latin, band), a modicum of sustenance, and no elaboration. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week, but Sundays from three-thirty on. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): The unroofed terrace affords communion with the phenomenon known as Natural Habitat—trees, grass, fireflies, and weather. Nourishment and parochial dance tunes, too. These last are presented from dinnertime until past midnight.

BIG DEALS

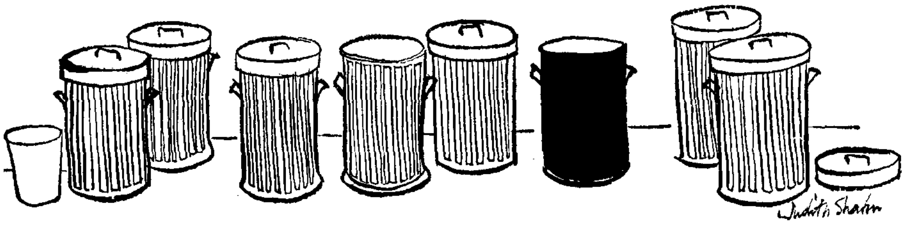
(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

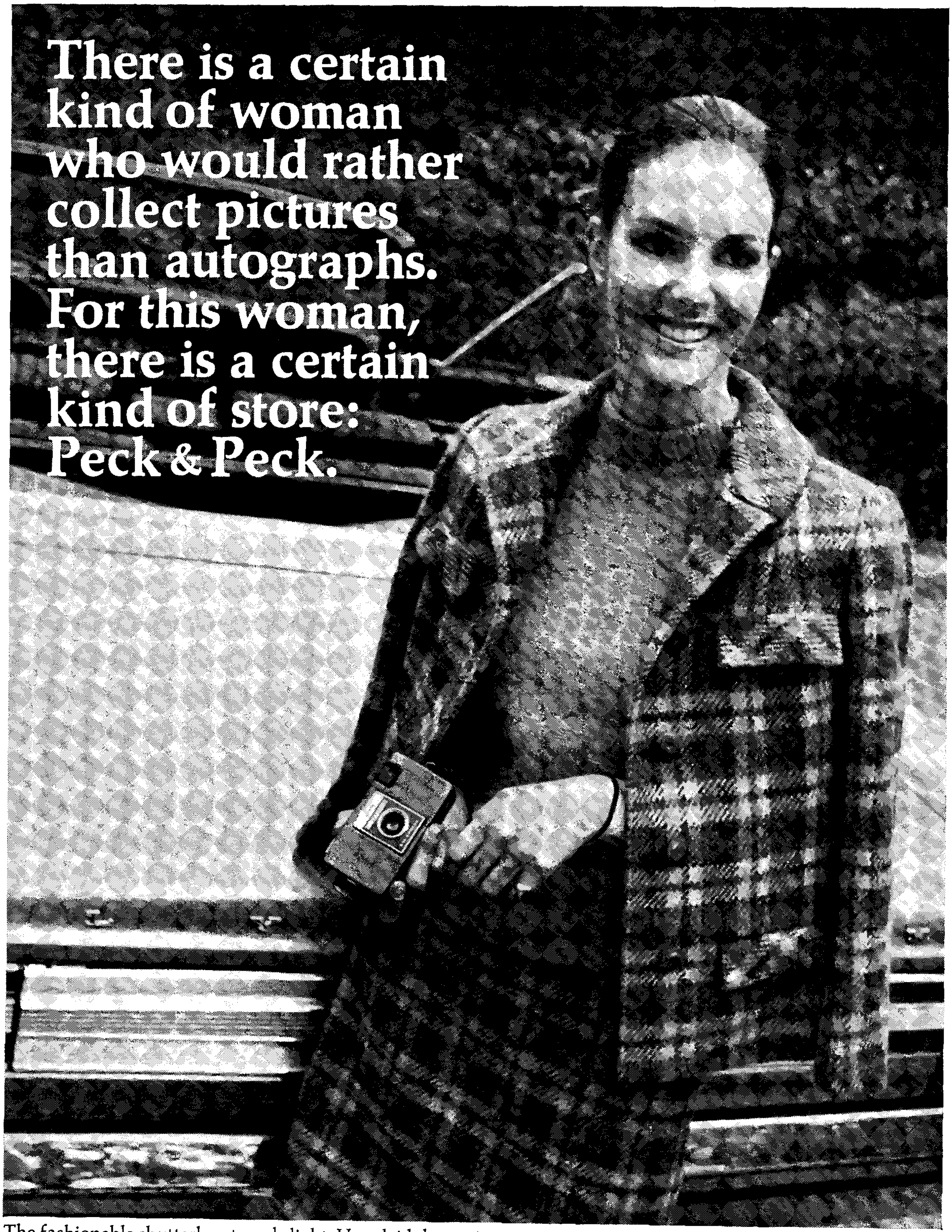
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box closes down on Saturday, Aug. 31, which will give Totie Fields, a funny girl when she wants to be, time to screen out some of her less appetizing gags, and Lee Evans, who leads the big band here, time to write some more of his good orchestrations. Play resumes on Thursday, Sept. 5, with Kaye Stevens, whose amusement is blithely common-denominator but in no way common. She shows during dinner and supper. Timmie Rogers moves in along with Miss S.; his humor, though, is distinctly an acquired taste.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—That long-playing record, Los Chavales de España, has settled in for a full semester. Singing, parading, blowing their own horns (all hands double and triple in brass), the Chavales make it a Welcome Wagon evening, and a young Spaniard named Miguel Sandoval proves that footwork can be a fine art. Twice a night for everyone, except that on Sundays Señor Sandoval and his ballerinas go it alone. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900): On Thursday, Aug. 29, the Temptations and their snap-the-fingers, snap-the-whip, buckle-down-for-Motown song festival will start raising the roof and the spirits of all present. They are on, and on, every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the course of its summertime botanical research, the Persian Room has come up with a bright little primrose, Freda Payne, whose voice handles power and pathos with equal

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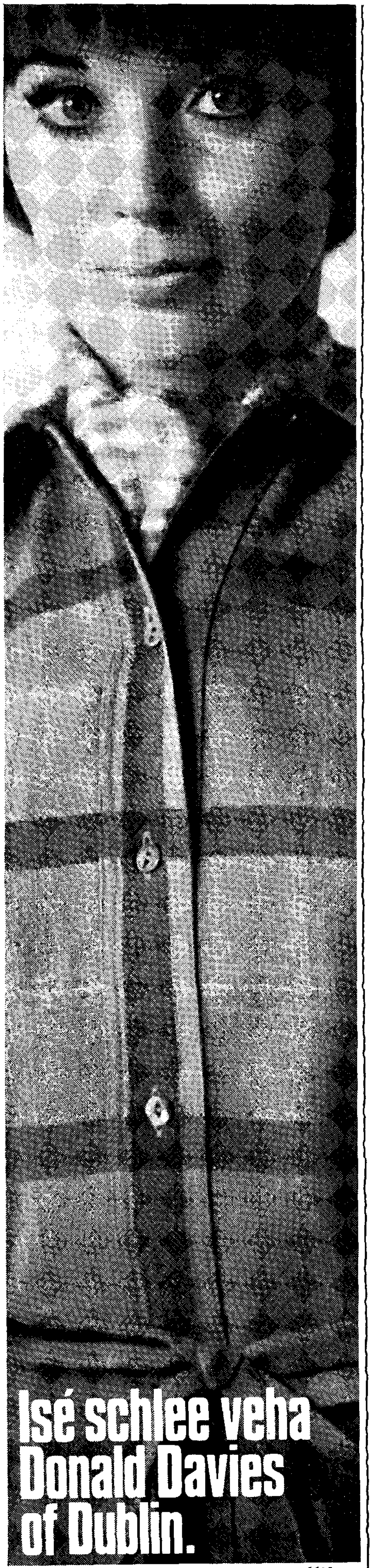

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

skill. She sets to at ten during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Other music, all silk and damask, issues from the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. The showshop will be closed Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 1-3, but will reopen next evening to house Lainie Kazan, who is inclined to make a Big Production out of whatever she sings. Both dinner and supper will be her menu. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which, however, skips dinner on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and, except on Sundays, violin and piano begin a pleasant conversation. From Tuesday through Saturday, the violin belongs to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of this hall.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The clubhouse is kept intact for whatever of the membership stays in town during the heated term. The summer boarder, and keyboarder, is Lynn Mullinax. Closed Friday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano in this *salle de luxe* has for years led a life of innocuous desuetude, but under the fingers of Bobby Short it is being driven like mad as he declaims the songs that are at their best during the dark hours. He begins at eight-thirty, and he and his two sidemen run on until two. Closed Saturday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Gulf Stream has a benign influence on this establishment, which reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 4, once more with a Jamaican troubadour in attendance. His beat is dinner, and calypso, as well as after the theatre. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Happiness is a thing called boys and girls—me for you, you for me, and euphoria. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the rest of the holding forth with great glee. Closes Friday, Aug. 30, but starts up again on Tuesday, Sept. 3. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Hands across the seas—in this case, the Mediterranean. Be they Greek, Israeli, or Armenian, the hands are turned to assertive but cheerful music, song, and conversation. Avram Grobard provides a large part of the chitter and the chatter, George Mgrdichian races across an oud, Tasso Mavris rips across a guitar, and a solemn female, Jasmine by name, makes the *danse de ventre* a truly ceremonial affair. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner, the voice and piano of Jacques Kayal ramble along from five until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is as Second Avenue does, but in the grim gloaming the grimness is at least eased by Charles De Forest, singing away at his own piano about one lost earthly and urban paradise after another. He is absent Sundays. . . . . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 4. Rita Dimitri, who lives in, will perch herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour and chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of, and mild dance music will start rustling at eight. Fridays and Saturdays, Mlle. D. does a reprise at midnight. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 4, as a souvenir of the Budapest of another day. Béla Babai's orchestra will adumbrate and Tibor Rakossy will be lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The town's opera season opens on Wednesday, Sept. 4, and before the evening is over, every man jack, right down to the second salad chef, will have had a crack at "Rigoletto" and environs. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Instant Replay," the miniature revue now on board, does a certain amount of original thinking, yet there are times when it does seem that the name of the game should be "Instant Recall." Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. Fiddle and pianoforte are the weapons of choice, and Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists, makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 4, with (as before) Herman Honigsberg diplomatically table-hopping, Stradivarius at the ready, and followed by his entourage of fellow-musicians. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The acoustics here have been greatly improved by adding Ray Hartley's piano to the décor. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In the manifold Alley, which deals in cocktails and dinner, there is piano by Muriel Roberts, one of the few girls who apply drive instead of drivel to the instrument. She is in service Mondays through Fridays, from four-thirty to eight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Americans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Saturday, Sept. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Labor Day.)

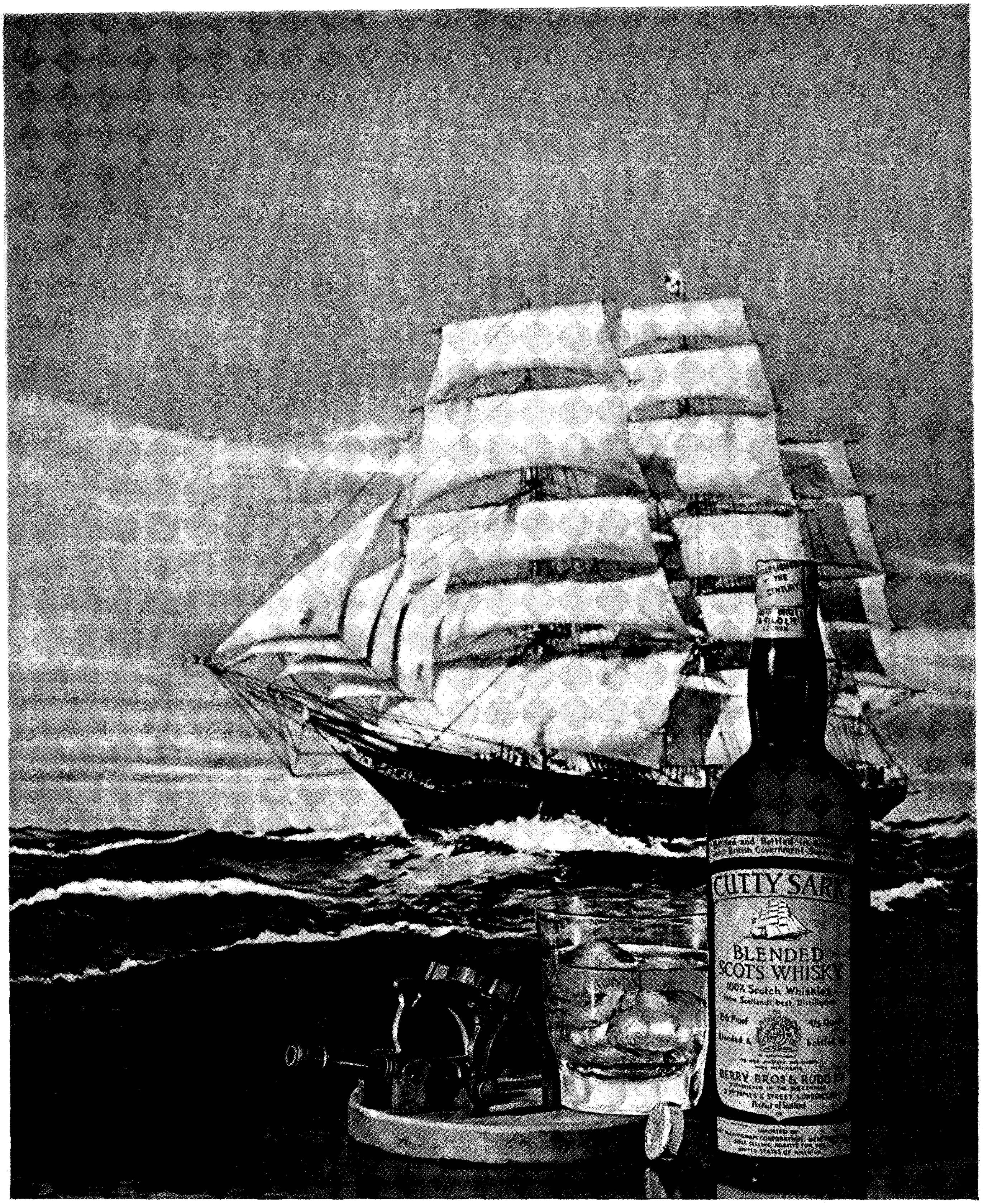
Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Sept. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until dark, starting Friday, Aug. 30, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Monday, Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Five major paintings (by Kandinsky, Picasso, Gris, Marc, and Rouault) borrowed by the Museum; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays,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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Monday, Sept. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by sixty-three painters and sculptors under forty years of age (ranging from Anuszkiewicz to Zox) acquired in recent years by the Museum; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ A show of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sunday, Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle the line between craft and fine art; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"First Fruits," a display (assembled from the Berg collection) of the earliest editions of first books by American authors, from Washington Irving to Countee Cullen; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, except Labor Day, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

Mozart-Haydn Festival—Final performances—Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: The Galimir Quartet, with Elly Ameling, soprano, and Jörg Demus, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at 8:30: Lukas Foss conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

Naumburg Orchestra—Emerson Buckley conducting Massenet's "Werther" in concert form, with Susan Belling and Sandra Darling, sopranos; Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; William Beck, baritone; and Malcolm Smith, bass. The final concert of the season. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 2, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Clark Terry's Quintet—The final concert of the season in the Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

IN THE COUNTRY

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra in the final performance of the season, with Marilyn Horne, soprano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will

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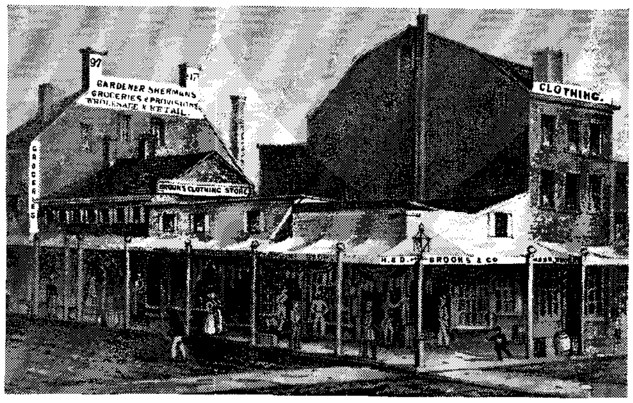

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

close with a program by the Jacob's Pillow Dancers and the Afro American Dance Ensemble. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 29, at 3, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8:05....¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at 8:05, and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2:05....¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Monday, Sept. 2, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8:05.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, at 8.

GOLF—Thunderbird Classic. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton, N.J. Friday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2.)

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)...¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 7.)

OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN TRIALS—For the Grand Prix Dressage Team. (Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, at 3:30.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 31; the Aqueduct, Monday, Sept. 2; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 7.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 2; last day Saturday, Oct. 12. (Through Labor Day buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—Generals vs. Detroit and Santos of Brazil vs. Benfica of Portugal, Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2....¶ Generals vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8.

TENNIS—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Thursday, Aug. 29, through Sunday, Sept. 8. Weekdays at noon; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 594-6600.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—Continues in Chicago, through Thursday, Aug. 29, and possibly longer.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Aug. 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Jezebel" (1938), with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda....¶ Aug. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), with Paul Muni and Joseph Schildkraut....¶ Aug. 31 at 11:30: "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman....¶ Aug. 31 at 3 and 5:30: "Lost Horizon" (1937), with Ronald Colman and Margo....¶ Sept. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant....¶ Sept. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938), with Jean Arthur and James Stewart....¶ Sept. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "They Won't Forget" (1937), with Claude Rains....¶ Sept. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Anna Christie" (1930) with Greta Garbo; shown in both the American and German versions. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

Ron Rico. Wasn't he the Harvard senior who cha-cha'd his way to fame on the Tonight Show?

RONRICO
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RONRICO
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But Ronrico's a rum. A very light and dry rum. Perhaps the smoothest tasting rum ever to come out of Puerto Rico.

One sip and you automatically graduate into a new taste class.

For a 30"x40" color poster of this ad send $1 to Personality Posters, Dept. N-6, 74 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011. Void where prohibited.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

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©American Tourister, Warren, R. I.

The trouble with an American Tourister is nobody knows you've been around.

You and your American Tourister have gone 100,000 miles. And what do you have to show for it?

None of the little mementos other suitcases pick up on their travels.

No sprung locks from the time a bellboy dropped it down three flights of stairs in the poshest hotel in Cannes. (Our locks don't spring open on impact.)

No ripped handles to show all the times it's been thrown into a plane. (American Tourister's cushioned handles are held by four steel studs, instead of the usual two. They don't rip off.)

No dents from the time a Tibetan yak butted it. (American Touristers are reinforced with fiber glass all over, and they have a strong stainless steel frame. They resist yaks.)

What's worse, no anecdotes about how your clothes got ruined and you had nothing to wear in Rio. (In addition to all that American Touristers have on the outside, there's a hand-fitted lining inside. No exposed hardware to snag and rip your things.)

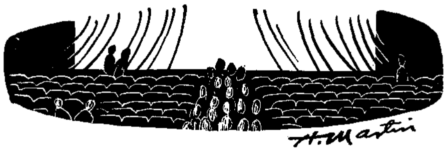
So if you're the owner of a new-looking old American Tourister, we have a little advice.

Since your suitcase won't prove you've been where you've been, take plenty of pictures that will.

American Tourister

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



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The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 4.)

The Bride Wore Black—A thriller about a lovely woman (Jeanne Moreau) who kills in vengeful memory of a beloved husband shot on the steps of their wedding church. Truffaut directs, in homage to Hitchcock, and makes a film that just manages to surmount a silly plot, since Truffaut shows an infinite and attentive respect for his characters and embeds in the narrative an idea about the nature of romantic love. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

China Is Near—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office in this straight-faced carnal comedy written and directed by young, prodigiously talented Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 4.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 30-31.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 3.)

The Drunken Angel (1960)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Sept. 4.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 3.)

Hugs and Kisses—Jonas Cornell directs a Swedish comedy that is a great deal more distinguished and gently funny than the title makes it sound. About a sober-faced writer who has unwittingly chaotic effects on the people he moves in on. The film includes some of the only recognizable-seeming love scenes for ages. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—Directed by René Clair. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 31.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 3.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 2.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce, with Annabella. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 1-2.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers again, this time cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 4.)

The Odd Couple—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure, Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. A French film with an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 3.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 4.)

Poor Cow—Carol White is the young barmaid who learns about life as she drifts from one thief to another. But she doesn't learn enough to keep one's attention from drifting in this ambitious but flat version of Nell Dunn's novel, directed by Kenneth Loach. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 4.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 1-2.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire on the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 3.)

Rosemary's Baby—Roman Polanski isn't at full stretch in this film, but he has an obvious and engaging love of making movies. The story, adapted from Ira Levin's thriller, is about a girl (Mia Farrow) who lives in the Dakota with her actor husband and conceives a baby by alarming occult means. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a key witch next door. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Scalphunters—A rousing comedy Western with an amiable tone. The director, Sydney Pollack, keeps tight reins on his cast. Ossie Davis, Burt Lancaster, Shelley Winters, and Telly Savalas, not allowed to run loose in the usual slovenly Western-movie manner, are good and funny. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 4.)

Sebastian—Dirk Bogarde cracks codes in this uneven espionage comedy-thriller. With John Gielgud, who provides a few amusing moments, and Susannah York and Lilli Palmer. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 4, evening performances only.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 29.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya. In German. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 3.)

Throne of Blood (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Sept. 4.)

The Tiger Makes Out (1967)—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson as a pair of eager, aging misfits. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 3.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—A documentary on Mexico by Sergei Eisenstein. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Sept. 3.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation of France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

War and Peace—Don't let anyone put you off by saying that the Russians' version is old-fashioned. Thank goodness, instead, for a work of this historical intelligence, detail, affection, and freedom from the silly pursuit of newness. Sergei Bondarchuk directed, wrote the screenplay, and plays Pierre. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 29.)

Zita—The director of "Incident at Owl Creek Bridge," Robert Enrico, makes a fine-detailed feature about a young girl dealing as best she can with the experience of watching a loved aunt die. As played by Joanna Shimkus, the character expresses a moving fury of energy to get away from the inescapable. In color and in French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 4.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE PRODUCERS.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 3: **THE TIGER MAKES OUT**; and "The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.
From Sept. 4: **POOR COW**; and **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

POCKET CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Aug. 30: "Satan Met a Lady" (1936), Bette Davis, Warren William; and "Now, Voyager" (1942), Bette Davis, Paul Henreid.
Aug. 31-Sept. 3: "42nd Street" (1933), Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart.
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 3: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra.
From Sept. 4: **SEBASTIAN**; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway. (On Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 4, "Thunderbirds Are Go," a full-length animated film, will be shown instead.)

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Frankenstein" (1931), Boris Karloff; and "Dracula" (1931), Bela Lugosi.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Obsession" (in Swedish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZITA (in French).

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rachel, Rachel," Joanne Woodward.

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BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Hang 'Em High," Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Czech Style," a Czechoslovakian film.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HUGS AND KISSES (in Swedish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"How Sweet It Is!," James Garner, Debbie Reynolds.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN.**

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE PRODUCERS.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE ODD COUPLE.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Legend of Lylah Clare," Kim Novak, Peter Finch.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 3: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian); and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).
From Sept. 4: **THE BIG STORE**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.**

AMERICAN LEGION
BINGO TO-NITE
Albert Hubbell

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 3: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra; and "Two for the Road" (1967), Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Aug. 29: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish).
Aug. 30-31: **THE CRIME OF MONSIEUR LANGE** (in French); and "Poil de Carotte" (1936; in French), Harry Baur.
Sept. 1-2: **PORT OF SHADOWS** and **LE MILLION** (both in French).
Sept. 3: **THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC**; and **TIME IN THE SUN.**
From Sept. 4: **THRONE OF BLOOD** and **THE DRUNKEN ANGEL** (both in Japanese).

SHER'DAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Aug. 29: "How Sweet It Is!," James Garner, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 30: "The Legend of Lylah Clare," Kim Novak, Peter Finch.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Lost Sex" (in Japanese).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE ODD COUPLE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Killing Game" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Paris in the Month of August" (in French), Charles Aznavour, Susan Hampshire.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 4: **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian); and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 3: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German).
From Sept. 4: **THE SCALPHUNTERS**; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 29: **NIGHT AND FOG**; and "Is Paris Burning?" (1966).
Aug. 30: **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French).
Aug. 31: **THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT** (silent); and "Volpone" (1947; in French), Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet.
Sept. 1: "The Red Shoes" (1948), Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Three Fables of Love" (1963; in Italian and French).
Sept. 2: **CASABLANCA**; and **THE MALTESE FALCON.**
Sept. 3: "St. Matthew Passion" (1952), Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (1951; in German).
Sept. 4: **THE KNACK**; and **THE BALCONY.**

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 3: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From Sept. 4: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

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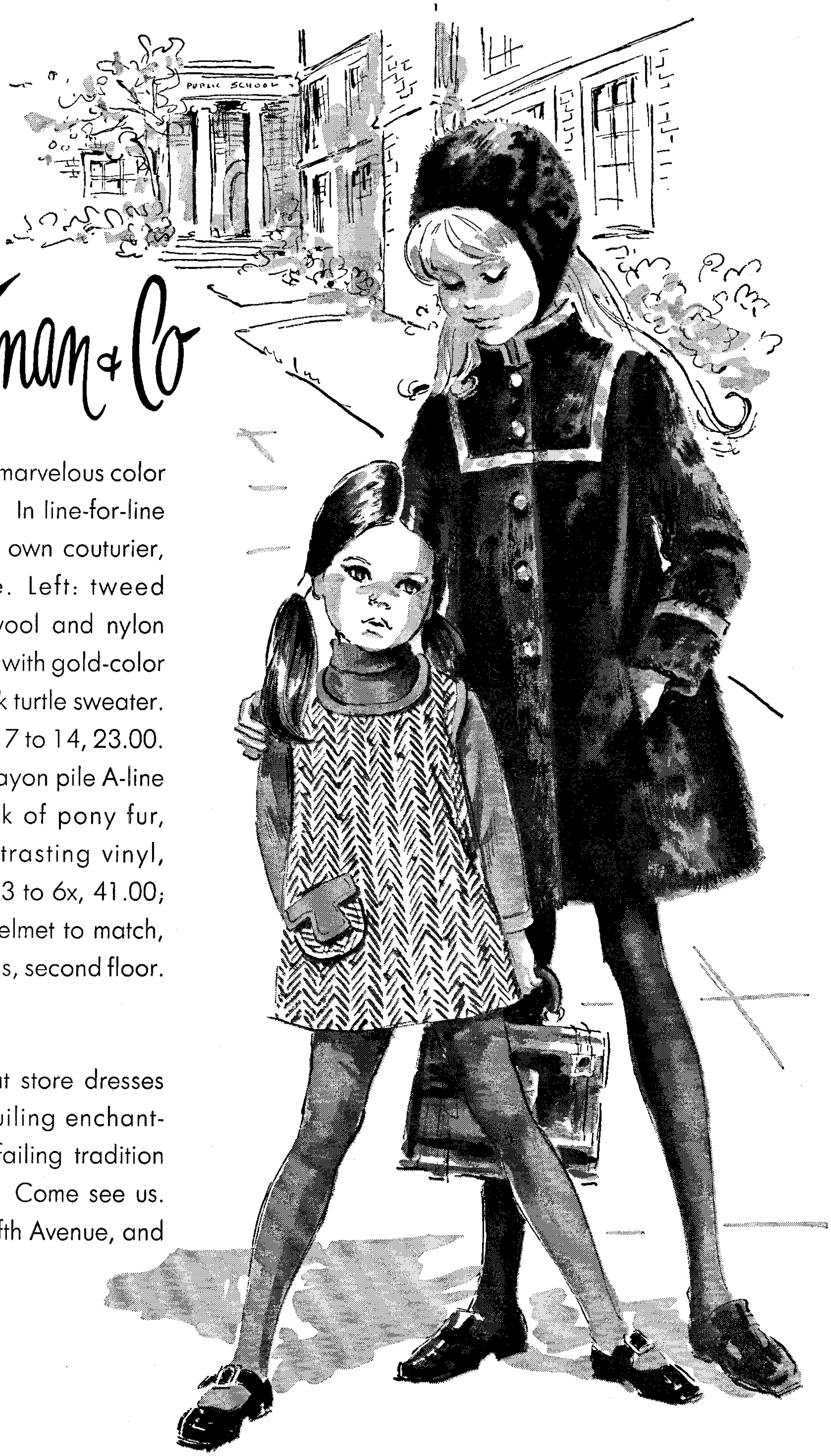

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THE NEW YORKER

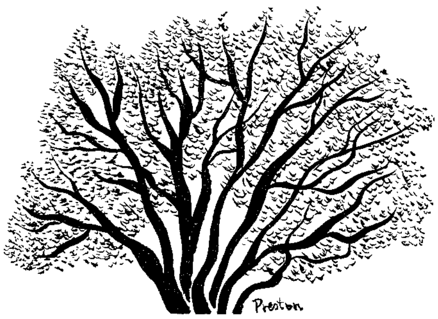
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

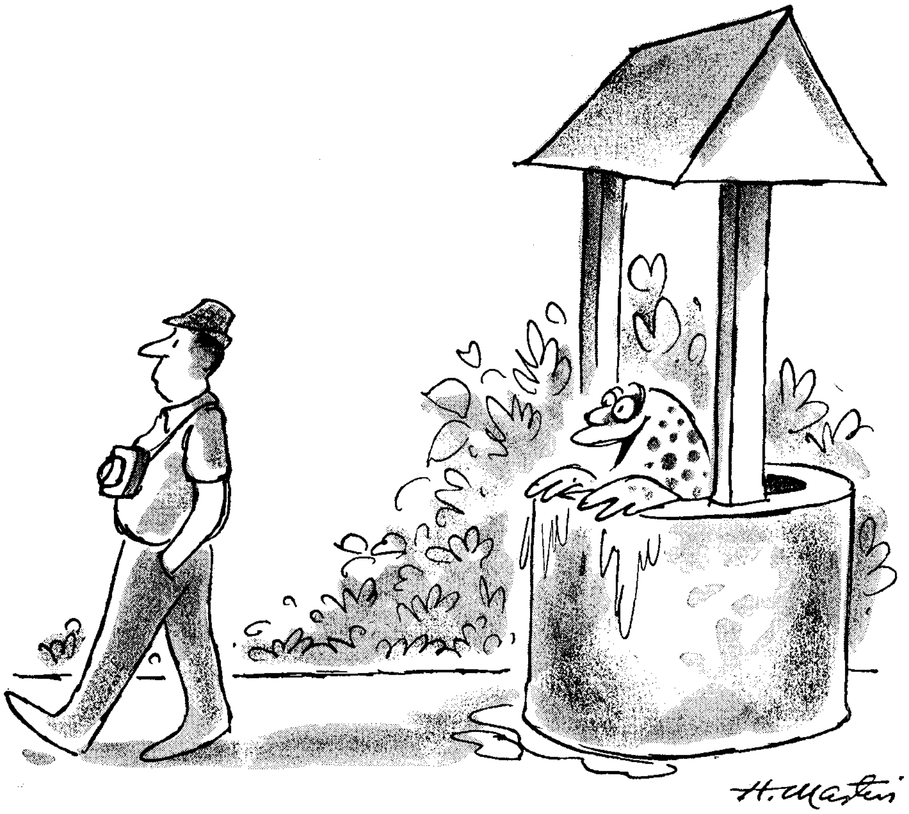
LOOKING closer than is necessary at page 33 of the *Times* for August 21, 1968—a page of political news—we see that there is no particular point in complaining about the clumps of words that issue with seasonal abundance from the mouths and copying machines of politicians of every creed in the form of declarations, dialogue, discourse, informal and prepared statements, planks, pledges, proposals, reiterations, harsh indictments, and harsh, no-compromise speeches, except, maybe, to say that different points of view may become a matter of indifference when they are uniformly swathed in phrases like "wholehearted effort," "peaceful means," "major prop," "massive intrusion," "fruitful approach," "flat rejection," "immediate and unconditional halt," and "unequivocal commitment."

THE other day, we received a letter from a friend, who wrote: "I saw an act of violence a few weeks ago that I haven't yet been able to get off my mind. As violence goes, it was by no means extreme—only one blow was struck—but for some reason it was far more shocking and lastingly disquieting than much more drastic incidents that I've happened to see, and it remains in the back of my mind with the special clarity and unfading immediacy that perhaps only scenes of violence can produce—as though my mind had been indelibly exposed, like a film in the burst of a flashbulb. It took place on a Friday afternoon, at the hour when everyone was pouring out of the office buildings onto the sidewalks after work, and I was driving downtown toward the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, on my way to Long Island for the weekend. Somewhere down around Wall Street, a red sports car pulled up next to me at a stop light. The driver asked me how to get to the tunnel, and I told him to follow my car. I had a dim recollection of having seen him in the movies, and when he pulled up alongside me again, at another light, I asked him if he was an actor. He told me that he had been in several recent war films, and I remembered, then, having seen him in 'The Dirty Dozen.'

"When I saw 'The Dirty Dozen,' I had thought that it was a good representative of a new kind of war movie, which seems to be replacing the kind that people were making five or ten years ago. In the old war films—films such as 'The Bridge on the River Kwai' and 'Beachhead'—the writers and directors were careful to show the enemy in a poor light, usually as machinelike, brutal professional soldiers who practiced torture and were power-mad, and to show our soldiers in a good light, usually as informal, friendly civilian types who somehow managed to humanely and charmingly overcome superior enemy forces by turning their skills as ballplayers to the throwing of hand grenades. In the old war films, when the time came to have the enemy soldiers killed, the moral gap between the enemy robots and our citizen-soldiers was so well established that few in the audience could feel anything but righteous satisfaction at the enemy deaths. But in the new kind of war film the enemy is depicted as quite neutral morally and our own soldiers turn out to be unspeakably brutal, as though this were something to admire. Although the directors of the new kind of film apparently want the audience to root for our soldiers, their grip on the old stratagems for winning our sympathy seems to be slipping. In 'The Green Berets,' John Wayne gives a journalist an enthusiastic statement in support of the practice of torturing prisoners. Confusingly enough, Wayne adopts precisely the loud, this-is-the-last-word-on-the-subject tone of offended righteousness that used to be reserved for the moment when the imprisoned American told off the Nazis who were torturing *him*. In 'The Green Berets,' the audience is indignantly invited to take sides with the torturers. 'The Dirty Dozen' is about the exploits of twelve criminals who have been condemned to death or to life sentences and are given a chance to win reprieves if they consent to go on an extremely dangerous mission behind enemy lines. Characteristically, the mission of these criminal-soldiers is not to storm a hill or to take a beach against hopeless odds, as it might have been in the old kind of war film, but to lock a hundred or so unarmed German officers and their girl friends into the cellar of a château and then slaughter them in cold blood with explosives. From the start, most of the American officers show themselves to be near-sadists. Lee Marvin, who plays the role of the major who must train the Dirty Dozen, starts the training by throwing a private on the ground and stepping on his face because he has refused to march. Other officers repeatedly order beatings of privates. When the Nazis are shown, in the last half of the film, it is they, oddly, who are talking about girls back home, while the Americans plan their mass slaughter. On the whole, the Nazis are made to appear a benign bunch. With the lines drawn in this way, audiences never have the pleasure of seeing justice triumph, and the only thing left for them is delight in the actual killing of men on both sides of a senseless war—if they have a taste for that sort of thing. Yet at the end of the film a narrator's voice announces that those of the Dirty Dozen who were killed during the mission 'died in the line of duty,' as though the whole point had been to stir our patriotism.



"As this actor waited with me at



"Hey! Congratulations, Mister! Yours was the one-millionth wish!"

• •

the stop light, a cabdriver called out 'Hi! How are ya?' to him, in the cheerful tone that people use when they are greeting celebrities, and as he pulled ahead of me onto the feed-in ramp to the tunnel, another man waved to him from a car. At the entrance to the tunnel, the traffic jammed up and came to a halt. The red sports car stopped just ahead of me in the lane to my right. A car came up behind it and, travelling at a few miles an hour, failed to brake quite in time and lightly bumped the sports car on its back bumper. The actor had hardly been jolted at all, but he got out of the car slowly and walked around to the back of it, smiling as he did so. He had the chest and arms of a weight lifter, and heavy muscles in his shoulders and back. The man in the car that had bumped him smiled apologetically. He was about forty, and had a pudgy, tanned face and long, wavy, carefully styled hair. The actor found that there was no damage. He looked around him—at me, and at other people in their stopped cars—and then walked up to the window of the other man's car and stood there for a second, still smiling, as though in forgiveness. Still smiling apologetically, the driver rolled down his window, so they could talk. Then the actor delivered a hard, open-handed blow to the driver's face. He was careful to rake his fingertips across the man's eyes. The driver fell back in the seat, clutching his face. The actor, who had never stopped smiling, looked in at the man, and then walked slowly back to his car. After half a minute or so, the driver sat up again in his car, holding his face in his hands. The traffic began to move.

"I found it difficult to believe that the blow had really been struck. Nothing had suggested that it was coming, and now, except for the man rubbing his face, there was nothing to show that it had happened. Did the actor consider the blow a punishment for a kind of lèse-majesté to his person, even though it was accidental and caused no harm? Was the actor an extreme narcissist, whose self-love extended even to his sports car? Did he do it out of actual enjoyment in hitting people? He had known that I and other people in the jam were watching. Did he, then, regard me and the other drivers—some of whom had called out greetings to him, although they had never met him—as an audience to perform for? It occurred to me that as he sensed moviegoers' delight in his various brutal roles, and as he became a more and more important and esteemed part of the enormous, opulent industry that produces and promotes such films, he might have grown to think of the violent side of him that was expressed in 'The Dirty Dozen' as his finest side, and, thriving in the atmosphere of general approval, might have begun to feel that real life deserved the best he had to give."

Sixty-seventh Street

ON a hot, muggy afternoon last week when the United Nations Security Council was preparing to discuss the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, a dozen policemen, plus a commanding sergeant, were guarding the two ends of the Sixty-seventh Street block between Lexington and Third Avenues as well as the entrance to the Soviet U.N. Mission, in the middle of the block. We stood around with them in the hot sun, watching, but nothing happened. Most of the blinds of the modern white brick apartment building housing the Soviet Mission were shut. Dark curtains were drawn over the glass entrance doors. Gray wooden police barriers stood at each end of the block, closing off traffic, and more gray wooden barriers were lined up along the curbs. Across the street from the Mission, on the steps of the Nineteenth Precinct police station, a policeman and a detective stood with their arms folded, and yelled questions, to their own great amusement, to their colleagues guarding the Mission entrance.

"You guys dying of thirstiness?" yelled the detective.

"You guys in the mood for a long, cool drink?" yelled his companion.

The firehouse just to the east of the police station—"39 Engine Co. 39" and "16 Ladder Co. 16"—had its doors wide open, and a couple of firemen, the sleeves of their blue shirts rolled up high, stood leaning against the sides of the entrance, chewing gum. Beyond the firehouse, the door to the headquarters of the City of New York Department of Welfare Staff Training Center was closed. No sign of life there. No pedestrians on the block. The policemen guarding the Mission looked tired and resentful. Across the street, the detective called out, "How about a nice pink lemonade for you guys? How about a nice diet cola?"

Suddenly, there was some action. Someone had been permitted to pass the barrier at Third Avenue, and came walking west on the Mission side of Sixty-seventh Street. It was a woman, carrying a brown paper A. & P. bag. She wore high-heeled white patent-leather sandals and a jersey dress with multicolored horizontal stripes, and she had a lumpy, untrim shape and a chronically smug expression that we recognized from pictures showing the faces of women behind desks in Russia.

She clomped quickly up to the Mission entrance, pushed the doorbell, waited for the opening buzzer, and, when it came, laid a protective hand on the top item in her A. & P. bag (a sack of Fritos) and clomped inside.

"That's about it," one of the policemen said to his companion at the entrance.

We walked along the street to the southwest corner of Sixty-seventh and Lexington, where a lone picket stood holding a sign, black letters on white, that read:

TWO OF
A
KIND,
RUSSIA
&
AMERICA

The picket was a thin, red-haired young woman who was wearing a navy-blue linen shift and straw shoes. Her face was pale and covered with freckles, and her long hair was held back with a tortoise-shell barrette.

"What is your name? Who sent you here? Why are you holding that sign?" we asked.

"I'm Eileen Whalen—I'm a commercial artist, and I'm here as an individual," she said. "I believe that what the Russians did in Czechoslovakia is just what we're doing in Vietnam. Or—an even better example—what we did in the Dominican Republic. We invaded that country, installed the government *we* wanted, and then left. And that's what the Russians will do in Czechoslovakia. They'll install the government *they* want, and then they'll leave."

"How old are you?" we asked.

"Almost thirty," she said. "And I consider myself a Socialist. People get mixed up. They see Socialism as synonymous with dictatorship. What I want is economic Socialism and political democracy. I see plenty of capitalist countries with dictatorships. Spain. Portugal. Brazil. My main point is that propaganda in America is so strong that most Americans think that Socialism means dictatorship. My main point is that Socialism is an economic system and can have *many* political governments, including a democratic government. That's the way Czechoslovakia was going, and it could have been a model. That's why the invasion is such a tragedy."

"What other picketing have you done?" we asked.

"I go down to Whitehall when the boys are being inducted against their will, and I support them," Miss Whalen said. "I was in CORE for a while, but they're not too friendly to whites now."

We began to be joined on the southwest corner by a few other pickets. One of them, a young man with a very young beard, asked Miss Whalen, "What happened to the Women Strike for Peace people? They were supposed to be down at the United Nations, but they never showed up."

Miss Whalen looked sad.

"Some people have the integrity to speak out and condemn both sides," the young man said. He was wearing blue jeans and a Paisley shirt, and he had enormous dark eyes. "Dr. Spock spoke out yesterday and condemned both sides."

"What is your name? What do you do?" we asked the young man.

"Gene Rothman," he said. "And I work with the Freedom and Peace Party. Not to be confused with the Peace and Freedom Party. I'm working for the Freedom and Peace Party's campaign to support Beulah Sanders for election in the Twenty-fifth Senatorial District. Beulah Sanders worked for the poor people, and she's a candidate I can support."

The corner was beginning to get a small crowd. A young man wearing—of all things—a shirt with one of those little, round, tight-against-the-Adam's-apple collars, a dark necktie, and a conservative, dark summer suit with a "Gene McCarthy for President" button on his lapel said to a companion, "As I look around here, I see so few people of the left. I'm really *surprised*."

His friend, who wore a conservative suit and necktie and—again, of all things—a shirt with a button-down collar, said, "I think this is extremely disillusioning. I think a lot of people are going to have to rethink their simplistic attitudes."

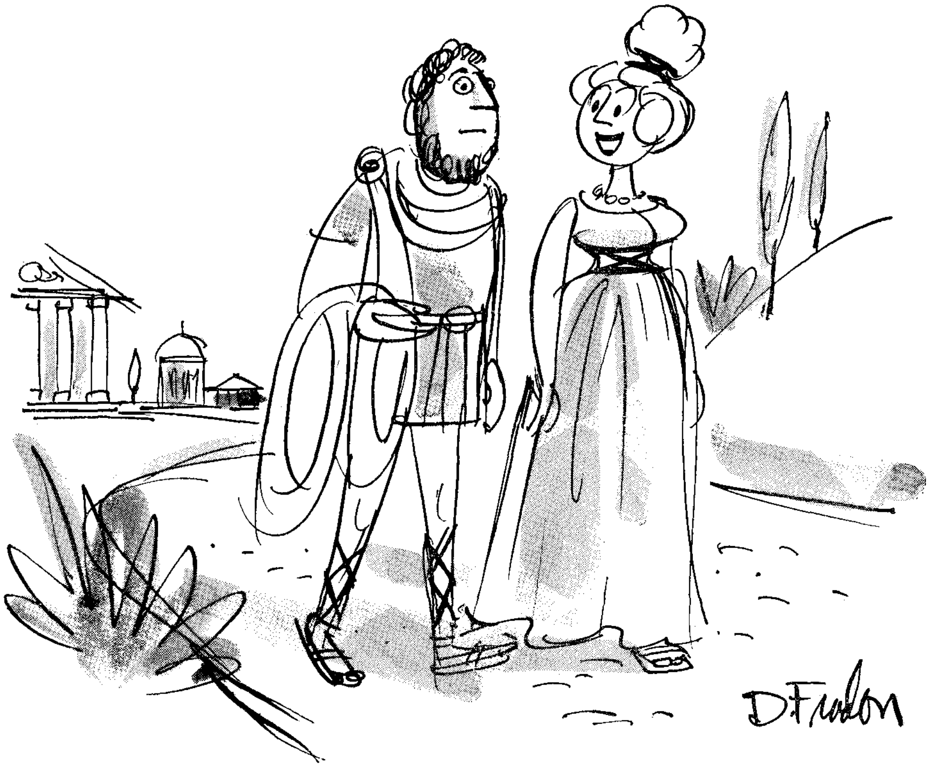
We asked the two young men their names and occupations. They were Richard S. Beth, a graduate student in political science at Yale (round collar), and Robert B. Sauer, a graduate student in engineering and business at Dartmouth (button-down collar), and both were twenty-four.

"As a matter of fact, I'm engaged to his sister," Mr. Sauer said to us.

"We were going home for the weekend—out to Bellport, Long Island—and we decided to stop off here to help in the picketing," Mr. Beth said. "If I could say one thing—I'm a sort of Jeffersonian liberal radical."

"But Jefferson was an *aristocrat!*" Sauer said.

"Well, I believe in liberty," Beth said. "I think one of the troubles with radicals is they get hung up on Marxism. I believe a radical approach is called for these days, and, in some circumstances, a revolutionary approach. But there should be such a thing as democratic radicalism. What I'm afraid of now is that the reaction to the events in Czechoslovakia is going to be *reaction*. A general clamp-



"Did anyone ever tell you that you have a very mobile face for a Stoic?"

ing down on Communism everywhere.”

Over on the northwest corner of Lexington and Sixty-seventh, a small group clustered around an American flag held signs reading

YAF
Russians Go Home
Leave the Czechs
Alone

and

Pace College YAF
Says
Russki
GO HOME

A little apart from this group stood a young, black-haired man wearing a “Vote Row C—Buckley for U.S. Senator” button.

We crossed the street. “What is your name? Why are you here?” we asked the black-haired man.

“John Lovasz. My parents are Hungarian, so I sort of sympathize,” he said. “Over WQXR this morning, I heard an announcement that the Young Americans for Freedom—that’s YAF—were holding this demonstration, so I’ve been here since ten o’clock. I don’t normally go in for this sort of thing. But it’s so shocking. Some of the YAF policies are too right-wing for me. But on the other hand I don’t go for those people on that other corner, either. I’m sort of stuck in the middle. I guess I ought to be standing out in the street, but the buses are turning in there and I don’t want to get hit.”

The group of YAF protesters started rolling up their signs and rolling up the flag, and we quickly nabbed one of them. He said that he was Ronald Schwarz, and that he was twenty-one. He wore long sideburns and metal-rimmed round glasses.

“We had a twenty-four-hour vigil. Now we’re finished. We’re going home,” Mr. Schwarz said.

“Why did you come here?” we asked.

“I had a feeling of impotence, so I wanted to do something,” he said. “When the Hungarian revolt was crushed, I was only nine, but I remember watching TV and seeing those Hungarians fighting in the streets, and I never got over it.”

“Come *on!*” one of Schwarz’s colleagues called to him. “The twenty-four hours is up!”

Feed the Lambs

A FEW weeks ago—recent weeks being what they have been—we attended another demonstration, this one on Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, at the United Nations. Its purpose was to urge world leaders and the United Nations itself to adopt emergency measures in an effort to find a way of getting food to the estimated five million people who face starvation in Biafra, and it had been organized by the American Committee to Keep Biafra Alive, a group that had been formed around several former Peace Corps volunteers who had been in Federal Nigeria and Biafra. The other day, we went over to the committee’s office, a storefront on Broadway at Ninetieth Street, and found it one of the busiest offices we have seen in a long time. Three phones were in constant use by members of the committee, who were making call after call, with visible impatience. Other people were furiously typing or flipping through filing cards. We talked with Richard Dicker, a seventeen-year-old volunteer worker for the committee, who has a head of long, woolly hair and wears metal-rimmed glasses, and, like most of the staff, he seemed almost giddy with overwork, hunger, and the importance and rightness of the cause. Nearly all the people on the committee—there were about a dozen of them—had been working fourteen or fifteen hours a day, often skipping meals, and an aggressive and excited spirit of embattled solidarity had grown up among them. “This is the most wonderful thing I’ve ever done!” Mr. Dicker told us, almost stumbling over his words in his enthusiasm. “Look—I’ve got a file here,” he continued, producing an accordion envelope full of index cards, which he apparently carried with him wherever he went. “I have the names of interested groups and people in cities all over the country, alphabetically filed. We telephone them to ask for support, and get them to arrange church services and demonstrations in their own cities.” He paused, and then burst out, “I love my file!”

The most immediate project, he told us, was to organize an interdenominational church service for the coming Sunday afternoon at St. Thomas’s Episcopal Church. The group had decided to invite every famous person in the New York area whom any of them had ever heard of. Consequently, some of them found themselves talking on the phone with a succession of people more famous than any they had talked with before in their lives. At first, they felt somewhat awed by the famous people, and by all the long-distance telephoning, but they soon got bolder, and even ventured to reprove some of the people who made excuses for not taking steps to alleviate the suffering of the Biafran children. Sometimes they amazed themselves by their boldness.

The special service at St. Thomas’s that Sunday included the reading of prayers by a minister, a priest, and a rabbi, and singing by the All-City High School Chorus. Then the chorus led the congregation, which numbered about a thousand, in a march to Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza, where speeches were given. The final speech was made by Paul Connett, who is the chairman of the committee. He said that his group was not political, and continued, “Neither sovereignty nor unity is sufficiently noble to be won with children’s blood. We are political only in the sense that we aim our efforts both at governments and at international organizations.” Later in his speech, he said, “But when we say ‘I am a human being,’ or when we say ‘I am involved in mankind,’ we are saying ‘These are my children who are dying.’ If a child’s life is important, it is important everywhere. If the lives of these children gathered here are important, then the lives of the children in Biafra are important.” Standing in front of him were three Biafran children, and at the end of his speech he hoisted a little girl up to the microphone to say, paraphrasing the Bible, “Simon Peter, feed my lambs. Feed my sheep.”

After the speech, we met the children’s parents, Dr. and Mrs. Odinikpommadu Uddoh, who have been away from Africa for sixteen and twenty-five years, respectively. Mrs. Uddoh, who had once been chosen for the English Olympic women’s track team, had a warm and cheerful manner; her husband, who has been a surgeon at Bellevue Hospital, seemed reserved and thoughtful. Whereas the American Committee to Keep Biafra Alive was non-political, the Uddohs took a political stand in support of the Biafran independent government. We learned that Dr. Uddoh had decided to return to Africa to offer his services as a doctor to the Biafrans, and planned to leave the next Sunday. (Even getting into Biafra is extremely dangerous now;

planes that fly in are fired on by Nigerian artillery, and must land at an airfield that is nothing more than a widened stretch of road. And now that the Nigerian troops are invading the heartland of Biafra, the prospects of getting out once you have got in are increasingly dim.)

One evening later that week, we visited the Uddoh family in their apartment, on the twenty-fourth floor of a low-rent building on the East Side. In the living room, we noticed a striking abstract painting done in bold strokes of orange, black, and yellow, and Mrs. Uddoh told us that her daughter Ifeoma, aged four, had painted it, and that an exhibition of Ifeoma's paintings is being shown in Japan. The Uddohs' other children—Chinwe, aged seven and a half (it was Chinwe who had spoken up at Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza), and Odinikpommadu, aged six—were watching the end of a TV program, but Ifeoma subjected us to an intense and yet extraordinarily cool and objective scrutiny. Her composure, however, did not get in the way of her abruptly executing a few backbends with stunning agility. A moment later, she handed us a skillfully executed drawing of the apartment building, done on a tiny piece of notepaper. Then she gave us the entire pad, whose pages were blank. We asked her what the gift was, and she resoundingly declared "Nothing!" and burst out laughing. We took it as a kind of artist's joke on the layman. More unsolicited gifts followed—a glass of water and a macadamia nut. Mrs. Uddoh told us that Ifeoma sometimes painted almost all day without stopping, producing a dozen or more paintings. In this enormous output, Ifeoma singled out a few paintings as favorites. The painting in the living room was one of these, and when Mrs. Uddoh had suggested sending it to Japan as part of the exhibition, Ifeoma's outburst had been so vehement that the painting stayed behind.

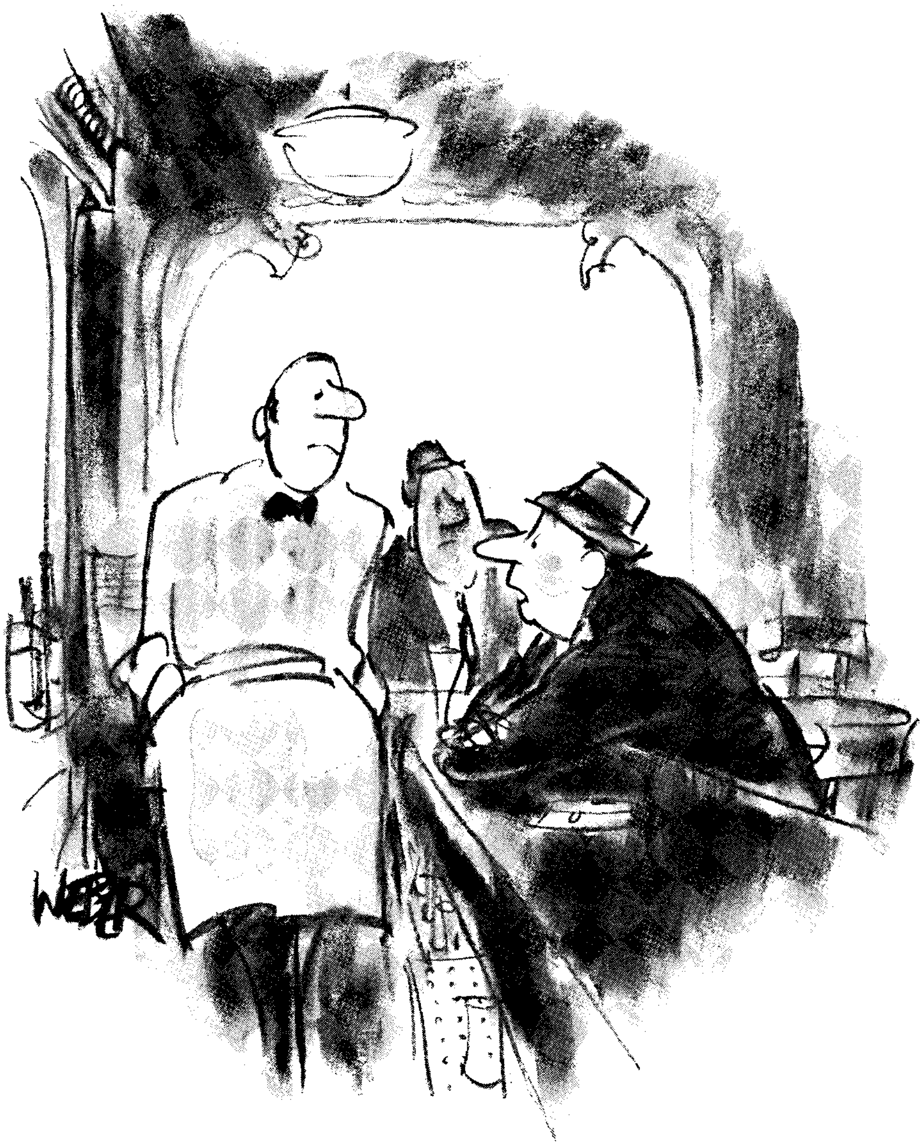
Mrs. Uddoh said that she and the children had been to so many demonstrations recently that they were all exhausted. "Last night, the children said, 'Please, don't take us to any more demonstrations,' " she went on. "Usually, they are asked to walk at the head of the demonstration. One day, we all walked from the U.N. down Forty-second Street to Broadway and then up to Columbus Circle. Ifeoma walked all the way, with her little sign, but the only newsman who came was a Japanese cameraman. I cried with frustration. I've been to all the TV stations, and many of the people have been rude and arrogant. One told me, 'We've been having so much trouble with you Biafrans who want news coverage.' When I have spoken of Biafra, many people have asked me, 'Who's Biafra?' "

While Mrs. Uddoh was talking, Dr. Uddoh remained solemn and withdrawn, as though, now that he knew he would be departing soon on his dangerous journey to his horribly transformed homeland, his thoughts had already taken leave of the living room and of the United States. We asked him how he viewed the situation, and he told us, "I appreciate the demonstrations, but I don't feel that you can separate the humanitarian cause from the political cause. We Biafrans have reached a point of no return. We are convinced that we will be massacred if we give up now. Whole towns have been wiped out by the Nigerians. So much hatred builds up when that kind of thing happens! And this is not just a civil war now. The Russians, the English, and the Egyptians are all supplying the Nigerian side. The French have given us some arms, but not enough. I lost touch with my family about a year ago. The town they lived in is in Nigerian hands, but I heard from a priest who came back to this country that they had moved before it was taken. I could never go back to Nigeria now. I could never set foot on that soil again, after what has happened. Ever since the war began, I've wanted to go back to Biafra, and I've been in the United States only physically."

"He's been so depressed and gloomy," Mrs. Uddoh put in.

"I haven't been able to get involved in anything here," Dr. Uddoh said. "There was no choice for me but to return to my country."

Last Sunday, Dr. Uddoh left for Biafra.



"The trouble is, either you're married or you're not married. There doesn't seem to be any in-between."

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THE JEWESS

IN accordance with custom, the old woman lay on the floor for seven days. On the eighth day, she got up and went outside into the *shtetl*. The weather couldn't have been better. In front of the house stood a chestnut tree, its candles already lit. It was bathed in sunlight. When you think of people who have just died on a beautiful sunny day, life seems merciless and its troubles beyond repair. The old woman was wearing an old-fashioned black silk dress with a pattern of black printed flowers, and a silk kerchief. She had dressed up like this for the sake of her dead husband, so that the neighbors shouldn't think that he or she had lost pride in the face of death.

In this dress, old Esther Erlich went to the cemetery. The flowers thrown on the mound of earth by the grave had shrivelled. She touched them with her fingers, and they began to drop down and fall apart. Old Alter, who was always in attendance at the cemetery, ran up to her. "The service, Madame Erlich." She opened her handbag, slowly counted her money, a few silver coins, and handed them silently to Alter. Alter was put out by her silence. He walked away on his bowed legs, muttering to himself. The sun followed his faded, misshapen back. She was left alone at the graveside. The wind blew through the treetops and bent them over.

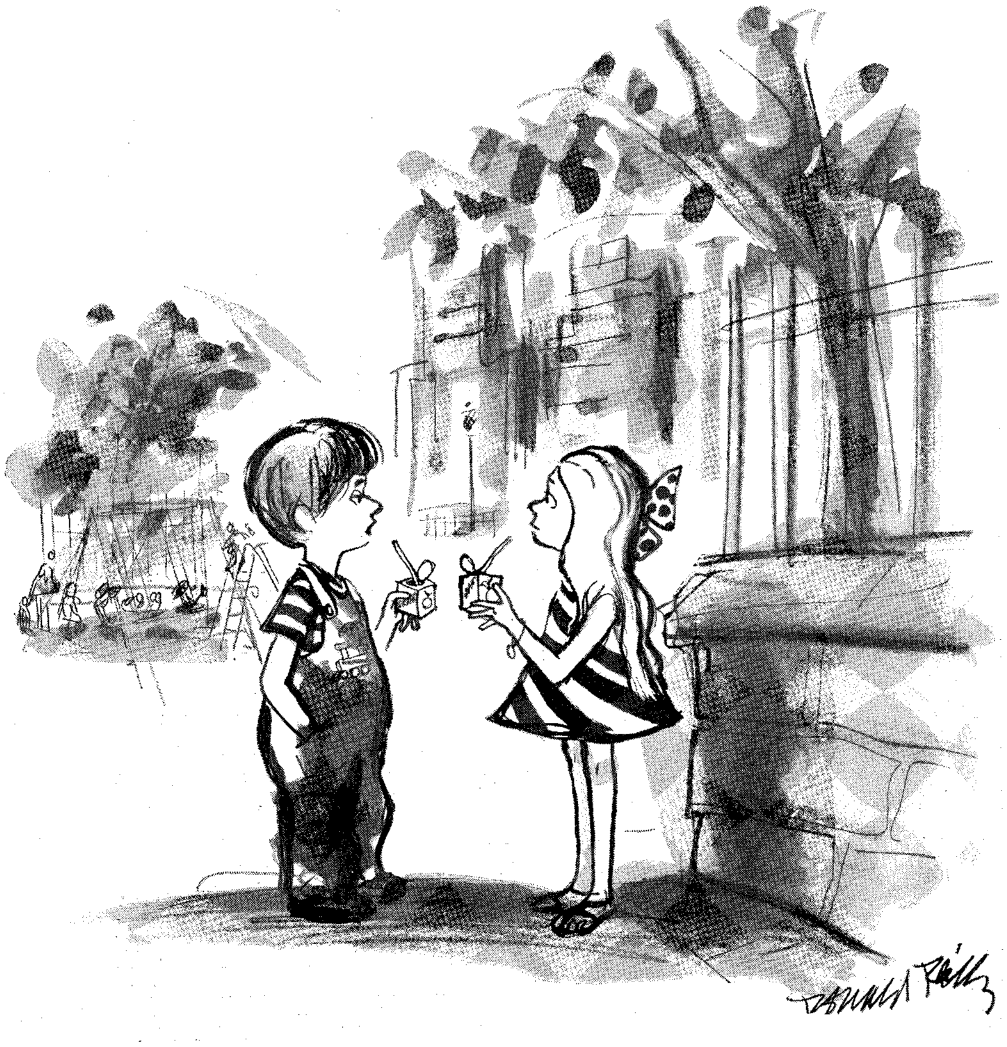
"I feel very bad without you, Marius," said the little old lady. "I cannot tell you how bad." She sat by the grave, clutching some bedraggled flowers in her wrinkled hands. She clenched her hands till they hurt, to try to drive away her memories. It is terrible for a wife to sit by her husband's grave and look back on thirty-five years of her life, on all the days and nights of her marriage. Worn out by the struggle with her memories, she trudged back home in the evening through the squalid streets of the *shtetl*.

Yellow sunlight lay over the marketplace. Deformed old men and women were selling sunflower oil, withered onions, small fish, and candies for children. Esther was met at the door of her house by her fifteen-year-old daughter. "Mama," she cried in that peculiarly despairing way that Jewish women have, "don't start acting up—Boris is here."

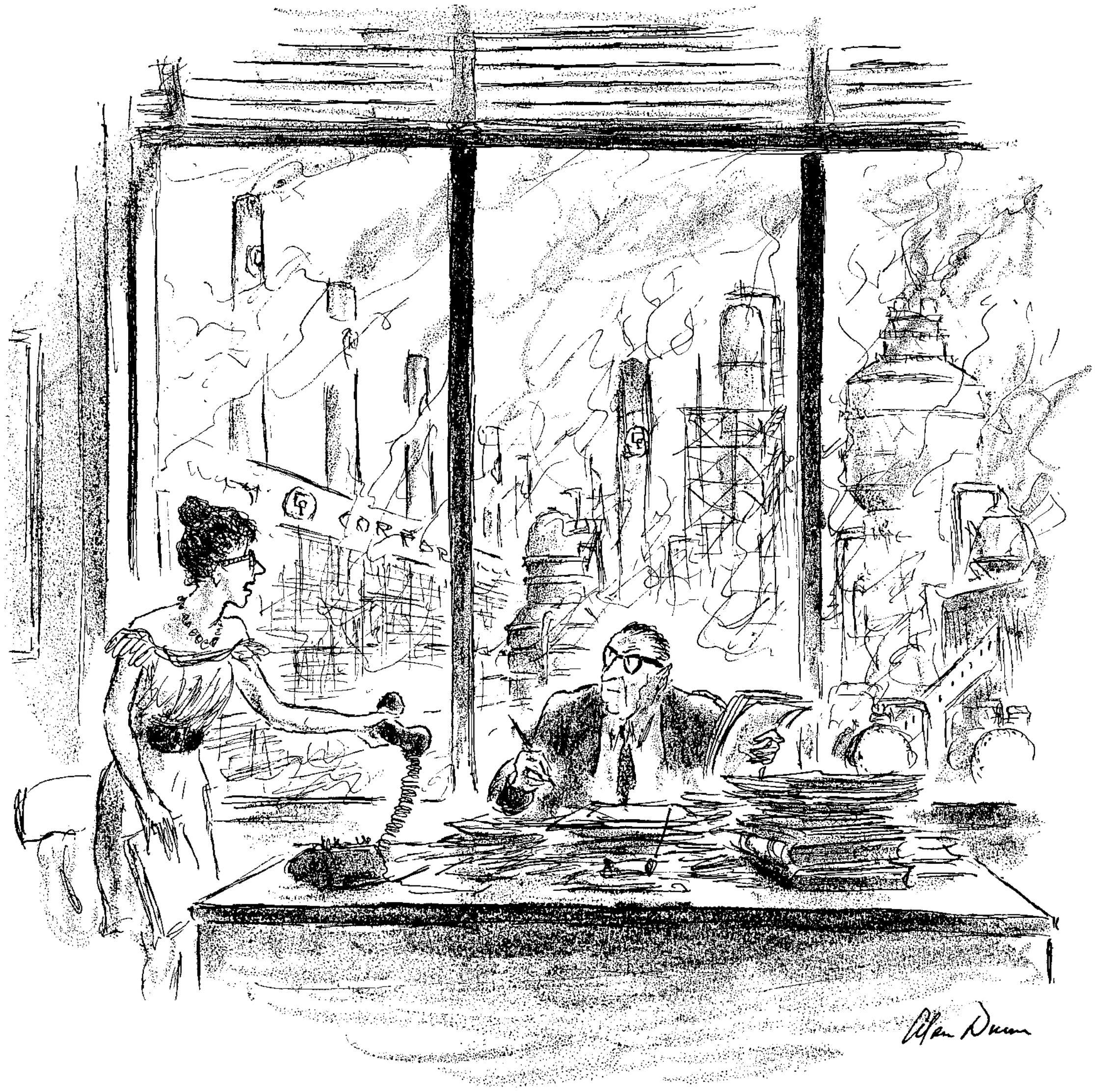
Fidgeting with his hands, her son stood in the doorway in his military uniform, with medals on his chest. The broken old woman, her face flushed and tear-stained, stopped in front of him. "How dare you be late at your father's deathbed? How could you do this to him?"

Her son and daughter led her inside by the arm. There, in the room where she had lain for seven days, she sat down and, looking her son straight in the face, began to torture him with the story of his father's death. It was a circumstantial account, in which nothing was left out—the swelling of his legs, the way his nose had turned blue on the morning of the day he died, the frantic dash to the drugstore for oxygen, the unfeelingness of the people around his deathbed. Nor did she fail to mention how he had called for his son as he lay dying. She had gone down on her knees and tried to warm his hand in hers. He pressed her hand feebly as he repeated over and over again the name of his son. Rolling his glazed eyes, he went on for a long time, distinctly pronouncing his name—the word "Boris" droned in the deathly hush of the room like a spinning wheel. Then at last the old man gasped for breath and said in a choking voice, "Borechka." His eyes started from their sockets, and he wailed and moaned, "Borechka." The old woman, holding his hand in hers, said, "I am here. This is your son." The hand of the dying man came alive with new strength; it began to jerk and claw at the hands that were warming it. He began to shout, "Borechka!" in a quite different tone, a kind of high-pitched voice in which he had never before spoken during the whole of his life, and he died with this name on his lips.

"How could you be late?" the old woman said to her son, who was sitting sideways at the table. They had not lit the lamp. Boris sat in the dark, which shrouded the room. Nothing stirred. He could hear the angry breathing of his mother. He got up, catching his revolver against the table's edge, and went outside. For half the night he walked round the *shtetl* in which he had been born. Reflected in the river, the stars quivered pure and snakelike. A foul smell came from the hovels at the water's edge. There were gaping holes in the walls of the synagogue, which three hundred years earlier had withstood Khmelnitsky's



"What did you think of 'Hickory, Dickory, Dock'?"



"Your son, sir. He wants you to drop whatever you're doing and make a new world."

marauding troops. His native *shtetl* was dying. The new era was ringing the knell of its defenseless way of life. "Is it the end or a new beginning?" Boris asked himself. He was so sick at heart that he hadn't the strength to ponder this question. The school he had once attended had been destroyed by the Cossacks in 1919. The house in which his friend Zhenya had once lived was now the Labor Exchange. He walked past ruins, past the sleeping, squat, and lopsided houses with the stench of poverty seeping out of their doorways, and said goodbye to them.

When he got home, his mother and sister were still sitting up waiting for him. The samovar, which needed cleaning, was boiling on the table. There was also a piece of chicken. Esther came up to him on her unsteady legs, pressed her body against his, and began to cry. Through her dress, through her loose and flaccid skin, he could feel the beating of her heart, and the beating of his own heart, because they were one and the same. The smell of his mother's quivering flesh was so bitter and sad that he was overcome with unutterable pity for this heart, the heart of the Erlichs. The old woman wept, shaking on his breast decorated with the two orders of the Red Banner. They were wet with tears.

This was the beginning of her recovery, and of her submission to loneliness and death.

THE relatives arrived the next morning. They were the remnants of a large and ancient family, which numbered among its members merchants, adventurers, and timid, poetic revolutionaries from the heyday of the People's Will terrorist organization. Boris's aunt was a nurse who had done her training in Paris on twenty rubles a month, and had once listened to the speeches of the French Socialists Jaurès and Guesde. One of his uncles was a pathetic ne'er-do-well *shtetl* philosopher. His other uncles had been grain dealers, travelling salesmen, or shopkeepers who had now lost their livelihood—a motley crowd of pathetic, sweating people in rust-colored raincoats or capes. They told Boris once more how his father's legs had swollen, where he had developed bedsores, and who had run to the druggist for oxygen. One of the grain merchants, who had been a rich man in his day but had now been driven out of his house and wrapped his skinny old legs in soldier's leggings, took Boris to one side. He wanted to get on closer terms with this nephew who had strayed so far from the rest of the family. Looking at him with blinking eyes, he said that he had not expected the dead man's body to be so clean and smooth. He had seen it while they were washing him, and he had been as well turned out and clean-cut as a boy. And to think that just because of some wretched valve in the heart or a tiny vein . . . As Boris's uncle said this, he was probably thinking that he was born of the same mother as the dead man, and that he, too, must have exactly the same sort of valve in his heart as his brother who had died a week ago. The next day, Boris was asked, at first timidly and then with a convulsiveness born of long-suppressed despair, whether he could recommend his uncles for membership in a trade union. Because of their status under the old regime, none of the Erlichs had so far been admitted to a trade union.

The life of these old people was unutterably sad. Their houses were falling down and the roofs leaked; they had sold everything, even their wardrobes, and nobody would give them work. But they had to pay for their rooms and water at the same rate as self-employed people. On top of it all, they were old and suffering from horrible complaints—the forerunners of cancer and other wasting diseases—like all old Jewish families when they are in decline. Boris had long believed that it was right to put people out of their misery, but now his mother was here

THE PLEADERS

What are you going to do with us, who have
No edges, no talents, no discriminations,
Who hear no inner voices, who perceive
No visions of the future, no horizons?
We are among you; we are going to stay.

We crush, we drag, we heave, we draw the water
For you to spill. We gather together to listen
To your speeches, though your tongues run on so fast
We cannot follow, and your jokes dart in and out
Too quickly for our laughter to form itself.
We are your children, whom you treat like horses.

When crowds surge out into the streets
You have invited them; we run with them.
You give us order, speak on our behalf,
For we speak up too slowly to interrupt you.
We are the numbers ranked on your computers.
We are among you; we are going to stay.

If we knew how to pray to you, we'd pray
That you could listen long enough to listen
To what it is we think we want. We know
That what you think we want stands far away
From anything that has occurred to us.
We are your children, whom you treat like horses.

We are the eyes your eyes have never met.
We are the voice you will not wait to hear.
We are the part of you you have forgotten
Or trampled out, or lost and wept to lose.
We are your children, whom you treat like horses.
We are among you; we are going to stay.

—Peter Davison

• •

at his side, her face so much like his face, her body so like what his would be in a couple of decades that he suddenly had a sense of the common lot of all their bodies—the bodies of all the Erlichs, which were all in some way bound up with each other. He overcame his scruples and went to the chairman of the local soviet. This chairman was a Petersburg worker who seemed to have been waiting all his life for an opportunity to tell somebody how wretched it was to work in a local soviet in this lousy former so-called Pale of Jewish Settlement, how difficult it was to get these *shtetls* back on their feet and lay the foundations for a new and better life in these lousy Jewish towns of the godforsaken southwestern provinces, which were dirt poor and dying a dog's death. For several days afterward, Boris had to face both the cemetery of his native *shtetl* and the imploring eyes of his uncles who had once been happy-go-lucky travelling salesmen and now thought only of joining a trade union or getting registered at the Labor Exchange.

During these few days, the Indian summer came to an end and autumn set in. It began to rain the cold *shtetl* rain that brought mud and pebbles—a mixture like concrete—down from the hills. The entrance to the house was flooded with water. They put rusty tins and Passover saucepans under cracks in the ceiling. As you walked about the room, you had to watch your step so as not to put your foot in one of them.

It was then that Boris said to his mother, "Let's clear out."

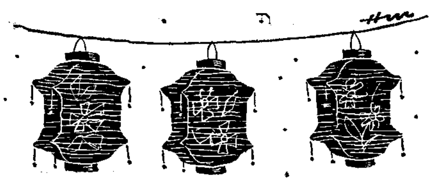
"Where to?"

"To Moscow, Mother."

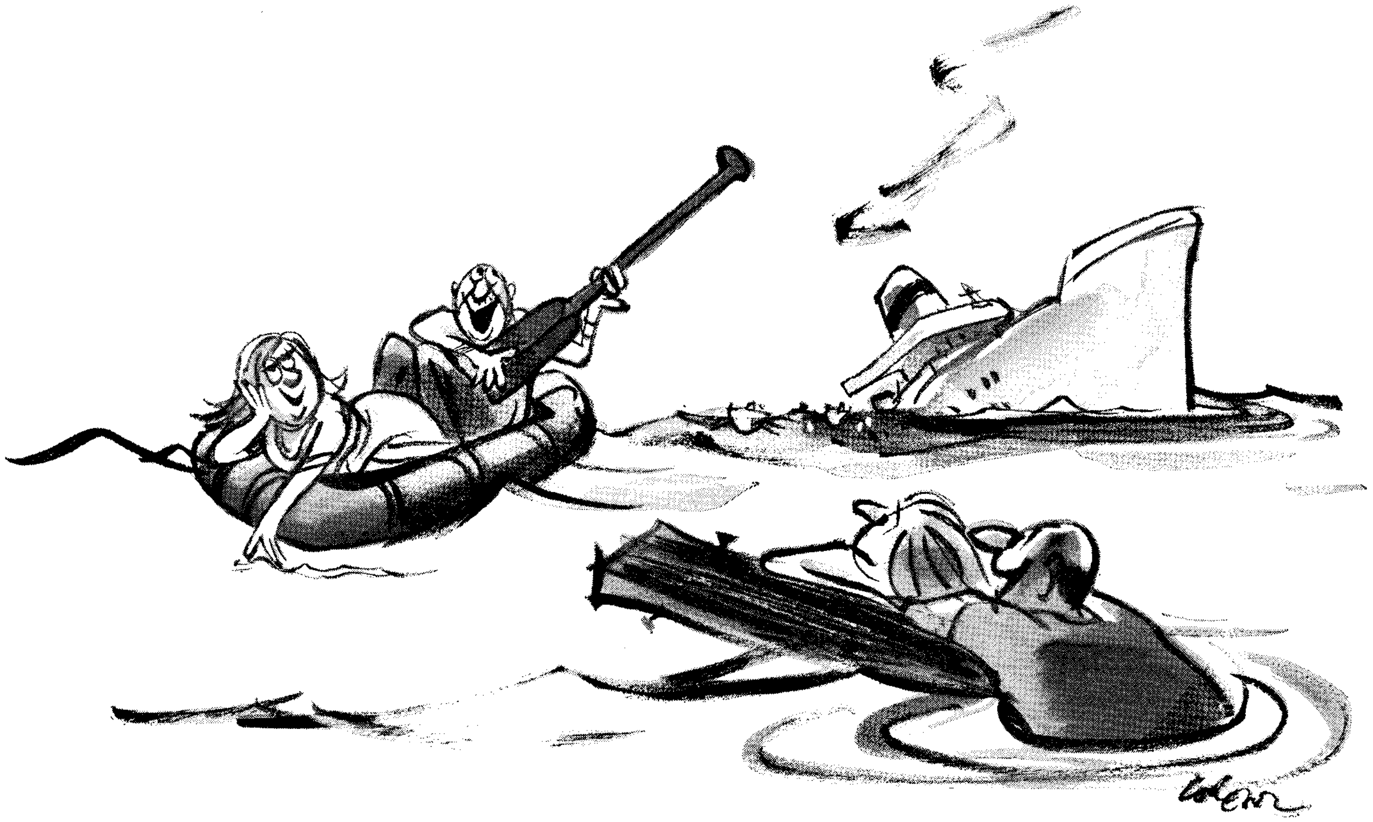
"Aren't there enough Jews in Moscow already, without us?"

"Nonsense," said Boris. "Don't listen to what people say."

She sat in her corner in the leaking front room, by the window from which she could see the potholed sidewalk, the neighbor's tumbledown house, and the last thirty-five years of her life. Sitting there, she commiserated, with all the feeling of which she was capable, with her sisters, brothers-in-law, and nephews, to none of whom fate had granted a son like hers. She had expected that Boris would sooner or later talk of Moscow, and she knew that she would give in to him. But before this she wanted to give full rein to her own distressed feelings and steep her surrender in the anguish of the whole neighborhood. She said that she would be terribly unhappy travelling alone, without her husband, whose great dream had been to go to Moscow, to leave this godforsaken place and live out the rest of his days—days from which one expects no more than peace and the sight of other people's happiness—in the new promised land, together with his son. But he was lying in his grave, under the rain that had been lashing down all night, and she would go to Moscow, where, it was said, people were happy, gay, high-spirited, full of plans, and doing all kinds of remarkable things. Esther said it would be hard for her to leave all these graves where their ancestors—rabbis, *tsadiks*, and Talmud scholars—lay under gray, time-hallowed stones. She would never see them again, and how would he, her son, answer for her when the time came for her to die in strange parts, among people so utterly foreign to her that she could not even picture them to herself? And then, how would she ever be able to forgive herself if she should actually *like* the life in Moscow? As she figured out just how unbearable it would be for her to feel happy at such a time, her hands, their long fingers deformed by rheumatism, trembled and went moist, and the veins on her yellow breast swelled up and throbbed terribly. The rain beat down on the corrugated-iron roof. For the second time since the arrival of her son, the little old Jewess in the elastic-sided shoes began to cry. She agreed to go to Moscow, because there was nowhere else for her to go, and also because her son was so much like his father that she could not be parted from him; like everybody else, her husband had had his faults and his pathetic little secrets, about which only she knew, but would never tell.



THE only argument was over the question of what to take with them. Esther wanted to take everything, while Boris insisted that they should get rid of the lot and sell it. But there was nobody in Kremenets to sell it to. There was no demand for furniture, and the local dealers, who



"For fun couples, you've got to go a long way to beat Lou and Gracie."

• •

looked like undertakers and had sprung up from God knows where, like visitors from another world, were vicious characters who would offer almost nothing, whining that they could only hope to sell to the peasants.

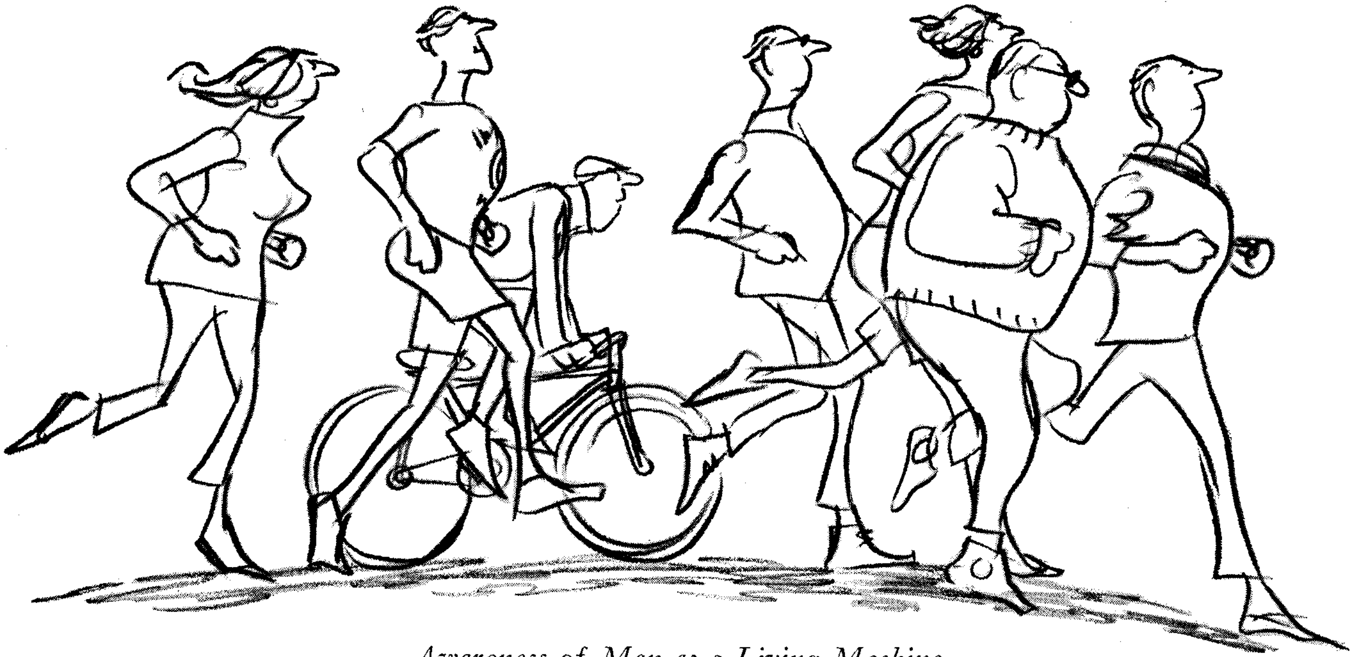
But the relatives helped them out. As soon as they got over the first shock of their bereavement, they began to steal the dead man's things for all they were worth. And since at heart most of them were honest people, not out for petty gain, the spectacle of this furtive pilfering was particularly sad. Esther, quite bewildered and her face flushed, made one feeble attempt to seize an outstretched hand, but the hand trembled so much, and was so clammy, wrinkled, and old, with its edging of broken nails, that she recoiled, understanding everything in a flash, aghast both at the thought that anyone should want to prevent this painful larceny and that people with whom she had grown up should rush to take cupboards and sheets from her house like this.

All her things were being forwarded express to Moscow. The relatives wept as they helped her tie the bundles she was taking with her. They had now come to their senses, and, sitting on the bundles, they talked about how they were staying in Kremenets and would never leave. The old woman pushed a kitchen stool and a washtub into one of the bales. "You'll see," she said to her son. "We shall need all this in Moscow, and then I must keep something from sixty years of my life besides the ashes in my heart and the tears, which come even when I don't want to cry!" When they started sending her things to the station, the old woman's hollow cheeks again flushed over and her eyes shone with blind and passionate intensity. She scurried round the ransacked, dirty room, driven by some force that made her walk with her old and shaking shoulder touching the walls, draped in strips of torn wallpaper.

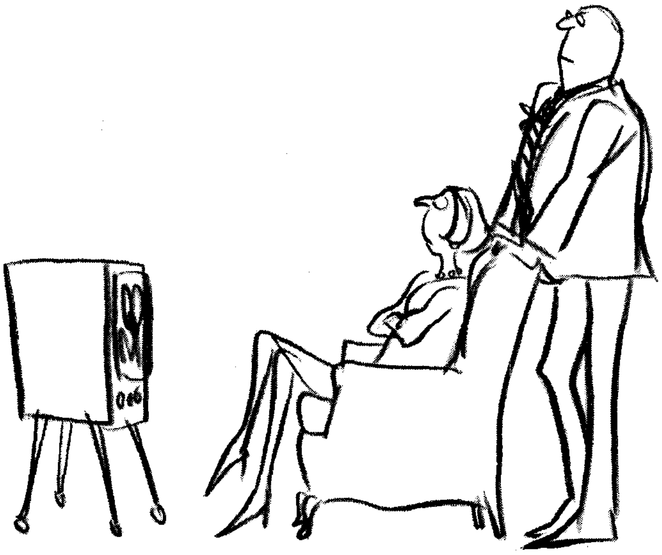
The next morning—the day of their departure—Esther took her son and daughter to the cemetery. There, under Talmudic tombstones, in the gaps between ancient oak trees, were buried rabbis who had been killed by the Cossacks of Honta and Khmelnitsky. The old woman went up to her husband's grave, shook slightly, and drew herself up. "Marius," she said, "your son is taking me to Moscow. Your son does not want me to be buried at your side. . . ." She gazed steadily down at the reddish mound of crumbly, porous earth, and her eyes grew wider and wider. Her son and daughter held her by the arms. She swayed and stumbled forward a little with her eyes half closed. She tensed her wizened, sweating hands, surrendered to her children, and then went limp. Her eyes grew still wider, and were ablaze with light. She broke loose and flung herself on the grave in her silk dress. Her whole body was convulsed, and one of her hands stroked the red earth and the withered flowers with hungry tenderness. Her shrill voice echoed round the Jewish graveyard. "Your son is taking me to Moscow, Marius. Pray for him to be happy there, Marius. . . ." She passed her fingers, which were crooked as though she were knitting, over the earth covering her dead husband. Then, when her son gave her his hand, she quietly got up and went away with him. Boris took her along a path overhung by the branches of oak trees. His whole being was scalded and forced upward by the pressure of the tears against the sockets of his eyes and in his throat. This was his first taste of those tears that never go away and remain inside a man forever. The old woman stopped by the gate. She freed her hand, on which the sweat welled up as from an underground spring, alternately hot and ice cold, and waved back at the cemetery and the grave, as though they were floating away from her. "Goodbye, my dear," she said softly, no longer crying or shaking. "Goodbye! . . ."

This was how the Erlichs left their native place. —ISAAC BABEL

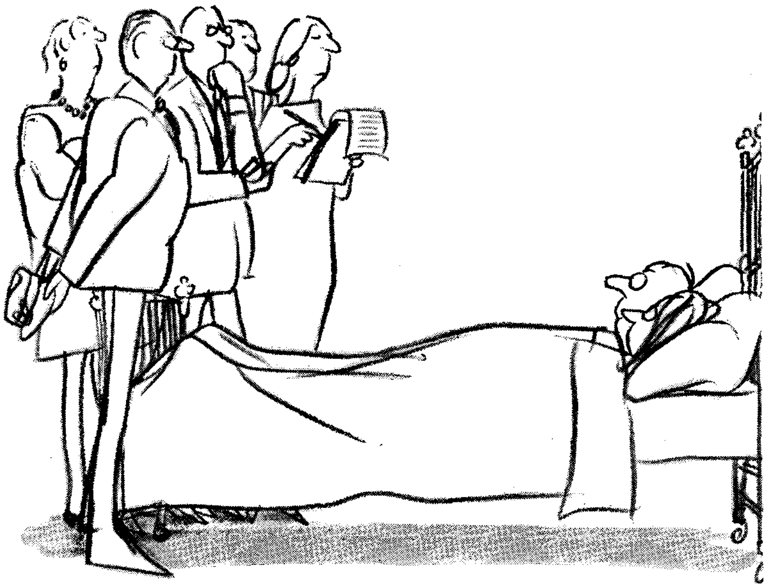
(*Translated from the Russian by Max Hayward.*)



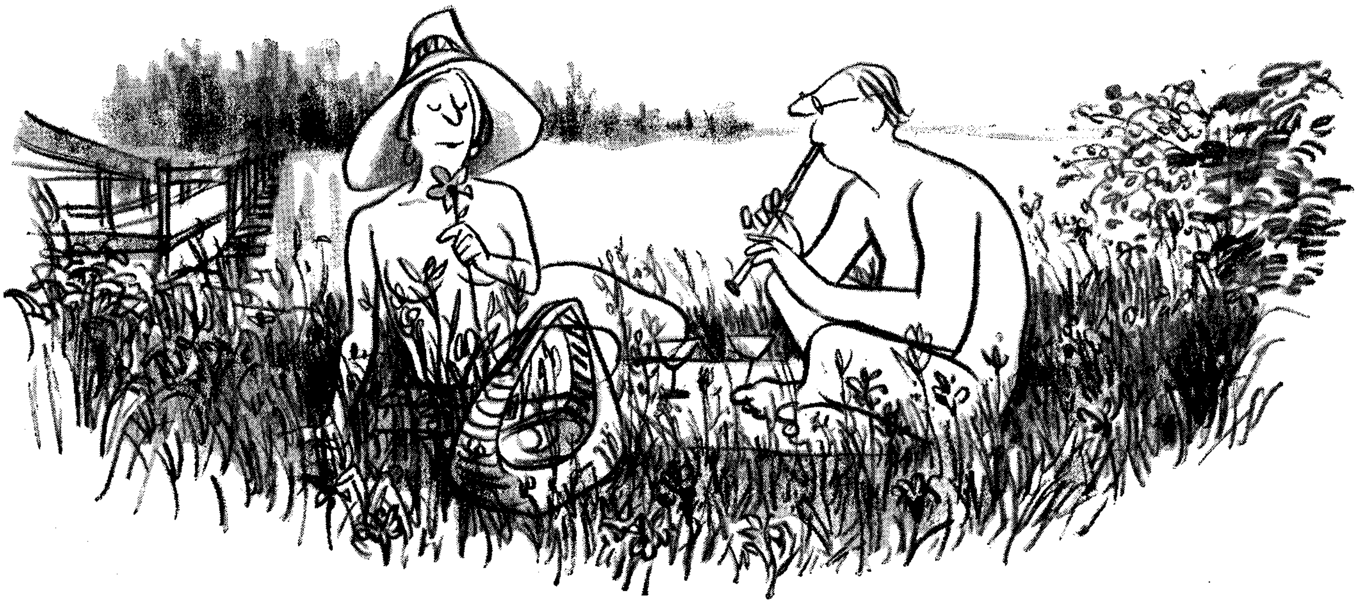
Awareness of Man as a Living Machine



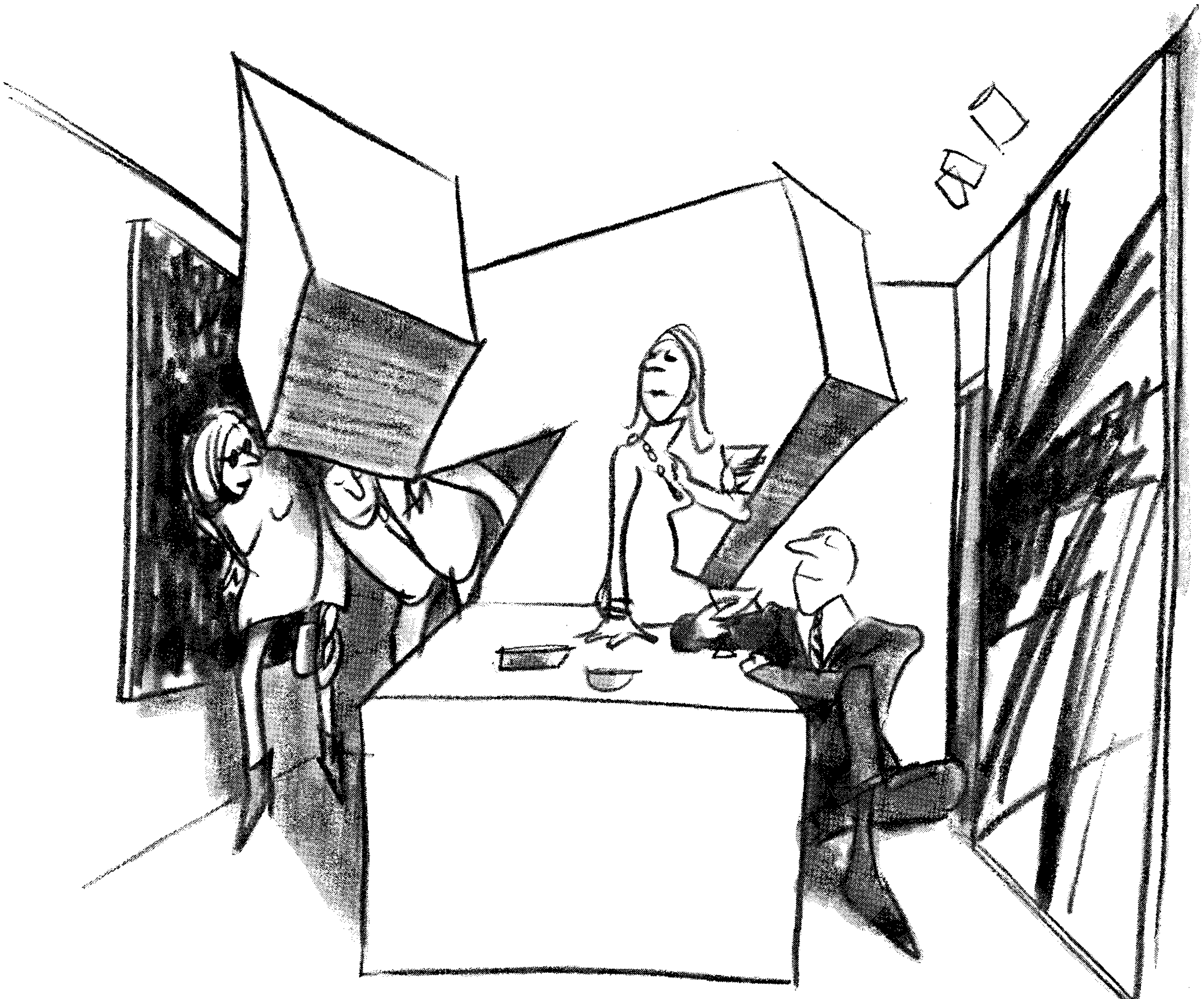
Denial of Apathy



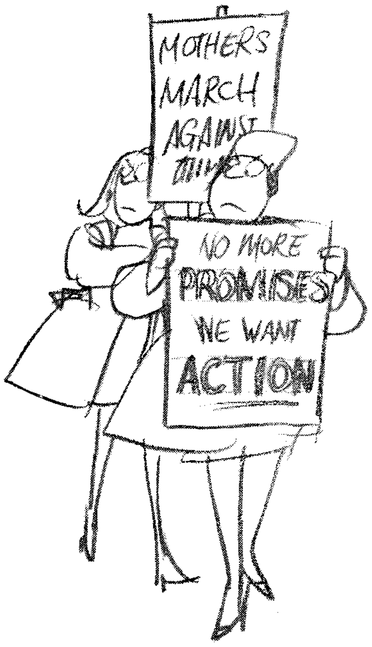
Decline of Puritanism



Nostalgia for the Natural Man



Tolerance of New Art Forms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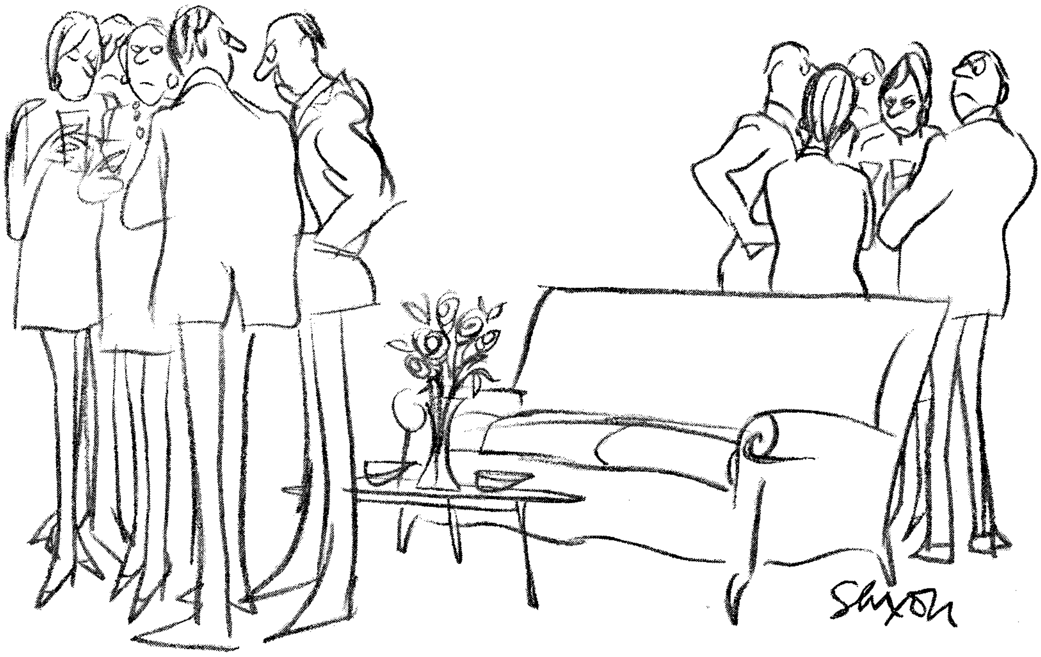
NO MORE PROMISES WE WANT ACTION

Involvement



Tendency to Polarization

THE BOY

THEY drove through the woods, up the incline of the narrow clay road—the front tires taking their own erratic paths in the deep ruts eroded by spring storms—and came over the crest of the hill and onto a sight so arresting that the young man who was at the wheel went for the brake. To his left was a meadow, to his right, at the edge of a woods, was a sprawling red-roofed lodge, and the lawn in front of it, populated with tall birches, sloped downhill for several dozen yards and then ended. Hundreds of feet below, the pale green wrinkled surface of Lake Superior stretched off for as far as his eyes could see, and the descending sun, just at the horizon, spread a gleaming channel of bronze across it.

"Oh," his wife exclaimed. "What a perfect time to get here!"

"It's just luck we got here at all," he said. He was still angry at her for the way she drove—passing on curves, following at the back bumpers of cars, speeding—and when he asked her to ease up she pulled over to the side of the road and said, "You drive. I'm bored." That any woman could possibly be bored in his presence, and especially her, his bride of only a month, was the lowest kind of insult he could think of. So for the last hundred miles of the trip from Milwaukee to this point on the northern shore of Wisconsin he drove in silence, his anger growing more and more bitter because she laid her head in his lap and fell asleep as though nothing were wrong at all.

"I didn't think we'd ever get here either," she said.

"Then why'd you drive like a maniac?"

"I couldn't wait till we got here."

"What kind of reasoning is that?"

"Impatience."

"God," he said, and slumped in the seat. This long drive was the first time since their marriage that they'd really been alone together. After the secret ceremony in the spring, she stayed on in Madison to finish her last year of college and he went back to Chicago, where he was doing graduate work in mathematics. As he looked at the isolated lodge and the sunset on the lake, the knowledge that she was his wife was borne in on him, and he felt himself opening up, his emotions widening and deepening to include two people in their scope, but since he was still angry (or at least was feigning anger to remind her he'd been hurt), he didn't speak to her of his feelings, and his anger turned against himself. He had vowed to be more patient and loving toward her, dammit. This was not only his duty as a husband, he felt, but the real test of his love. She had lost both her parents in an accident—never spoken of—when she was a child, and during the three years he had known her, while he was an undergraduate at Madison, she seemed isolated by a grief no one could reach through. He was drawn to her sadness, and when he found he had the power to free her from it he was so moved by the transformation and so proud of himself for bringing it about that he fell in love with her.

But then, two days ago, when he finished his last exam and went to join her at her home in Milwaukee and they belatedly announced the fact of their marriage to her grandparents, she was thrown back into despair. Her grandfather, a wiry, heavy-jawed Swede, kept saying to her, "Think of your poor mother! Have you no respect for her memory? Running off like this without a word and marrying— If you don't care about our feelings, you could've at least thought of her!" And her grandmother, at first struck dumb by tears, suddenly turned from the sink where she was taking it out on some dishes and cried, "It's not your mother I pity or myself I pity, it's *you* I pity! Look at him! What is he?"

He had long hair and wore steel-rimmed glasses. He had left home after high school and he was not wealthy, or in business, or from an old established family, as they were; his father was a beet farmer in Rock Creek, Wisconsin. He was not Scandinavian, he was not Lutheran, and he was not even Christian. He was a graduate student. Graduate students, as he learned, listening to her grandfather with lowered eyes (seeing the slate floor, the mahogany table, the luxury; feeling it and the weight of her grandfather's words reduce him to a transparent anxiety with burning ears)—graduate students were atheists, draft dodgers, hippies, boozers, Communists, and, most of the time, homosexuals. Feeling it was about time he saved face with his new wife, who also sat with lowered eyes, he stood up and slapped the table and said, "I refuse to be belittled!"

"Sit down," her grandfather said. "I wasn't talking about you."

Like hell.

The thick grass in the center of the clay lane, unattended since the summer before, brushed along the underside of the car, cheerily heralding their descent down the slope to the lodge. Then, as he stopped at the back door and shut off the ignition, a great silence—the silence of the uninhabited deep woods, alive with primitive secrets—closed around them. Isolated, far from other human activity, he felt closer to her. They were both silent. He searched through his mind for some words appropriate to the moment.

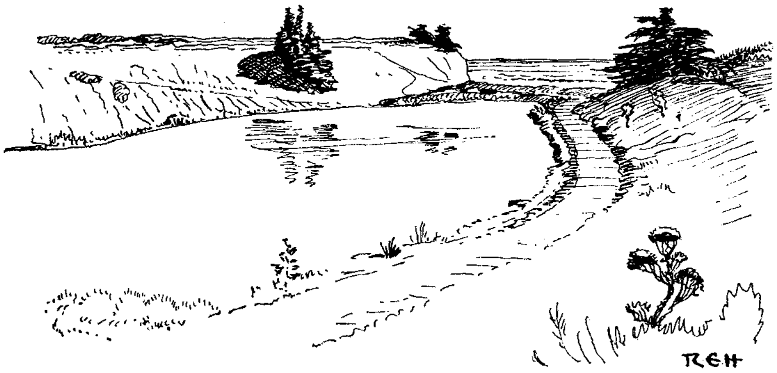
"Ellen—"

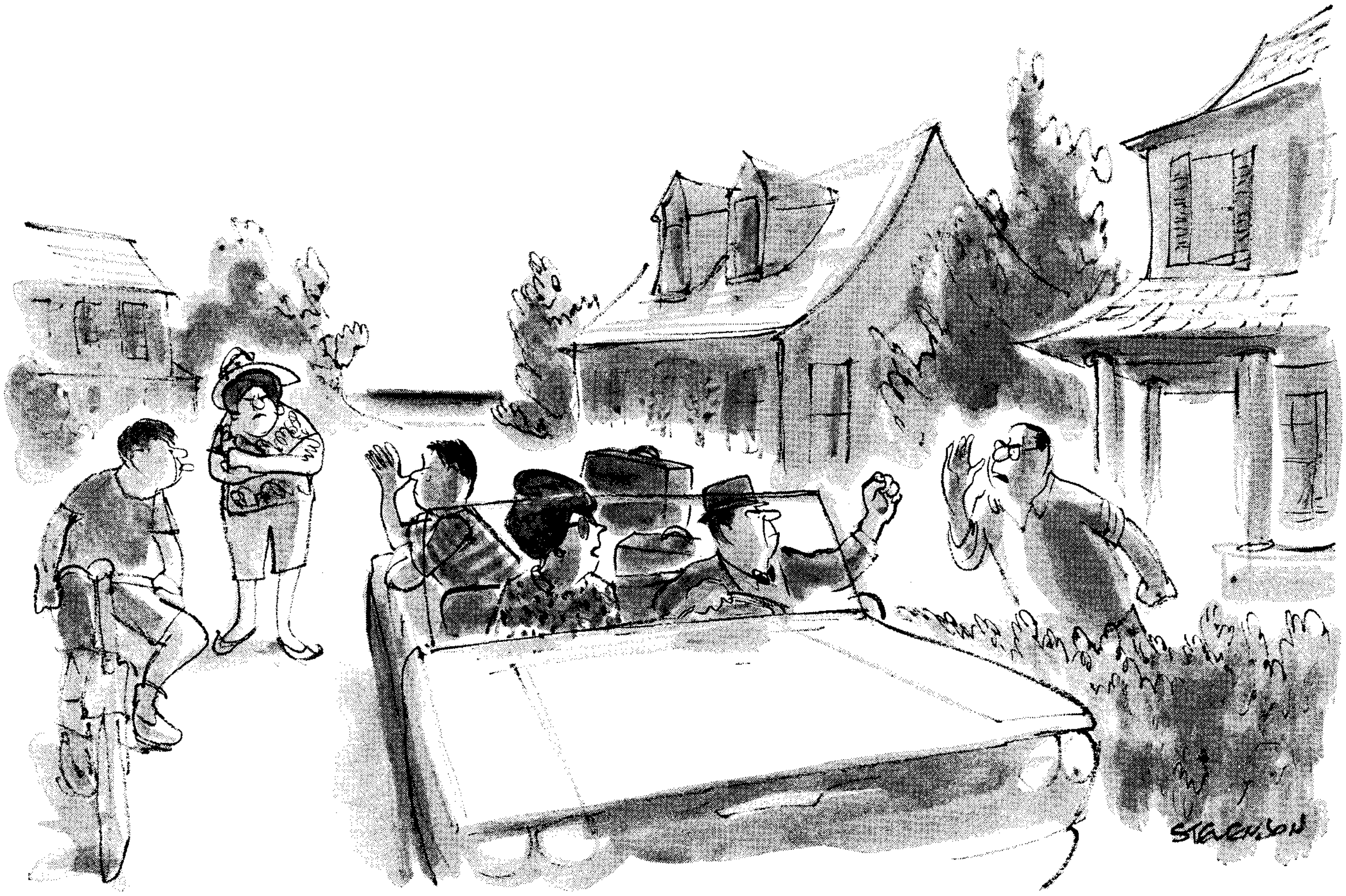
"The flowers!" she said, pointing through the windshield to some tiger lilies showing in the thick grass. "Look at the flowers!" She struggled in the seat to get her coat on.

"Yeah, well, all I can say is this yard's going to be a bitch to mow," he said, and got out of the car and slammed the door. He was jealous even of flowers. The air smelled of pines, decaying leaves, wetness and shadows, and was cold. He opened the door, pulled the keys out of the ignition, grabbed his jacket off the back of the seat, and, with less dramatic impact this time, slammed the door again.

She got out and said over the roof of the car, "Don't mow the flowers!"

"You expect me to mow around each one? Your grandfather wants it all mowed." The land was her grandfather's, the lodge was his, and so was the new automobile; they had been offered to them to use for their honeymoon ("Since I don't imagine you've planned that far ahead," her grandfather said, and they hadn't), once her grandparents had resigned themselves, with reservations and with a show of great injury, to the marriage. He regretted accepting them. Normally he would have been too proud to, and he had done it





“By and *large, I think last summer was more gemütlich than* this *summer.”*

• •

only to keep from offending the old man more than he already had, and because he felt the gesture might help ease some of the bad feelings between them. And knowing he had withheld from her grandparents, because of a promise to her, the most significant fact of all, the one weighing heaviest on him, he felt like a man who knows he is going to be dead soon and is willing to try anything once. She was pregnant.

“And *those* flowers,” she said, pointing to some columbines that made a red streak along the edge of the meadow. “What are those? I’ve never been up here when there were so many flowers. Or else I never saw them.” She came around the car and took him by the arm. “Promise you won’t mow them.”

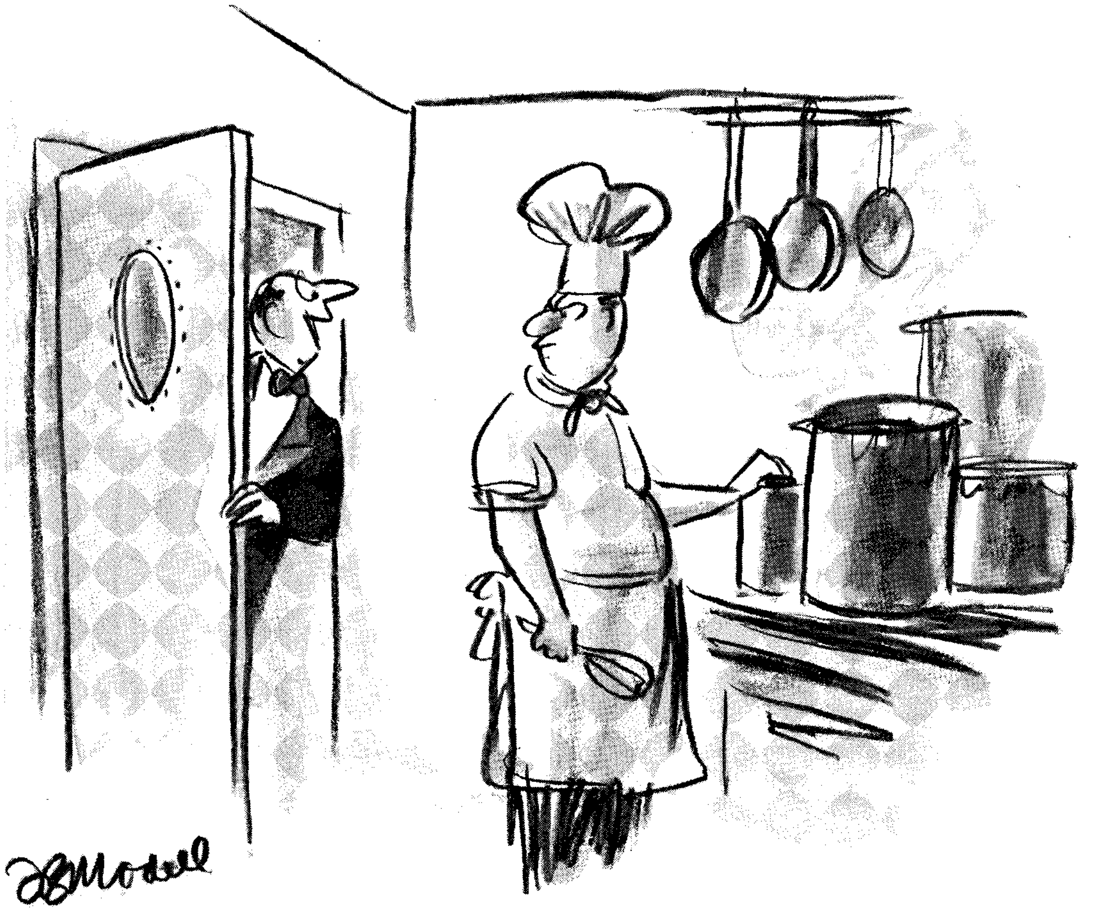
“No. Not those. They’re at the edge of the yard.” The yard, as he judged it, was that area of grass, immediately surrounding the lodge, which was only knee high. He took a scrap of paper out of his jacket pocket, unfolded it, and ran his eyes over the instructions her grandfather had written in his slanting, energetic hand:

> Go up on roof and check screens on chimneys. See if blocked up. Don’t build fire till you do. Mow lawn. Clear off branches first. A lot of them fall. Call watchman (V. Weeks—Fl-59302) and say you are there. Better explain who you are—why name is different. Fuse box is in back porch. So is water heater. Make sure water heater is full before you turn on juice. Otherwise can blow up. If water isn’t running go to pumphouse up in meadow and turn on pump. Key to there is on chain with other keys. When on roof clean leaves out of gutters. Then the cleaning up inside and out. Ellen knows about that. Ask her and do. And you’re in the woods there so watch it with those smokes.

Reviewing the instructions, he sighed, indicating to her how much there was to do. Then his eyebrows raised above the rims of his glasses, and he sighed again, implying she could be damn thankful she had married somebody like him, who was used to work and could do a job that would please even her grandfather. “I might as well get started,” he said, and lifted his eyes so that she could see all this mirrored in them. She was gone.

He looked around and finally saw her on a slight elevation off to the other side of the car, sitting or kneeling, the crown of her head just visible above the grass. What kind of a game was this? He started up toward her, angry and impatient, but when he could see her hands he stopped as though he had come upon a nest in the grass. Without breaking off the stem, she held a tiger lily in one hand and touched its petals with the fingertips of the other. Then she rose up slowly, wholly absorbed, unconscious of his nearness, and started moving toward the columbines at the edge of the meadow. Her bearing, dignified and serene, also held him transfixed. He had never seen her walk that way. He felt as he had felt when they cleared the hill and he saw the lodge, the sun, the lake; and then that emotion emptied from him and was filled in by a fear just as great. He wanted to call out to her, to warn her, to run to her and protect her. He didn’t know what he wanted to protect her against, but as she moved through the waist-high grass she seemed prey to some grave, unknown danger. Because he didn’t give way to the impulse, trying first to reason it out, and held himself mute and motionless, he felt tears spring to his eyes.

He went down to the back door of the lodge, unlocked it, and stepped into a small enclosed porch. In front of him an identical door made of broad raw plank, gray and furry with age, led to the lodge itself. Back in the far corner, behind a pile of fireplace logs, boxes, a bicycle, some fishing equipment, a pow-



"The couple at Table Three sends you compliments. However, Tables Six and Fourteen are of a different mind entirely."

• •

er mower, rakes, beach chairs, a ladder, and other unidentifiable stuff, he saw the water heater. He rearranged things in order to get at the faucet, which, thanks to his rural heritage, he knew would be at the bottom of the heater. A damp mold clung to the bottom edge of some of the cardboard boxes. Where the enamel of the water heater was rusted, a metallic fungus was growing. He turned on the faucet and water splattered onto the floor. But how could you know for sure it was full? He shut it off.

As he straightened up, a cobweb passed over the back of his head and he whirled around and slapped at the air. His heartbeat picked up. He whirled and hit out again. The cobweb was dangling from the hair at his nape. Brushing and slapping at the back of his head, dodging out of range of the unknown, he backed out of the corner, tripping over a box and knocking down the bike. A broom rake described an arc along the log wall and hit the floor, its tines jittering. "What else?" he said, and took a couple of steps toward the equipment. "What else! Huh?" Innocent and immobile, the equipment maintained silence.

He took out the key chain again, unlocked the inside door, and swung it open. An iron cookstove, presaging the time period they would be living in, faced him from across the darkened room. The log wall to the right of it was lined with shelves, and extending out from the wall was a plank work counter with a sink; a pair of brass faucets perched a couple of feet above the sink on bare pipes. The counter pointed toward a small dining wing, with high windows on three sides, that was attached to the left of the kitchen. He laid down the keys and turned on a faucet; a trickle, an explosion of air that blew the dust out of the sink, then a torrent of orange water, letting up for a few more explosions, then settling into a steady flow, its color rapidly clearing. Satisfied, he shut it off and went out to the back porch and turned on the juice.

He flipped the switch inside the door and the kitchen light went on. Letting it burn (it was getting dark out and he felt uneasy in the unfamiliar place), he went through a hall that led off the right of the kitchen and stopped still, awed and for some reason filled with misgivings—was her grandfather trying to put something over on him?—at the sight of the main room. It was at least thirty by forty, and all the furniture was stacked and covered over with old sheets and had been pushed off to one side, making the room seem even more spacious. There was no ceiling; the log rafters and log beams supporting the high peaked roof were exposed. On the far wall, above a broad stone fireplace, the mounted head of a moose looked down on him with amusement, apparently enjoying his reaction to the place.

"Grandpa shoot you?" he asked.

Or maybe the moose was smiling to cover its own shame, finding itself bodiless, hanging from a wall, helpless to do anything about the hairnet of cobwebs spanning its antlers. Looking up, he saw that the top of the wall was trimmed with a row of skunk skins—dozens of them. "Oh, Christ," he said, envisioning relatives in the grass outside, and him coming on them with the mower.

On either side of the fireplace, projecting from one of the mortar chinks between the logs, there was a peeled and varnished tree limb; a preserved possum, its glassy eyes turned toward him, hung upside down from one of the branches, a raccoon sat on the other. In the silence of the room (the air dim and still, colder than the air outside, the sheets in a white bank against one wall), he felt he had stepped back into a winter month, when no human beings were present and animals had free rule here; or back to another, earlier time, when man's place on earth was not established or secure.

Disturbed, he turned away, planning to check the front entrance to his left, but caught sight of something to the side of him, turned farther, and found himself looking into the face—black eyes, fur, muzzle, fangs—of a bear! His weak-kneed retreat, cut short by something behind him, brought things into proper perspective. Resting at his eye level was a bearskin; the dark mass underneath it was an upright piano. The thing behind him was a rocking chair, now rocking under a sheet. He looked around at all the windows to assure himself she hadn't been witness to this shameful performance. There was no sign of her.

Beyond the piano, he saw a door leading off to the left, and went over and cautiously entered the room. The stern set of his face gave way to bashful appreciation. The bed was huge. Its frame was made of small straight logs stripped of their bark, and it was high as a hospital bed. It faced a pair of windows that looked out onto the lake, and another pair of windows, along its far side, offered a view of the meadow.

He sat down on it, bouncing, testing the mattress, and at that moment, as if the object of his desire had materialized, the crown of a blond head moved along the bottom of the front windows. He went to them and looked out at her. She stood beside a birch, facing the lake, her head held at an angle of inquiry and interest. A nuthatch clung to the birch a few feet above her. It hurried up the tree a few feet, turned upside down, and, hopping around the tree, disappeared, then came hopping into sight and found itself almost on a level with her head and lifted off in flight. She put up her hand, and her fingers made delicate, restless gestures in the air, as though there was something tangible where the bird had been that she was testing, touching it in the same way she touched the flowers.

He made a fist and raised his hand, but, sensing that a sudden knock on the glass would startle her, hesitated. He knocked anyway, in a strong, sustained rap that thrilled him in proportion to the scare he imagined he was causing her. She turned with composure, as though she had known all along he was there, and her broad smile, exposing an even set of straight white teeth, broke over her face, illuminating it, lighting up her eyes with such deep joy and trust he had to look away.

He pulled out the list of instructions and made a show of studying it: *Go up on roof and check screens on chimneys.* "Right," he said, but as he came into the main room he noticed some slivers of glass scattered several feet back onto the plank floor, and then he saw a pane missing in one of the front windows. From the way the glass was scattered inward, it had been broken from the outside. The windows were hinged and in pairs, as he discovered on examining them, and they swung outward. The hook holding the two sashes together was still secure. But if somebody unhooked it when they came in why couldn't they as easily hook it when they went out? If they were out. He looked around. Some wooden rungs, spanning two upright logs along the wall where the piano stood, led to an attic above the bedroom. Impossible. If somebody was living here in secret, why wouldn't they use the bed downstairs? *He* would. Then he noticed something else, and went out the back porch and around to the front, where she was gathering twigs.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Very much."

"Really? I hope so. It's my favorite place. A trapper used to live here, I told you that. He and an Indian built the place and all the furniture that's in it out of trees from the woods around us. When the trapper died, Grandpa bought it, said it was the last symbol of the frontier, and vowed he'd never change a thing. He hasn't."

"Are there any beds up in that attic?"

"No. Just junk. Why?"

"What used to be on those deer-foot pegs above the front door?"

"Guns."

"They're gone."

"Oh, Grandpa buried those in the woods. He doesn't believe in firearms. Why? Why do you want to know?"

He turned her so she could sight down his extended arm to the window. "See that?" he said. "I think somebody tried to break in."

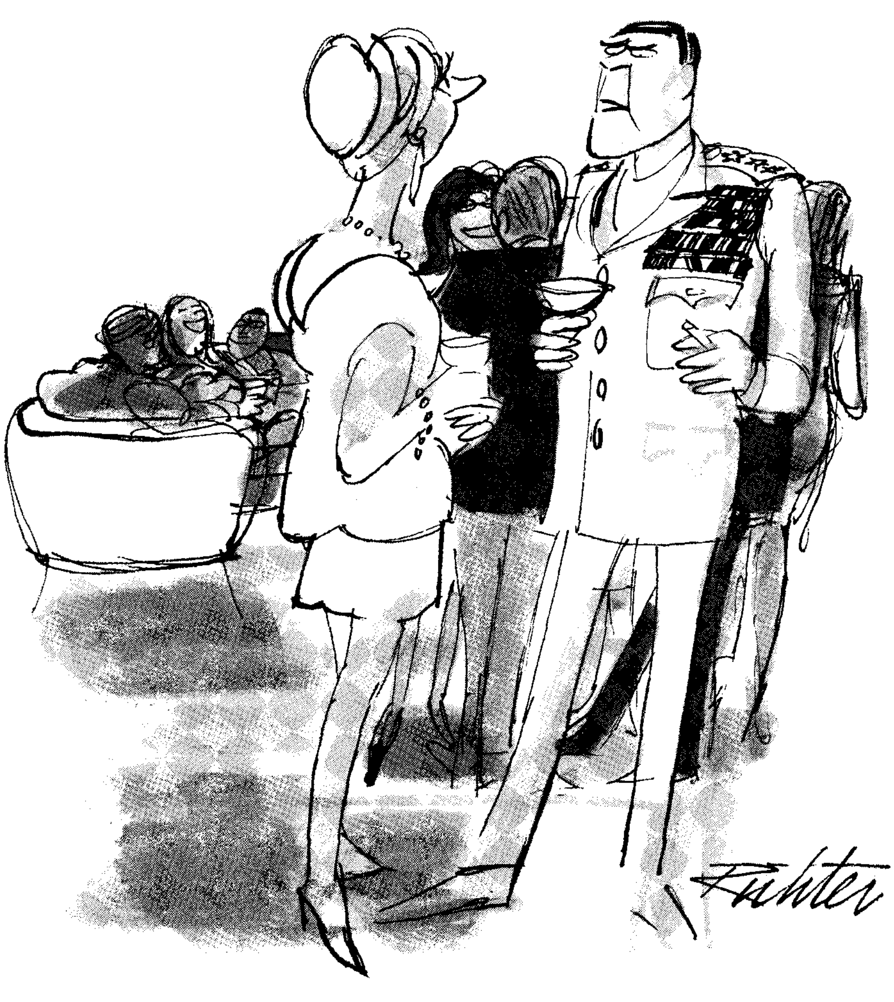
"Oh."

"I doubt if it's anything serious. Nothing inside looks disturbed. I'll mention it when I call the watchman, and maybe he can explain what's been going on. Here," he said, and took the twigs from her. "Why don't you go in now? I'll do this. I know the trip tired you."

"But I love it outside! I've never been up this early in the summer. Summer here is *spring*. It's like another world, with the trees in another stage and all the plants and flowers different. I've never felt so much at home or at peace as I do now, outside here"—she took his arm and smiled—"with you."

"But we have almost a month," he said, fidgeting, made awkward by her openness. "And, anyway, tomorrow there'll be more light." He put his free arm around her. "Come on," he said, adopting a husbandly tone—imperative yet benevolent, chummy and superior—"I'm going to get out the ladder and check those chimneys, and after that I'll build us a big fire!"

The porch door was locked. He handed the twigs back to her. He



"I certainly think violence has its place. What I object to is senseless violence."

LOOKING OUT TO SEA

(After a Sketch by Clifford Wright)

The boardwalk, like a pier, extends
Us upon the blue. The pier is like
A boardwalk, floating as the planet floats,
Serenely in its changing place. You see
Blue space and know piers beneath the pier
Anchor it somewhere, but where you stand
The rough planks are what you stand on. If
The pier's piers float on sand, so
Stars and stellar systems float—grand
Amusement parks on piers. Here we are.
And there, the pier's end. Beyond, the blue
Water, sky—how far, how high, we tell
By that Victorian lady and the boy
With bicycle and pack, the wire angel
That's for dressmakers, placed there, too,
And those two old folk at the very edge—
The brink, you'd almost say. He seems to be
Looking down to see how deep, and she,
Hausfrau, clutches his arm to hold him back.
The boy with the pack, nearer, looks—it seems—
At the young Victorian woman with her hair
Upswept and skirt trailing (billowing,
Maybe) and left hand raised to say "You see!"
As she exclaims the sea or sky—those gay
Distances. And yet it may be
The boy is looking not at her but where
The wonderful sea monster rises there
Just at her side, admonished by her right
Cautionary hand: He's not to interfere
With land creatures' looks to sea. He,
The monster, in his awkward coils, is sweet
And quizzical—and forfeits being wet
To be beside his lady, watched by
The gilded, rusting dummy that once held
His lady's dress, perhaps. But she looks out.
Ah! Clouds! Currents of high air,
Of sea, of sun! Such blues! And that cool breeze!
And we see, too, how waters become seas,
And seas horizons, piers planets, gulls
(There are no gulls) and monsters pure angels.
If, from here, you choose looking out to sea,
There's nothing to be seen but summer clarities.

—Anthony Ostroff

• •

searched through his pockets. He went over to the dining wing and peered through a window into the lighted kitchen. On the counter beside the sink, splayed out like a many-legged obscene thing, basking under the light in the kitchen, were the keys. "Hell," he said, and then turned to her. "Do you have a set?"

"No."

"What are we going to do?" The nearest town was seven miles.

"At that farmhouse back by the turnoff they have a key to the front door."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to go back there, then," he said, and started for the car, but when he was halfway there he stopped, his back to her.

"No," she said. "I don't have an extra set for it, either."

"That place is a mile away!"

"A mile and a half."

"What now? I can't leave you here alone. It'll be pitch dark in a half hour. Can you walk that far?"

"I'd love to. There's going to be a moon."

"But can you? You know—" Both of them were shy of openly naming her condition.

"Oh, of *course*. I'll be all right," she said, and even this much of a reference to it made her blush and lower her eyes.

"Wait! Stay right there!" he said, and took off running.

"Where are you going!"

"Don't move!" He circled around to the front of the lodge, reached up through the broken pane and lifted the hook, crawled inside, and trotted through the building to the back door and swung it open.

"How did you do *that?*" she said.

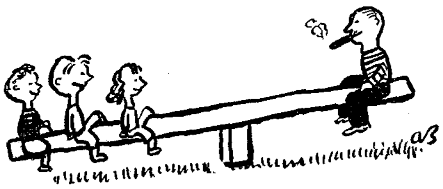
"That window that's out? I came through it like I was a housebreaker!" He couldn't stop grinning. He was more pleased with himself than he had been in a long time. He took the twigs away from her and dropped them onto the floor of the porch.

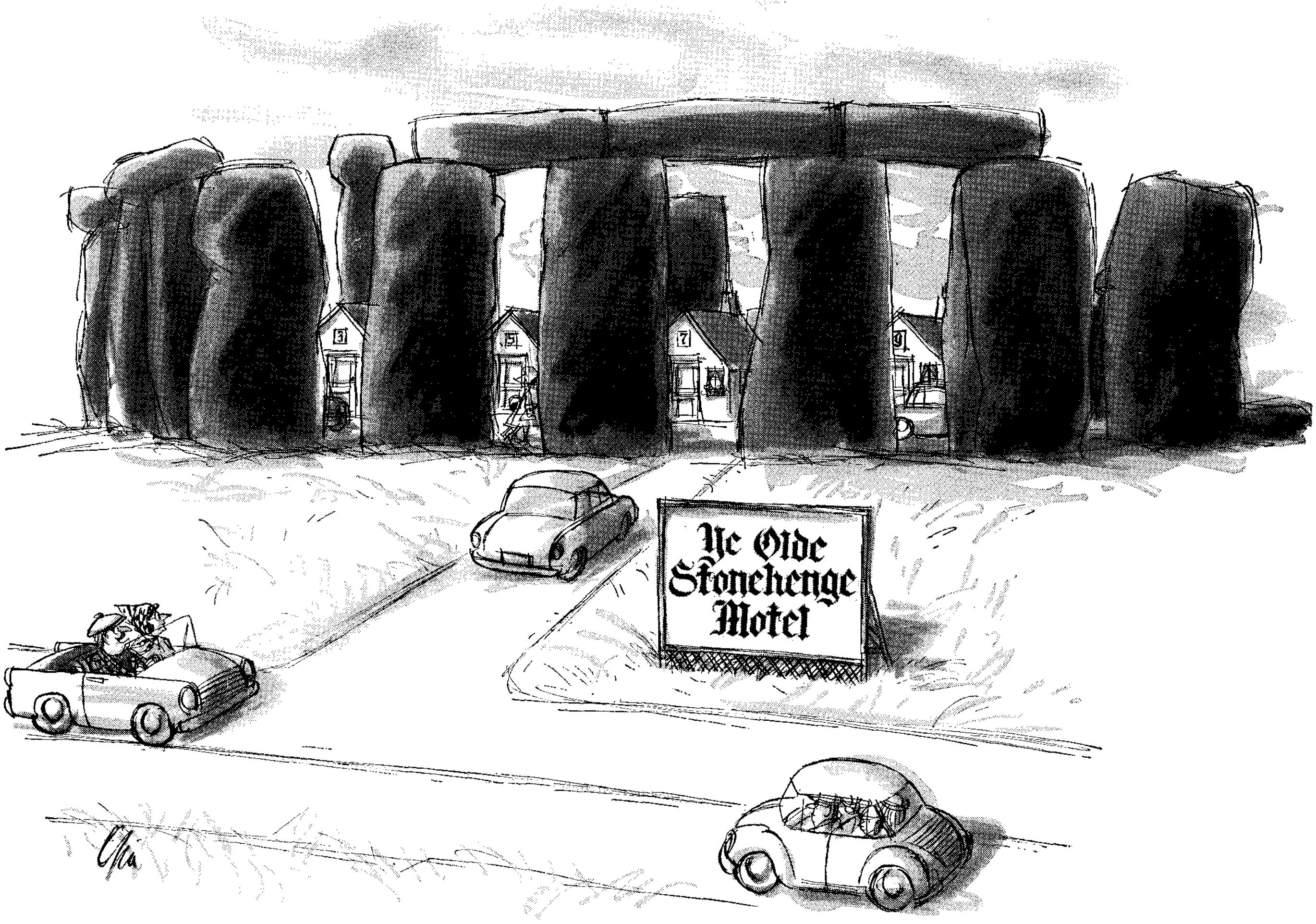
"Wait," she said, "we need those for the fire."

"To hell with it," he said. "And the screens, too." He reached an arm behind her thighs and lifted her against his chest, the exertion sending up a rush of blood that dimmed his vision and made the veins in his head swell, and though he feared he was going to stumble or drop her, he carried her through the porch and through the kitchen, holding his breath all the way, through the hall and through the main room, under the approving auspices of the moose, and into the bedroom. He dropped her onto the bed and, hoarsely, with his last reserve of strength and breath, said, "*Make it.*"

THE sheets, which she found underneath some beach mattresses and buckskin rugs in a bottom drawer of the dresser, were damp and clinging and smelled of naphthalene. He fell asleep to the smell and woke to it in the night, and now as he looked out at the meadow overlaid with moonlight the smell seemed responsible for the silver color of the grass and the silver color of the trees encircling it, and for their unnatural stillness. The meadow was higher at its far end and sloped down toward the lodge. Three brush piles, black against the silver grass—the near one looking large as a haystack, the far one small as a bowl—stood in a straight row up the center of the meadow. There was a dark rectangular shape against the trees to the left. That would be the pumphouse.

What had caused him to wake? Under the worst kinds of conditions he usually slept undisturbed until noon. Could he be ill? But then he heard a sound, as metallic as the scene outside, and knew he'd been waked by that





"Pluck! Plain old pluck! That's what'll see us through!"

• •

sound. He froze and stopped breathing, holding himself in suspension to listen better. Whispering. And then another sound came, going right to his marrow. *Pang*. A note was struck on the piano. And then another one, *bong*, in the bass register this time, followed by some tinkling in the treble keys. Afraid to turn and look behind him, he recalled that, yes, pregnant women did strange things at strange hours, and just as he was finding a little comfort in that recollection the covers, pulled by somebody else, stretched taut. She was in bed with him. Or better be. He swung around—she was there, asleep—and for a second was relieved, then realized how absurd it was to feel relief. It would be up to him to get up and see what was going on out there. Why hadn't he checked the attic?

He jumped down to the floor and started cursing, using the dirtiest words he knew, and was all the way into the other room before he realized he was stark naked. It made no difference; no one was there. He approached the piano with caution, and with a sense of reverence. He believed in ghosts. With a scrabbling, whispery noise, a series of keys depressed and a scattered chord sounded.

He had created such a disturbance that when he came back into the bedroom she was awake, half sitting up. "What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"I thought I heard you talking to somebody."

"Right. Myself."

"What's the matter? Are you angry with me?"

"No."

"Yes you are."

"I'm not, dammit!"

"Then what is it?"

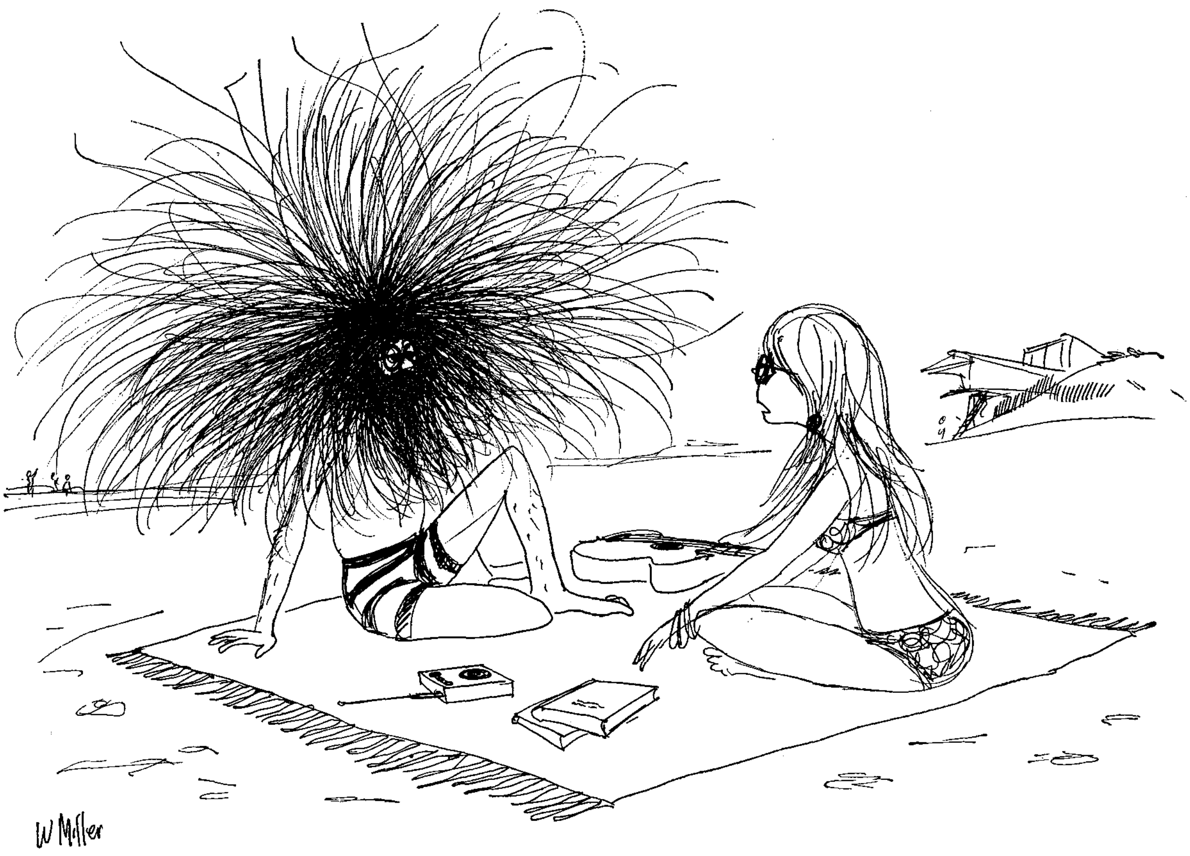
He stretched out under the covers and stared up at the ceiling, trying to decide whether the emptiness he felt was due to the scare he'd had, to his impatience at her questions when what he wanted was comfort, or to his own sense of hurt at having to suffer so many indignities for her sake. She put her hand on his chest. "Tell me," she said. "Please. What is it?"

"There are *mice* in your piano!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I should have told you. I keep thinking you know everything. They've been there a couple summers now. You didn't disturb their nest or hurt them, did you?"

"No!" he shouted. "No, I didn't hurt them!" He turned away from her and was taken by surprise when the meadow silvered even more and began sparkling as he watched, sending out splinters and tines of light. He hadn't suspected that the events of the past few days, the series of minor impositions made on his peace of mind, had upset him that much. He vowed to himself that it would not happen again.

IN the morning, after waking at an unprecedented early hour, he drove in to the nearest town—a few sad frame buildings (the majority of them sheathed with a material that simulated gray stone) standing here and there along dirt streets. He pulled up in front of the general store (covered with corrugated tin) and went inside. Six-packs of beer, stacked in chest-high piles, divided the small room into three



"I mean, like, you know, I never dreamed I would ever say this to anyone, but would you get a haircut, Larry?"

• •

sections. Orange workman's gloves, overalls, and children's toys in plastic bags were displayed on the same counter with bananas and celery. The clerk, an Indian dressed in a long-sleeved flannel shirt and a bow tie, got up from his chair and came out from behind the counter and introduced himself and offered his assistance. After shaking the Indian's hand, he said he understood there was a phone booth here. Not a long-distance call, the Indian wanted to know. No. The Indian went over behind the counter, reached underneath it, and set a Princess phone down in front of him. That was it; no booth.

With the Indian standing next to him and looking on with curious eyes, he took her grandfather's list out of his pocket and dialled the number.

"Virgil Weeks here," said the miniature voice in the receiver.

"Mr. Weeks, I'm unknown to you. My name's Chris Van Eenanam. I've just married Mr. Herum's granddaughter, Ellen, and Mr. Herum said for me to call you and say we'd be up at the lodge for about a month. O.K.?"

"Mr. Herum?"

"From Milwaukee. In the beer business."

"Herum, you say?"

"He owns the lodge on the lake. You know— I believe it originally belonged to a trapper."

"Oh! Oh, you mean the old *Nicholson* place! Sure, sure, sure, out there on the bluff there, right?"

"Aren't you the watchman?"

"Yes, I am, that I am."

"Oh," he said, and lifted his eyes and received a big grin from the Indian. He stared down his nose into the receiver. "Oh. Well. I was wondering if you knew what happened."

"What do you mean?"

"That window?"

"Which window?"

"Lodge. The front one. Broken."

"Really? Damn! I bet it was a nishnob did it!"

"A what?" He was afraid of animals he didn't know.

"One of the nishnobs!" There were some short metallic barks of laughter, and then the voice said, "Little injuns from the reservation over by the county line. Yeah, well, in my business, you know, you got names for different types; your crooks, your petty offenders, your extortionists and whatnot, and I didn't have none for Indians, so I made that up myself. Nishnobs. Ha! You see, they're always the ones getting into the summer people's places and snitchin' stuff, so I thought the name fit perfect, right? You got anything missing?"

"No, but—"

"Lucky boy!"

"You didn't know about it?"

"What's that?"

"The window."

"The window? No, *no*, it's news to me. I haven't been up there, oh, I don't know, since the first of winter, I'd say. Are the roads still so bad?"

"I thought Mr. Herum *hired* you to keep an eye on the place."

"He does, yes, that he does, and every time I'm out that way, believe me, I drop in and have a look. Except the roads are so bad. And then it's no use, because you couldn't even get a fool nishnob to go up. They won't walk, you know. Gotta have wheels. The reason I understand them so good, see, is I'm a half-breed myself. Also, I'm depitty sheriff in this county—your Mr. Herum knows that—and what with people losing themselves in the woods, car wrecks, gun accidents (a lot of deer hunters around here), oh, and all that, I'm kept on the go most of the time, usually further south, where more people are."

"I don't care about that. If Mr. Herum's paying you to do a job, it seems to me you should be doing it. I'll call later. And I'm sure Mr. Herum will be getting in touch with you, too, because he's going to hear about this," he concluded, as emphatically as he could with the Indian there, and hung up. His hands were trembling. He reached in his pocket and took out another list, this one compiled by his wife. Following the exuberant loops of her handwriting without a change of expression in his stony face, receiving cues from the Indian now and then, he was able to gather together two bagfuls of groceries.

THAT afternoon, he got out the power mower and saw that it was not self-propelled. He undid the rope from the handlebar, started it with some difficulty, adjusted the carburetor (for density of smoke, it seemed, in the case of this machine), and walked it

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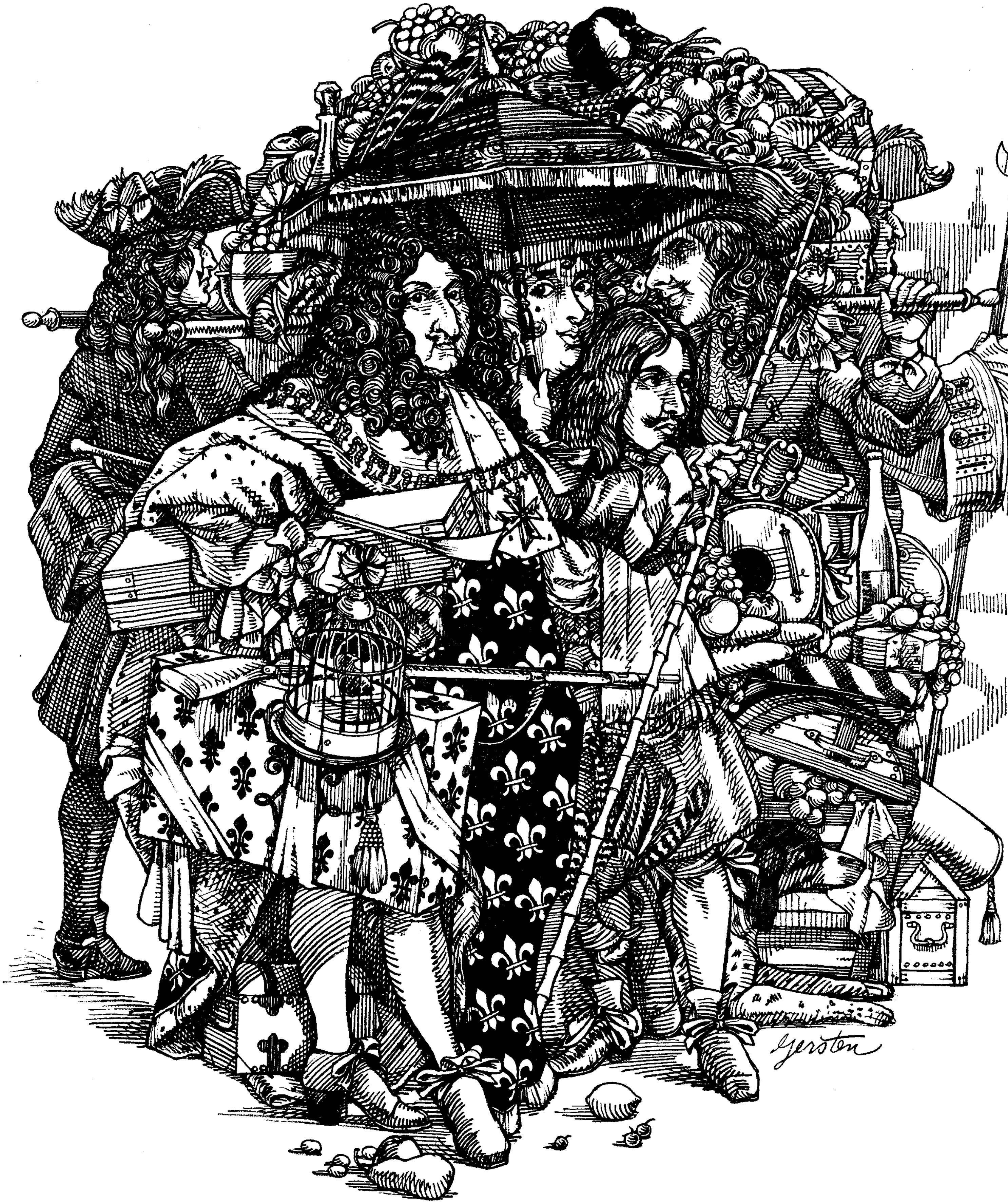
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A note on flights: Every leg of your trip around the world is flown during daylight hours, except for the flight from New York to Paris. That means no early morning or late night arrivals or departures, no broken sleep.

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A note on meals: All meals are à la carte, throughout your trip. Three meals a day, with a choice of anything on the menu before you, are included in the over-all cost. No extras, not even tips.

Israël

Luxuriate for a couple of days at the lush King David Hotel, enjoying the perfect climate of the Holy Land. You'll retrace Bible history at Mount Zion, King David's Tomb, the Mount of Olives and the Wailing Wall. Take in modern Tel Aviv; join an excursion to Nazareth and Haifa. It's all been arranged just for you.

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A note on sightseeing: Everywhere you go, all sightseeing is not only planned as an integral part of your trip, but is specially designed to include more than you ever thought you would see, at a pace that is gentle and gracious. You won't miss a thing, particularly your personal comfort.

Hong Kong

The busiest city on earth is yours for four fascinating days, filled with marvelous sightseeing trips to the walled village of Kam Tin, Victoria Peak and the Tiger Balm Gardens. Plenty of time for exploring this shoppers' paradise on your own, for fittings and for browsing near the famous harbor. The eating in Hong Kong is great, and meals are planned at Gaddi's, the Marco Polo, the Parisian Grill and many others. Your hotel: the posh Peninsula.

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Singapour

Two days at Raffles Hotel! Shades of Somerset Maugham and Joseph Conrad! Motor through the rubber plantations to the Sultan of Johore's palaces. Visit the Esplanade, the Chinese, Malay and European residential sections. Climax it with an outdoor buffet dinner at the exclusive Villa Soujana.

A note on entertainment: In every major city an evening's entertainment, including tips, taxes and cover charge, is part of your tour. You'll see the smartest nightclubs enjoy gala dinners, receptions and cocktail parties—at no extra cost whatsoever.

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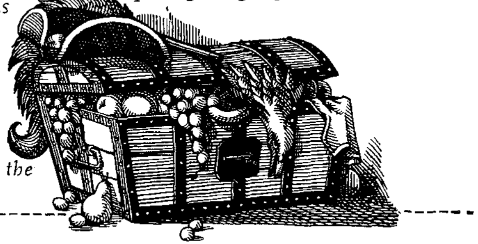

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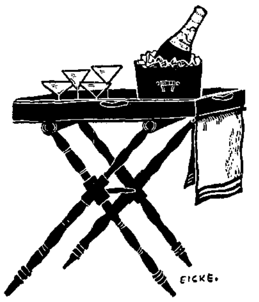
around to the front of the lodge, already feeling in his ears the flat sense of deafness that would stay with him the rest of the day, making his mind feel insulated and insular, a world in itself, a weightless satellite gliding above the grass. By the time he cut a swath out to the bluff, staying a good distance from its edge, and cut another swath back to the lodge, outlining a long rectangle, he was able to gauge the speed at which the grass demanded he travel—the cautious plod—and his mind was freed.

Why had she married him? She was thinking of an abortion to begin with, but then she sent the telegram. He didn't believe in abortions himself, so his respect for her grew when she decided against it. But what about her decision to marry him? Wasn't there any other out? Did she know what she was doing? The way he saw it (with a tinny sound the blade sent a branch flying through the air), she was giving up everything she had, everything good, and taking on a disaster. Him. She knew her grandparents would be outraged by it—the first time they saw him (sight was enough), two years ago, they forbade her to see him or speak to him again—and she knew that his academic standing (B-minus, at odds with the department head) and his financial status (a thirty-five-hundred-dollar fellowship, a small bank account, some government bonds) left something to be desired. Did she believe the guff he told her about himself, the genius, someday coming up with a theory to rival Bohr's? *He* didn't, usually, except while he was telling it to her. Her grandfather's income was in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars, and though she was Spartan by nature, the luxuries were there when she wanted them—like this lodge. And what would her grandparents do when they learned she was pregnant?



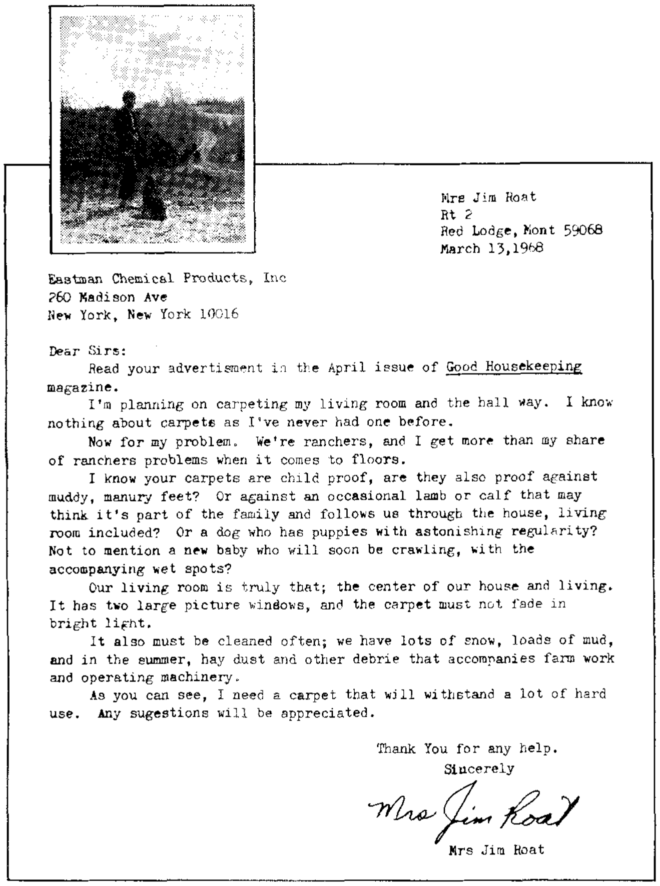
He walked along the end of the rectangle, turned, and started back. On the other hand, wasn't he as much a victim of her? She knew he loved her and would marry her if she asked him to. Now he was responsible for her, and a child besides, before he'd learned how to take care of himself. And would she have married him if she hadn't been pregnant? For the past three years she had professed to love him, but she was always evasive about marriage. Once in a while she spoke vaguely of its taking place after he finished graduate school (he skirted the trunk of a birch), but would it have happened then? Would he get his degree? Was she, without any reservations, doing what she most wanted? Or had she chosen the lesser of two evils? And now that they were married, how could he resolve that uncertainty, how could he ever know? They never really talked about it. They evaded serious matters. They avoided them as though they weren't there. That was the way their relationship started out and that was the way it would probably stay. Like her pregnancy. They never spoke of it or made future plans. The marriage was something they both eased into, without really acknowledging its gravity, because they both were people who did what they had to do.

He turned and started toward the bluff. Then there was the child—doctor bills, hospital bills, food, clothes, a home, security for him. Love. Already seeing it as *him*, he grinned, then became solemn. He would have to take a part-time job, if not a full-time job, to support the three of them. A full-time job meant dropping out of school, and how would he ever better himself then? Where would he get the background for those theories of his? He couldn't allow her to work; his pride wouldn't permit it. He'd probably have to take out a loan, which was as hateful to him as quitting school. This vacation was the last gift from her grandfather—no more of that. Instead of loafing, he should be busy at a job right now. He was making some sacrifices for her, too, no doubt about that. And, when you came right down to it, *all* the while never really knowing whether or not the child was his child. No, if he had ever doubted that, even suspected it, he never would have married her. Still, dammit, there was no way, no absolute—

He killed the motor. Its last sounds went ringing through the trees, and, as if to see them go, he lifted his eyes toward the woods and saw a sight as remarkable as that would have been. She was sitting at the front of the lawn and off to one side of it, her head bowed, her legs hanging out of sight over the edge of the bluff. He hurried out to where she was and came up behind her. "Uhh," he said softly, letting her know he was close, "should you be sitting there? I think

In hope of understanding each other

A lady in Red Lodge, Mont. and her problem



Mrs Jim Roat
Rt 2
Red Lodge, Mont 59068
March 13,1968

Eastman Chemical Products, Inc
260 Madison Ave
New York, New York 10016

Dear Sirs:

Read your advertisment in the April issue of Good Housekeeping magazine.

I'm planning on carpeting my living room and the hall way. I know nothing about carpets as I've never had one before.

Now for my problem. We're ranchers, and I get more than my share of ranchers problems when it comes to floors.

I know your carpets are child proof, are they also proof against muddy, manury feet? Or against an occasional lamb or calf that may think it's part of the family and follows us through the house, living room included? Or a dog who has puppies with astonishing regularity? Not to mention a new baby who will soon be crawling, with the accompanying wet spots?

Our living room is truly that; the center of our house and living. It has two large picture windows, and the carpet must not fade in bright light.

It also must be cleaned often; we have lots of snow, loads of mud, and in the summer, hay dust and other debrie that accompanies farm work and operating machinery.

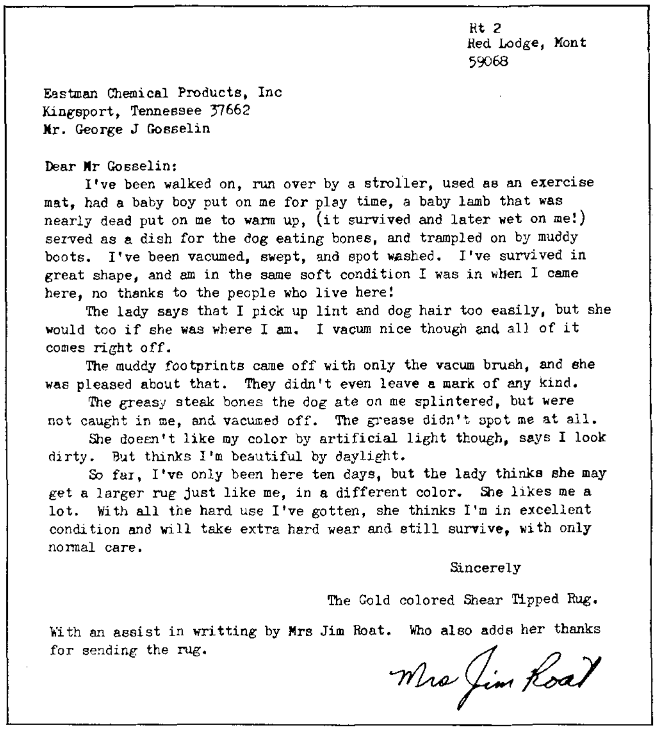
As you can see, I need a carpet that will withstand a lot of hard use. Any sugestions will be appreciated.

Thank You for any help.
Sincerely

Mrs Jim Roat

Mrs Jim Roat

A conscientious Textiles Division executive replies with a two-page letter that boils down to: Kodel fiber makes rugged rugs, lady, but you'll be happier with nice, washable vinyl tile. Then a more adventuresome executive who sees her letter ships her a 2½ x 4′ gold-colored tip shear rug of 100% Kodel fiber in trade for a report on conditions we cannot simulate in the laboratory. A voice is soon heard from the rug:



Rt 2
Red Lodge, Mont
59068

Eastman Chemical Products, Inc
Kingsport, Tennessee 37662
Mr. George J Gosselin

Dear Mr Gosselin:

I've been walked on, run over by a stroller, used as an exercise mat, had a baby boy put on me for play time, a baby lamb that was nearly dead put on me to warm up, (it survived and later wet on me!) served as a dish for the dog eating bones, and trampled on by muddy boots. I've been vacumed, swept, and spot washed. I've survived in great shape, and am in the same soft condition I was in when I came here, no thanks to the people who live here!

The lady says that I pick up lint and dog hair too easily, but she would too if she was where I am. I vacum nice though and all of it comes right off.

The muddy footprints came off with only the vacum brush, and she was pleased about that. They didn't even leave a mark of any kind.

The greasy steak bones the dog ate on me splintered, but were not caught in me, and vacumed off. The grease didn't spot me at all.

She doesn't like my color by artificial light though, says I look dirty. But thinks I'm beautiful by daylight.

So far, I've only been here ten days, but the lady thinks she may get a larger rug just like me, in a different color. She likes me a lot. With all the hard use I've gotten, she thinks I'm in excellent condition and will take extra hard wear and still survive, with only normal care.

Sincerely

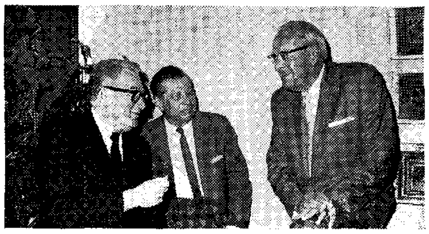
The Gold colored Shear Tipped Rug.

With an assist in writting by Mrs Jim Roat. Who also adds her thanks for sending the rug.

Mrs Jim Roat

Mrs. Roat is obviously well qualified for work as an advertising copywriter in New York, but she might not enjoy it as much as the life she now leads. The KODAK INSTAMATIC Camera sent Mr. Roat to photograph his wife now becomes his.

A man from Fair Play, Colo. and his problem



The jovial individual at the right of the scene is a Kodak executive photographed with friends in Hollywood, his natural environment, which is not the same as his native heath in Fair Play, Colo. In the Film Capital, as the columnists used to call it, Don Hyndman has been known for 35 years as the film man. Very few people are in a position to know what's meant. This doesn't bother Don.

Let the serious follower of the filmic art believe without further enlightenment that film is to cinema no more than paper is to literature—the inert vehicle. Perhaps only those who care to invest their capital or their working careers in our company will find interest in the truth of the matter.

The creative act of the film-maker, as of the novelist, occurs deep within one human mind. The novelist has but to get it out through his fingers and it is on its way, safe from what may befall a cinematic conception on the intricate path from the mind to a screen in Montevideo or Montana.

The friends pictured here operate large Hollywood film laboratories. Traffic in and out of their busy shops consists of film for the projection machines, freshly exposed film from the cameras, and film in various intermediate stages from the cutting rooms and the recording studios. The subtle, complex technology they apply connects the artist to his audience and sets the extent to which his visions can be communicated. Much of the technology originates under Hyndman's command. The industry to which he sells raw film can then concentrate its own worrying on artistic and business matters.

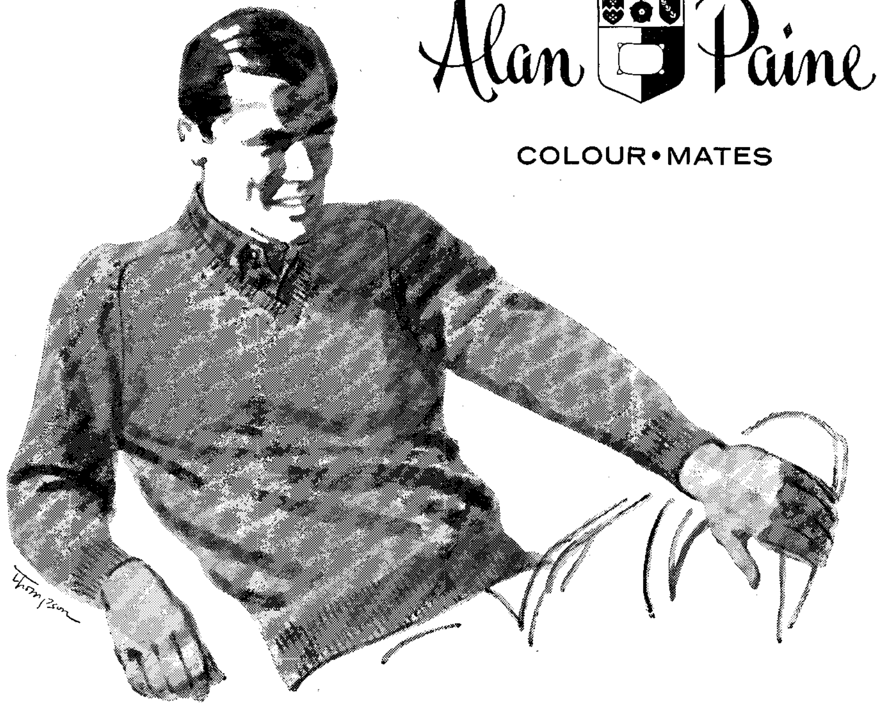
Even as well over 50% of the revenue from American pictures is now earned abroad, so have imports made good with the sophisticated movie-goers who today support the American box office. Internationalization of the industry has advanced the Film Capital figure of speech from a cliché to an anachronism. Through the Kodak houses in other countries, Hyndman nowadays must marshal his technological forces close to where the cameras and the projectors are turning. To move them out smartly from his and their natural environment and keep them circulating to where they can best find out what's wanted—that is Don Hyndman's problem.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY An equal-opportunity employer

Discover a new dimension in colour with Colour•Mates...Alan Paine sweaters plus handsome shirts...both made in England *in identical, original colours created by Alan Paine.* Shirts faultlessly tailored of 50% wool/50% cotton, about $16. **Henley** pullover, in finest lambswool, about $16. **Wadham,** in luxurious 100% pure cashmere, about $35.

Alan Paine

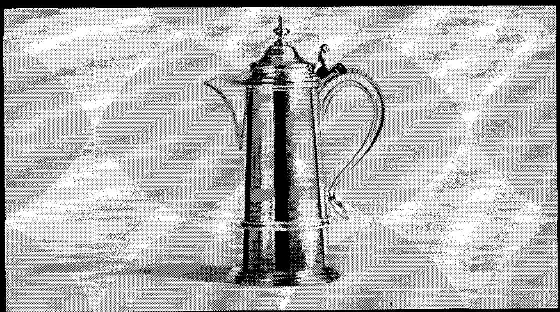
COLOUR•MATES



For store names, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Great excuses for giving yourself a present:

SEPT. 5: GREEN OLIVE WEEK



What's an olive without a martini? Mix them a batch in our silverplated Paul Revere martini flagon. $50.

Webster-Wilcox®

Made by The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. Price subject to change.

maybe it's just an overhang of sod. I think it might be all eroded underneath." He took a couple of stiff sidesteps and looked over the edge. It was a sheer drop for fifty feet, and then a tan face of sandy clay—scored and streaked with gullies, runnels, washouts, deep ravines, tentatively held in place by some frail silver maples that were leaning over backward—was visible, falling away for an additional two hundred feet. At the bottom, a border of pines separated the wash from the lighter colored strip of the beach, which, from this height, was no more than a white line before the green of the water.

"Look," he said, and ran his toe along a place behind her where the sod had parted and dropped down, putting the overhang she sat on two inches lower than the rest of the lawn. "Look. It all could give way." She wouldn't turn to him. He could tell from the angle of her head that she was in one of her moods of deep despair. "Ellen? Ellen, what's the matter?" There was no sign of a response. He came closer to her. "Ellen? What is it? Tell me." Not even a movement. "You're worried about your grandparents, aren't you?"

She shook her head no.

"Uncertain about the future?"

Again, she indicated no.

"Me?" He squatted down beside her and slightly behind her. He reached over her shoulder and turned her face to him, and the tears that had been gathering in her eyes spilled over the rims and slid down her cheeks. "That's what it is," he said, "isn't it? It's me, isn't it?"

"I want to fall off and roll all the way down and kill it!"

He threw an arm around her, pulled her onto the lawn, pinned her by the arms, and was finally able to say, "*Ellen!*"

"I don't want to be pregnant! I want to destroy it!"

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't want it! I don't want it! I'm oppressed by it, smothered, trapped! I'm not ready!"

"Yes you are. You're the most capable person I know!"

"I don't want to waste my life! I don't want to turn into a do-nothing housewife like every other housewife in the world!"

"You won't."

"How can I help it? It's starting already and it'll get worse! I'm not *doing* anything!"

"What do you mean? You are, too. You're making me happy."

"Oh, Christ, I'm ugly and miserable!"

"You're not. You're not even showing it, you know that. You're still pretty."

"Inside! I'm miserable inside!"

"You're not!"

"I've been miserable for weeks!"

"Why didn't you say something?"

"What could I say? *What?* It's growing inside me, a living thing—I can feel it!—and there's nothing I can do! It's ruling my life! That's not fair, it's not right! I want to destroy it!"

"You have *no* right to want to destroy it! It's a part of you!"

"If it's a part of me, it's a part I don't want!" Her eyes altered, the color of her flesh changed, and she started choking. He released her arms, and she covered her face with her hands and rolled on her stomach.

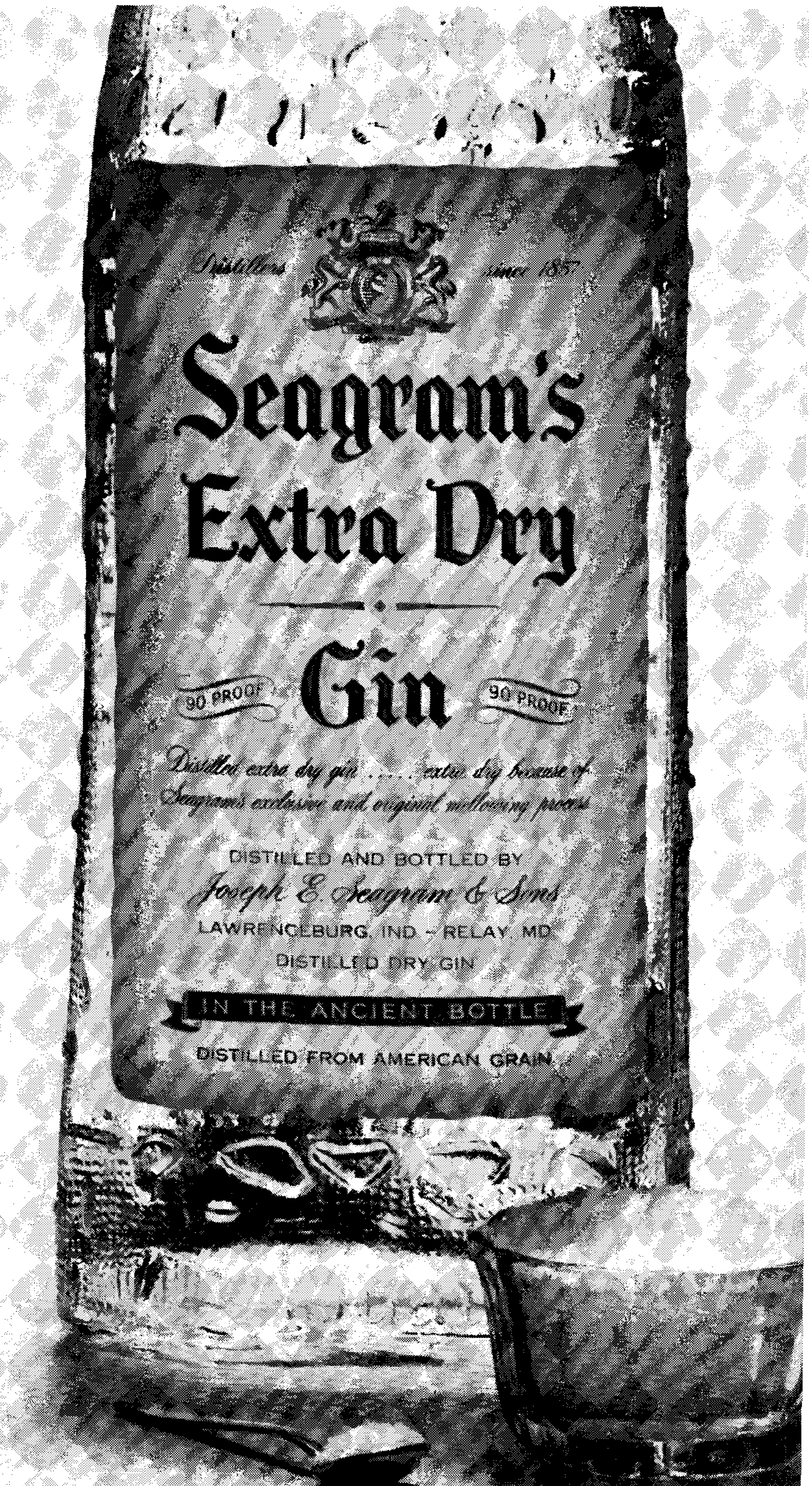
He was right. It was the life inside her that had bound them together, and she didn't want it. All his persuasions, suggestions, platitudes, and sanctimonious advice fell from him. He was responsible for that life. There was nothing he could say. He ran his hand over her hair and let it pass down onto her back, feeling, through the thick opposing ribs of her sweater, the strong ribs of her back heaving up against his hand, falling, and then again heaving up, demanding comfort. He started patting her. "Don't," he said. "Don't. I'll make it all right. Don't. Please."

What he meant was he couldn't take this agony any more. He would get her an abortion, and then he would let her divorce him and move out of his life. He would admit that they had done the wrong thing and he wasn't meant to be her husband.

After he had sat for a long while, subduing his emotion, resigning himself to his decision, he said, "Ellen, here's what we have to do. First—" He saw that his hand was resting on her back and patting her, as if it had a life in itself. He moved it away. "Ellen, here's what we have to do. Are you listening?" He turned her over so he could see her face. She was asleep.

He lifted her up in his arms and her eyelids fluttered, and she murmured, "I'm cold, I'm cold, I'm cold." He carried her to the edge of the woods, halfway to the lodge, and laid her down on a wooden bench beneath the overhanging branches of an elm. Then he ran into the lodge and came back with a woollen blanket and covered her with it and tucked it around her feet, along her sides, and, more carefully, around

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.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Gin
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Joseph E. Seagram & Sons
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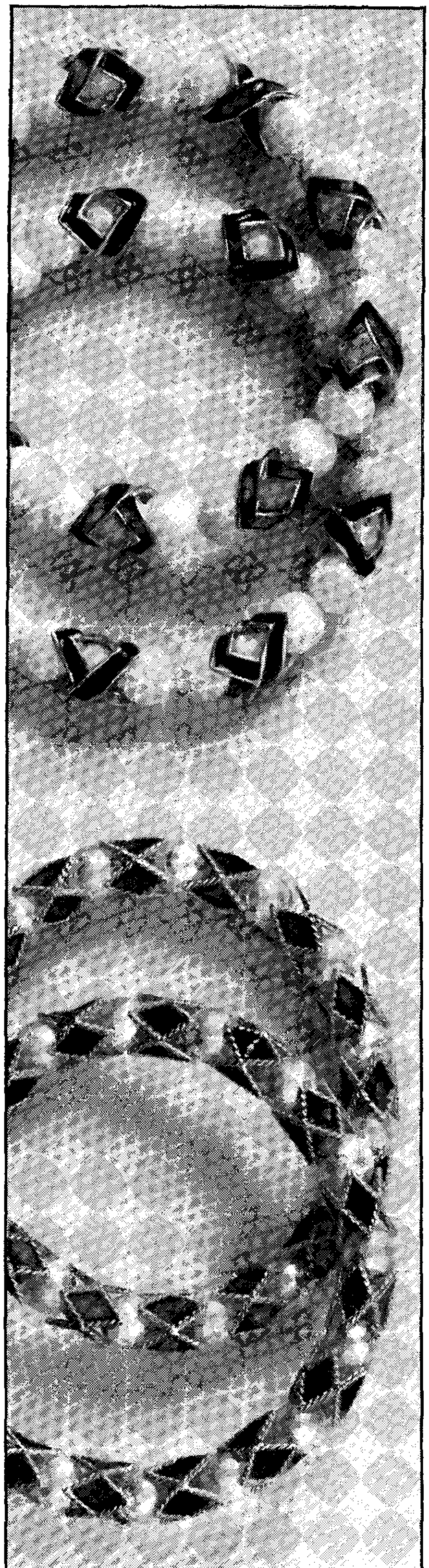
Salt.
This week's perfect martini secret.

Put a pinch of salt on top of each finished martini made with the perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.



To circle your wrist...
Coral (top) or pearl (bottom)
laced with blue or green enamel.
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Neiman-Marcus
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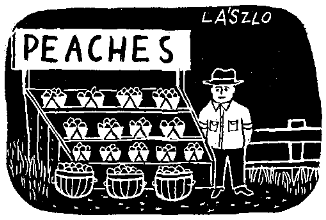
her neck, staring at her parted lips and her pale face, where lozenges and diamonds of sunlight were sliding from side to side. And since there was nothing more he could do at the moment, other than keep a close watch on her, he started up the mower and began again around the rectangle.

When he came to the part of the lawn where the bench was resting, he hesitated, then thought, Well, what's the difference now, and mowed around the bench, behind it, and under it. She slept undisturbed. It was turning dark when he finished. He wheeled the noisy machine around to the back porch, and, using the toe of his shoe—a semicircular collage of slick mulch and yellow seeds—he pressed the metal strip against the spark plug. When the mower was slowed down to half speed, the metal slipped off to one side and a shock leapt up his leg. He hopped away, shaking his foot as though it would come out his pants leg. Jesus! Couldn't something like that ruin you? He pulled out the choke and, with his hands on his hips, derived a certain amount of satisfaction in seeing the mower die in a profusion of its own blue smoke. Then he remembered her alone around in front, and took off running. She was awake, sitting up. Leaning his weight on hands that were spongy and numb, the nerves of his palms still vibrating at the frequency of the mower, he eased himself onto the bench beside her. She was staring straight ahead, her profile showing against the background of the lake, which was darkening as the sun went down. Then her lips compressed and a tear started down her cheek. That was it.

"Ellen," he said, "I've come to a decision. Here's what we have—"

"The flowers! You mowed down all the flowers!" she cried, and let her head fall against his chest, sealing his words inside him.



SHE began to retreat from him, drawing more and more into herself, growing quiet and meditative, and at first he relaxed his guard, believing she had made peace with herself, purged herself somehow, but then he noticed, almost hidden in the passiveness of her face, an alert secretive quality, as though she were listening to instructions—intricately detailed, seductive, wise, and irrefutable—on what she was to do. He became more watchful and disturbed. For three days she worked, cleaning the lodge fanatically, vacuuming even the logs and the chinks between them, vacuuming the moose, vacuuming the possum. He bustled around her, making efforts to help, or, keeping her within sight, did small jobs outside, such as replacing the broken windowpane (below it, in the weeds next to the lodge, he found the skeleton of a bird and tossed it into the woods before she could see) with a piece of glass he found in the back porch, checking the screens on the chimneys (he removed them, believing this to be most efficacious; nothing could collect on them then), and cleaning out the gutters.

She got a pair of binoculars and a field guide out of the attic and started watching birds, spending whole afternoons in the meadow beside the lodge or in the trees surrounding it, and he was at his wit's end to keep her under vigilance and at the same time (since once in jealousy he told her birds bored him) to be unobtrusive about it. When it grew dark, she studied the field guide, foxed and dog-eared from an adolescent phase when her love for birds first started—a time she had almost forgotten about, or over the years had tried to forget; she didn't care to think of herself as boyish and flat-chested, as the girl in the eighth grade who had big feet. But now she seemed at peace even with that person.

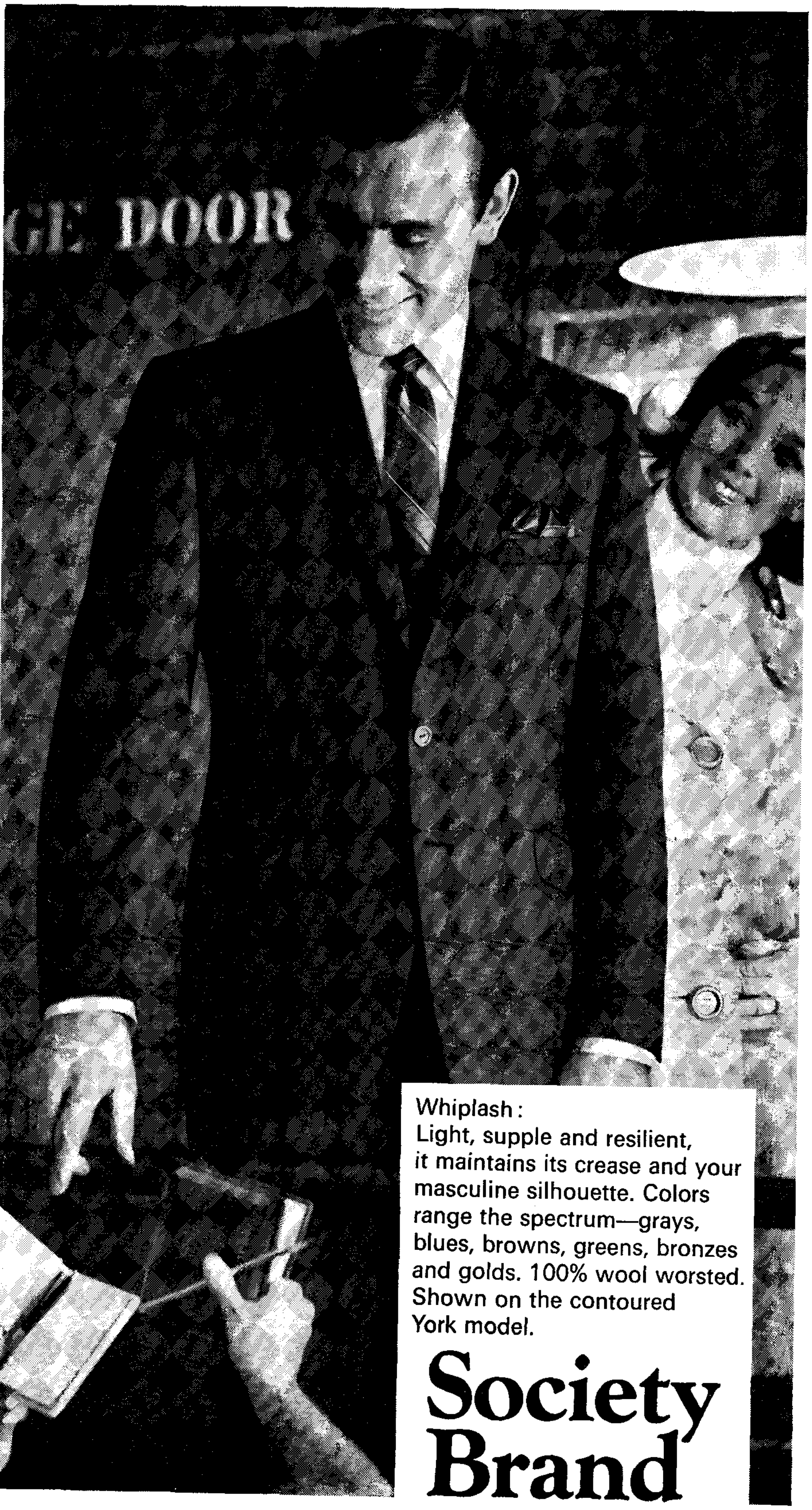
All her interest centered on birds; she talked about their coloring, their songs and calls, the way they flew and perched, and the way their bodies were shaped—"Like long slender ovals," she said. "And their legs stick out of their bellies. No wonder they lay eggs." The birds seemed to sense her interest. They were drawn to her. Once she wondered aloud if she would ever see a cedar waxwing. That afternoon, seven of them flew into a fir beside the lodge and perched there in a cluster for her to observe. She wondered if she would see a flicker up close enough to find out whether its speckles were really speckles or just the way its feathers were fitted together. A few mornings later, when she lifted one of the lids off the cookstove, a flicker looked up at her from the grate and sat still long enough for her to study it, then flew around the kitchen, and out by way of the porch. He went back up on the roof and put the screens on the chimneys.

He felt something was happening. He felt they should be communicating more. But whenever she started to talk to him, he was so filled with anxiety he couldn't listen. What filtered through to him—single sentences, phrases, fragments—he hoarded, taking them into his mind and fashioning his own conversations out of them. His replies (without his intending it that way, or even realizing it) were illogical, non-sequitur, and senseless. And instead of showing her his real face, the infallible barometer of his most embarrassing emotions, he started resurrecting all the faces he hadn't used since fifth grade—duck lips, distended nostrils, cross-eyes, and the rest—and hid behind them. He spoke to her not in his own voice but from a repertoire of character voices. But with the greater part of her attention turned inward, she hardly noticed the way he was acting, and his actions became more preposterous.

He was plagued by his resolution, now wondering why he had conceived of something so monstrous, so contrary to his beliefs and wishes, now thinking he should perhaps work up the courage—or coldness, he wasn't sure which—and tell her of it. At the same time, suspended between those extremes, he was trying to comprehend being married to a woman who was married to him, of her bearing a child, their child, and of the three of them living together in what is known as a family; he was attempting to penetrate this mystery, to break through it and relate it to practical matters such as money, a job, future plans, mathematics, himself—but he couldn't do it, and that made him feel even more anxious and misplaced. For it was not only a mystery to be penetrated, it was the situation he was in at the moment.

They spoke less and less (it seemed something was hushing them), and when storms came in from the lake, turning the sky black, splitting it with thunder, sending down bolts of lightning that broke the branches off nearby trees, making the two of them captive to one another, they kept busy and content, quietly so, by playing with some children's games they'd found in the attic. And since he was beginning to have trouble with insomnia, they played chess in bed until late at night. One time, finding himself checkmated in five moves, he slapped the men off the board. For a moment they confronted one another openly, and then, seeing the theatrics in it, they both had a good laugh for the first time in several days. He gathered up the men, chuckling, and insisted that she play him another game. She was tired, but she consented, finally, and when in about the same number of moves she had him

A well-known actor of our acquaintance used to worry about his lines. Since he switched over to Society Brand suits, he's become more preoccupied with curves.



Whiplash: Light, supple and resilient, it maintains its crease and your masculine silhouette. Colors range the spectrum—grays, blues, browns, greens, bronzes and golds. 100% wool worsted. Shown on the contoured York model.

Society Brand

checkmated again, he picked up the board, with most of the men still on it, and with a roar threw it into the other room. He turned away from her in bed, from that night on alone with his insomnia. Some days she slept for eighteen hours.

She was still shy of her body and wouldn't let him watch while she undressed. Most every night, through the voice of one or the other of his characters, he held her at bay, teasing her about her shyness, and after he had tormented her long enough he suddenly became the gentleman and turned his back on her—the voyeur in him thrilling at the sight of the miniature woman framed in a pane of glass who, nervously, as quickly as she could, stripped naked, held crossed arms over her breasts (why there?), and did a stiff-legged scurry across the room and switched off the light.

One evening as she was preparing dinner, simmering some sauerbraten on the stove, he burst into the kitchen. "What's the matter?" she asked. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Well, dammit, there's a porcupine out there!"

"Porcupines won't hurt you. They're so bashful around people—shy and bumbling and harmless."

"Well, I'm not! The next one I see, I'll pick up a stick and beat it to death!"

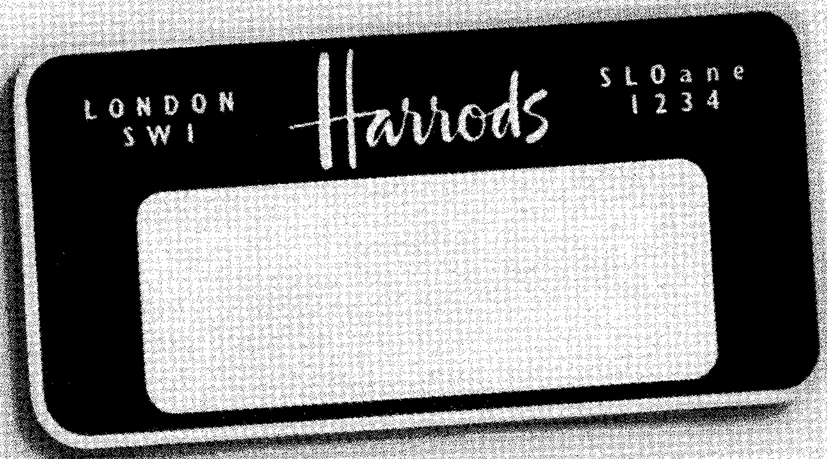
"That sounds just like you," she said, without the least trace of irony, and turned back to the sauerbraten.

Her reaction fascinated him; he wanted to learn as much about himself as he could.

"What's like me? That I would want to kill it?"

"No. The way you said that. About picking up a stick."

UNKNOWN and ominous, sending out waves of warning that grew stronger and stronger, washing at his consciousness, some dark thing was overtaking him. What was the dream? He grasped at the details—a wall of glass, a desk top covered with light, a profile—but they were sensitive to examination and vanished. He was looking at an empty bed. Rising up, he saw the silhouette of a woman's body, small and dark against a shining, blended background of water and sky, her long hair streaming off to the left, rippling, caught up in a wind. She was at the edge of the bluff. He threw back the covers and jumped out of bed and his knees gave out. Why hadn't he told her he'd let her go? He made it to the front door, wide awake now, and



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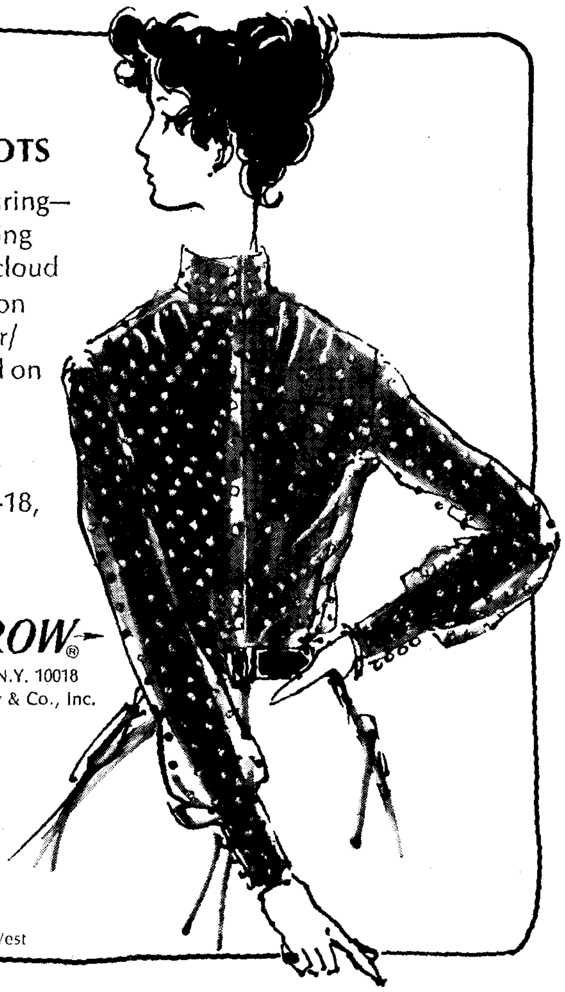
To get one of these magical cards, drop us a line. Give us the name and address of your bank, the date you'll be in London, and the amount of credit you want. That's all.

Write now, and get your card before you leave for London. It makes a lot more sense than pounds and shillings. Harrods
Knightsbridge, London.



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A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Prices slightly higher in West

flung it open. She came running toward him over the lawn, leaving a trail of green footprints in the silver covering of dew.

"I thought you'd never wake to see it!" she cried. "Look at the sky! Look at the water! They're transparent!"

His eyes flew up uncertainly, blinded, and he said, "Sky! Oh."

"But look at it." She came up the steps and put her arms around him, unabashed by their nakedness. "It's like I've seen through to everything."

"Uh!" he said, squinting over her shoulder, the tops of his eyes and his forehead hurting from the light.

"No, no, no. I mean *everything*."

"What? What's that?" This was it. She had divined his deepest thoughts, about the abortion and parting, and believed it was the best thing to do.

"*You* know—" she said.

"What!"

She held him closer, laughing, her breath passing over his neck, the faint sensation of it suddenly repulsing him, causing a slow trail of gooseflesh to travel along his nape. She kept laughing, and finally admitted, "I can't say it."

"Come on!" he cried, at his limit. "*Come on, what is it?*"

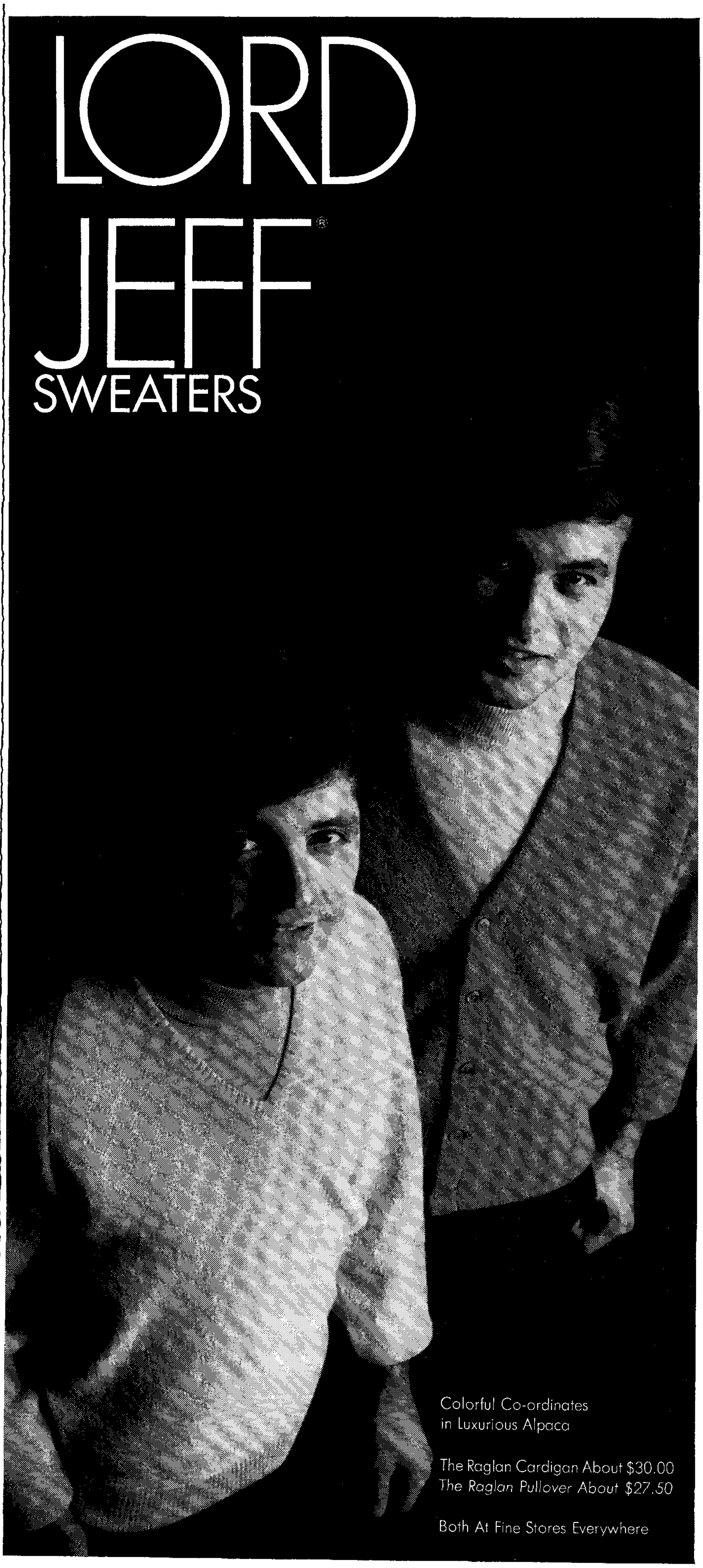
She raised her lips to his ear and whispered, "Being pregnant."

"What's this!"

"Yes, yes, being pregnant! It's the most natural way to be! It's the most I can do as a woman. It's the greatest gift I can give you. And now I can't imagine just being married to you, just being your wife, and *not* being pregnant. Isn't that great?"

He couldn't speak. He reached up and pressed her head against his chest. Until he could understand what had him in its possession, he didn't want her to see his face. Pale, with cold staring eyes, it had a stony set to it as though he hadn't heard what she had said. And then the corners of his mouth lifted up in a detached, ironic smile.

THAT afternoon, when she lay down to take the nap she was beginning to need each day, he drove in to the town by himself. He came back with a Winchester 250 lever action .22 calibre carbine and three boxes of shells, and went into the bedroom. She was still asleep. He opened the long carton, sat down in a chair beside the bed, holding the rifle across his lap, and studied the instructions. He wasn't familiar with the workings of a lever action, but as soon as he saw this particular rifle he knew it was the one he had to have. Its design appealed to him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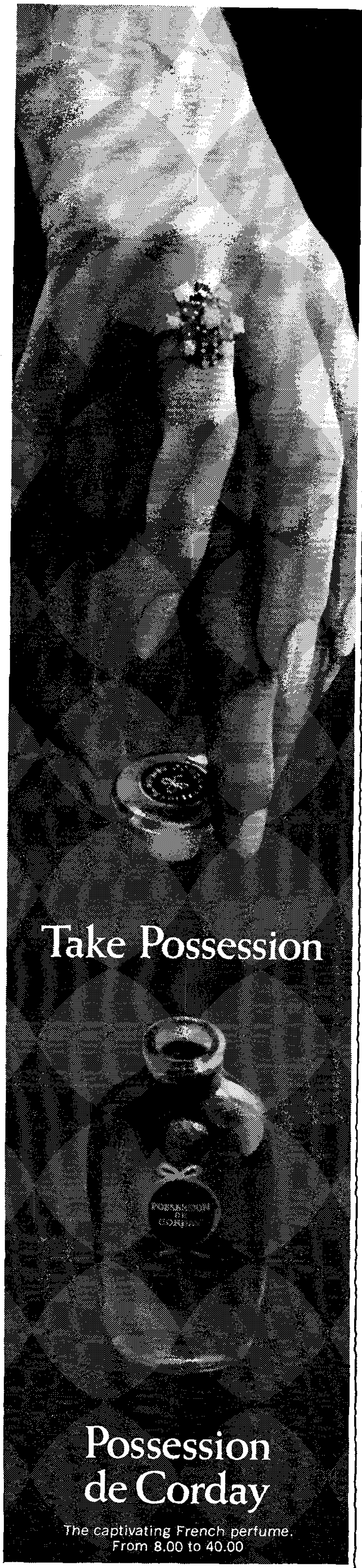

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that much. Methodically following the manufacturer's instructions, he untwisted the magazine tube and pulled it out and slipped several shells into the slot with care, fearing they could explode dropping on top of one another, and pressed the springy tube back into the magazine, twisting it to lock it. He snapped down the cocking lever, hearing its metallic echo come off the log walls, glanced at the safety, and then slammed the lever back into place, seating a shell in the breech. The sound woke her.

"A gun!" she said. "Where did you get it?" The expression on her face satisfied something in him; he was a bit scared of it, too.

"In town," he said, making a show of examining it, fiddling with the sight adjustment and the windage screw.

"How much did it cost?"

"About sixty bucks."

"Sixty dollars!"

"Why? What's the difference?" Compared to what her grandfather had, his money meant nothing; it was something to get rid of.

"You had sixty dollars?"

He'd never told her exactly how much money they had.

"I wrote a check on my account."

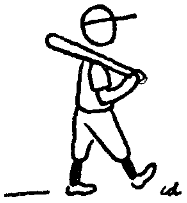
"Shouldn't we be saving that?"

"We need this," he said, patting the rifle.

"What *for*?"

Suddenly he was confused and indignant. A fever spread through his cheeks. He thought it was obvious why they needed it, that the reason should be absolutely clear to her. But when he tried to give the reason no words came. Avoiding her eyes, he ran his hand over the walnut stock of the rifle and, after a long silence, said, "I still have a few hundred dollars in my account. It's my account."

"But you're so funny!" she said, causing him to look up. She was smiling and slowly shaking her head from side to side. "Why buy a gun?"



"Because I wanted it. Can't I spend my money the way I want?"

"Of course," she said. "You know what you're doing."

His eyes travelled over her face nervously, with suspicion, while she stared back at him with an open look, having meant no more and no less than she had said.

"Come on outside," he said. "I'm going to teach you to use this."

After her initial fright at its report, she was completely at ease with it, as though there was something in common between her and the weapon, and she began handling it with the same thoughtful consideration, enthusiasm, and abandon with which she handled the binoculars. This chilled him, making his hair rise when she unthinkingly swung the barrel across his body, and it infuriated him, too. He couldn't look at the rifle, much less hold it in his hands, without dread. And even the shells, with their oily, graphite-like smell, filled him with a breathless agitation. Nevertheless, he made himself go walking in the woods with the rifle every day, and sharpened up his sight on clods of dirt, flowers, pinecones, spots of moss, and on the gray tongues of fungus that protruded from the trunks of trees—shuddering as he forced into the back of his mind visions of himself tripping on a branch in the underbrush, sending a bullet through his leg or forehead. Or of the breech blowing up in his hands, leaving him bloody and mutilated, mad with pain, miles from help.

He cared less and less about her safety, and let her go wandering off as much as she pleased. Although he took all kinds of precautions against poison ivy, including long socks and rubber bands around his pants legs, he picked up a bad case of it. She, who went running everywhere after birds, barefooted and barelegged, remained untouched by it, immune. While she turned walnut brown in the sun, his face took on a gray, wearied look. His mind was constantly preoccupied, yet at a standstill. It was as if he were looking inward at a blank wall, and after he had been made to turn his attention outward—to respond perfunctorily to her or to notice he was in a marshy hollow in the woods, surrounded by clouds of mosquitoes, and had better move on—and was able to return to the object of his obsession, it both surprised and infuriated him to find a blank wall there.

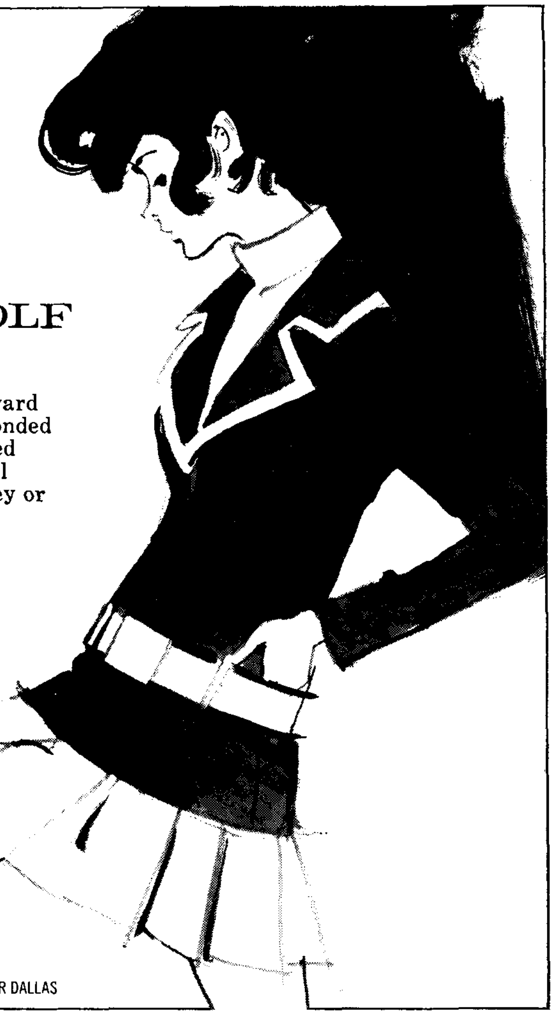
His insomnia grew worse and worse, and his body, operating on a logic all its own, rebelled; he started waking every morning with the first light of the sun, startled, restless, unable to go back to sleep. He found it difficult to eat, not so much out of lack of appetite as from a nausea, an oppressive feeling of fullness. He tried to read a new book on topology, which he had vowed to master over the summer, but found his eyes focussing somewhere beyond the print. He jumped up, anxious to accomplish something. He sat down again and took up the book. The wall held him away from it. He was impatient with his mind. It was making demands of him. They were incomprehensible. He tried to understand them; he spent all his energy at it, and they evaded him. They were unreal. He became more impatient. That made them seem more real. He threw the book across the room.

He felt guilty about not opening up to her, not showing the concern he had previously shown, but as long as the problem remained unresolved, demanding all his attention, her presence and her concern for him, reminding him of how remiss he was being, agonized him. He became more desperate than ever to get the problem over with. And that drove him deeper into himself. He would start up and hurry off as though to do something, but then stop and sit down, a dazed look in his eyes, and reach up to his hair and absentmindedly twist it around his fingers.

She began following him in his erratic dashes, hesitations, halts, and when his hand started rising she would take it and hold it between both of hers, too demure to scold, too considerate to pry, and study his face in silence, with concerned eyes, eyes that had grown enormous as the life inside her grew, and wait for him to confide in her. He couldn't. He didn't know what it was. He jumped up, and, if necessary, ran outside to escape her.

Not knowing what was demanding the attention of the whole of his mind, his mind became unknown. All that had been certain up until now, each shade of thought in its separate cell, all of that was nullified. The part of him that was intimately himself, the I, the calm center of all storms, the one place he could retreat to when nothing else was certain, was gone. And he began straining his consciousness outward to its most primitive, rudimentary limits, wearing it in his skin—outside his skin, if he could—to keep from falling into that bottomless unknown.

HOLDING the rifle in the crook of his arm, he was in the meadow, stripped to the waist, poking around in the brush pile nearest the lodge. It was the first hot day of the northern summer. The grass was steaming; it and the forest exhaling smells of wetness and ferment into the air—green and yellow smells, as he perceived them. The brush pile was higher than his head but offered no shade. It was noon. The sun hung on his shoulders. Rivulets of perspiration followed the contours of his face, bending where it was



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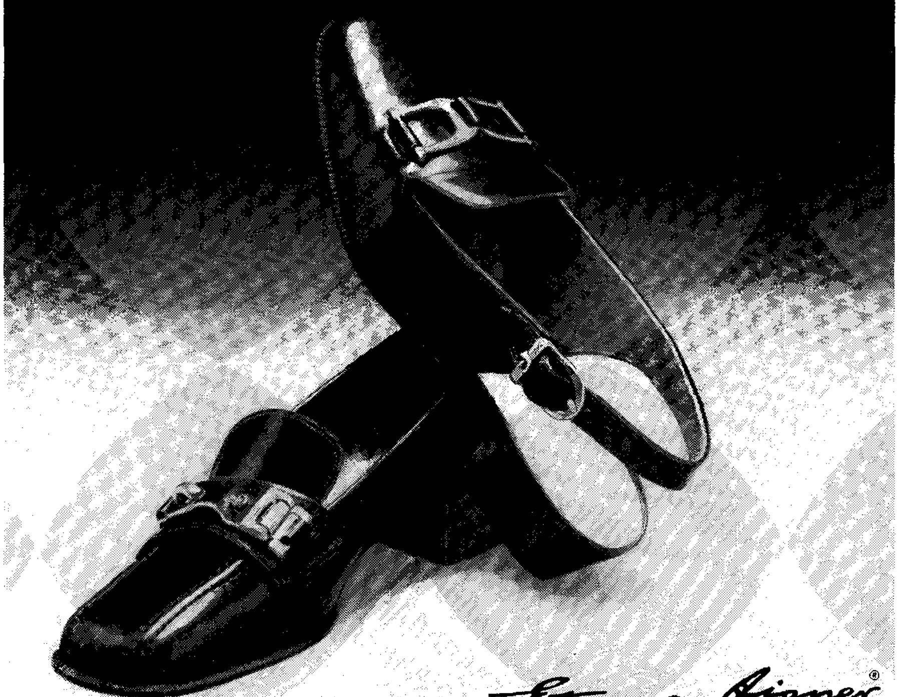

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

angular. At times the crosshatch of branches seemed to suggest something he should see, which he would recognize once he saw it, and he would stop still and hold himself in reverential silence and stare at the branches, waiting for the picture to assert itself and appear.

"What is it?" she asked, coming up behind him.

He swung to face her, crying, "Oh! Gopher! There's a gopher in here. *Under* here. I saw him come under."

"No," she said, "that's not what I mean." She went to a large branch that projected from the edge of the brush pile and sat down on it, settling herself so that she faced the far end of the meadow. The binoculars that hung from her neck she sat upright on her lap.

"Tell me," she said in a faint weary voice. "Tell me what it is. Please."

"What's what?"

"Why you're angry with me."

"It's hot out!"

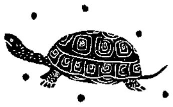
"No, not just today. For a long time you've seemed angry. Are you?"

"Nope." All his interest was directed back toward the brush pile, so it took some effort on his part to stand still, out of politeness, and listen while she talked.

"I know it's hot," she said, and lifted cupped hands to her forehead and drew her hair back from her face. "The heat affects me in a way it never used to. All day I've felt larger than life—omniscient in a way. Huge."

"You don't even have a belly yet."

"A different kind of hugeness—strange, weightless, otherworldly; omniscient, I said. I'm enormous, complete in myself, a world in myself—all there is and ever was. Other than me, and you, too, since you're inside me, nothing exists. It doesn't need to. We're complete. This is completion. All day I've felt different. When I went to take my nap, a strange thing happened. I was on my stomach, wide awake, and then there was nothing under me and I was falling through space and years, past now and college and childhood—I could see myself at each level—and then falling through centuries of time. There was no end or beginning. Even now I feel different. I feel like we're on one of those old maps where the world all at once ends. All there is is us, and this meadow with the trees around it, and after the trees there's nothing. There couldn't be. There's no room for it. I'm too huge."



"Right. Hot!"

"You did it. You brought me back from the edge. I'll never forget what you said."

"What? When?"

"'You have no right to want to destroy it.'"

He looked askance at her; he couldn't remember ever having said that.

"That changed me into a living thing, and it, too. The boy."

He stared at her in disbelief. She held her profile at a severe angle, and said, "I don't even want to think now that I said something so horrible. I didn't want to destroy it. I couldn't have. He's a part of you."

"I hope!"

Self-absorbed, she rose up as though she hadn't heard him and as though she had been speaking through somebody else. Holding her eyes straight ahead, she started moving toward the far end of the meadow.

Puzzled, disconcerted, slightly amazed, he watched her go, as if a thought of his was walking away from him. He turned back to the brush pile. He heard some rustling on the other side and circled around to where it came from. Something was moving around farther back there. He started climbing into the tangle of branches, pushing them aside with his free hand, trying to catch sight of the thing making the noise. He stopped. What would he do if he did see something? An ivylike vine, lopped over the fork of a branch, dangled in front of his eyes, swaying. The black branch it hung from was nubbed with green medallions of fungus. Then he saw a form, a human form, her, framed in a little arch of the branches. She was walking along the edge of the last brush pile. His footing slipped and he dropped, straddling a branch. A cloud of gnats hummed close to his face. He started slapping at them, and in the expansiveness of his movements caught sight of a gull overhead. He pressed the safety button on the trigger guard, raised the rifle, and, from his unsure sitting position, fired several rapid shots at the gull, leading it. Unperturbed, it glided ahead on outstretched wings, moving out over the lake.

He lowered the rifle, and saw that he was facing the end of the meadow. He had fired in her direction. He stood up, made sure of his footing, and called, "Ellen?"

". . . *len?*" the woods returned to him.

"Ellen!"

". . . *len!*"

And then, announced by the pounding of his heart, by its hard dull strokes, the wall began giving way, and the beats rose in strength, gradually accelerating as he stared at the rifle, the mortal arbiter, Winchester 250, the purchase he had made to resolve his uncertainties, the answer, the one absolute in all his confusion: death, death, *death*-death-death, *death*-death-death. *Death. His* death.

He backed out of the brush pile, holding the rifle at arm's length, and lowered it like a dead thing to the ground, dropping splashes of sweat on its stock, and slowly stood. All this he did calmly enough, but he had only gone a few steps before he broke into a trot, repeating in his mind a litany that matched his gait, *Oh, let her be there. Let her be safe. Don't let anything be wrong with her. Oh, let her be there, let her be safe. . . .* Picking up speed until he was running at full tilt—the grass slapping at his knees, turning to green blur—he passed the second brush pile and went running up the slope with the wind streaming over his face and chest, chilling the perspiration there, with nothing in sight ahead but the last brush pile and the trees beyond, and with a whole new squadron of fears and uncertainties, unselfish ones, ones concerned with someone else's well-being, following at his back, closing in on him from behind. And then, as the last brush pile flashed past, he caught sight of her. His knees gave out and he went down in the grass, sending up a spray of insects. She was a few feet from the edge of the trees. Her back was turned, but somehow knowing that he was there, or would be there, she was holding one hand behind her, opened to him, and with it was signalling him to be still. And then her other hand raised up to point to a bird.

—L. WOIWODE

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CHICAGO—Sears, Roebuck & Co. opened a new department store yesterday and will open three more this month, bringing to 815 the total of Sears U.S. retail units. The one opened yesterday, in Indio, Calif., is a medium-sized department store with 69,000 square feet of space and an attached department store in the Burlington, Mass., mall.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

That's a *medium-sized* department store?

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Renoir

JEAN RENOIR was born in 1894, so he was twenty in 1914, but it seems that the stop that was then put to the world's sense of the sweetness of life never happened to him. He has survived every derangement and bleakness of the century. The 5th Avenue Cinema is bringing back his "The Crime of Monsieur Lange." See it, instead of any of the week's barren releases. The Czech news has made them hard to bear. Going to a Renoir picture is like listening to Mozart. I don't believe one enjoys Mozart because of the arrangement of the notes; as Renoir himself once said of someone else, you enjoy yourself because you have a good conversation with Mozart. After mediocre films, "Monsieur Lange" is like friendship after days of garbage on the telephone. Renoir has a particular view of life—some amplitude of spirit—that is apropos and reviving in times when ground seems terribly lost. Without sacrificing any of his prodigal shrewdness, he really does believe that people have a tendency to move on. His characters are always peculiarly alert, as if he never failed to sense in others a wish to find out more. The atmosphere in "Monsieur Lange" made me remember something he said when he was on location in India after Independence, directing "The River." He looked at the fighting then going on between Hindus and Muslims and said only that they had not yet caught up with the times.

I suppose "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" couldn't be called his most important film, if that means much. It isn't as shapely or powerful a masterpiece as "Grand Illusion" or "Rules of the Game," but the same man made it, and this very man would forgo such tape measuring. It is suffused with light and the possibility of happiness and a sense that life is simultaneously serious, absurd, impossible, and inescapably interesting. Renoir made the picture in 1935. It has a very simple plot. It amounts to a fable about capitalism, to a caustic revenge farce, to an idyll, and to a stingingly undeceived tale about being near the bottom of the heap. Renoir has created a Brechtian narrative that is also pastoral and bitten with fugacity, and filled every shot with flickering details of living. The picture begins with a flash-forward of lovers on the run. The man, M. Lange, is technically guilty of murder, though the murder was poetically justified, and it can't be long before he is captured, but he still has left to him a pause to love his girl, and the grace of reprieve flows back from this scene over the rest of the picture. He is played by René Lefèvre, the star of René Clair's "Le Million." At the beginning of the story proper, we see him spending as much time as possible in bed, writing Wild West stories that nobody reads. His employer, Batala (Jules Berry), is a foppishly dressed embezzler who publishes junk magazines, starves his employees, and farcically deceives his backers. There is one scene that has a vivacity very like the temperament of Restoration comedy, with Batala sidestepping the inquiries of an equally courtly backer who has been under the impression that the firm would be publishing wholesome books called "Hymn to Work" and "Whither Are We Drifting?"—the backer's idea being that these holy bromides for the underfed should include a few plugs for some pills called Ranimax.

Batala diverts the furious but dapper enemy with questions about the man's inappropriately amiable little dog.

"It's called Daisy," the investor says impatiently.

"That's an English name, isn't it?" asks the embezzler.

"*Belgian*," snaps the investor, trying to edge nearer to a mannerly suggestion that the word "swindle" is applicable.

Batala suddenly has an idea involving the neglected Lange. It is his stroke of impresario's genius. He says, grabbing air, that the Wild West stories are in a class with "Les Misérables." His mind races. He can fix Lange's hero in "Arizona Jim" to push the pills. "Just imagine, Don Quixote taking Ranimax pills. . . ." The author raptly signs his rights away.

Batala is capable of exploiting anyone. He sends off his own mistress to content a creditor. Toward skeptical employees in the printing office he behaves like a patronizing kindergarten teacher. He tells them how to draw. The corpse should show, he feels. And there should be more detail. "Remember, a crime is full of small details," he says, patting the neck of a man who would like his blood, or at least a living wage. (All the dialogue scenes go very swiftly. Every now and then, the camera moves down to a yard below the office, where children play and dogs

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look for food and an unseen church bell rings. It is characteristic of Renoir, this way of giving you the sense of time passing in a place at the margin of incident.) Batala eventually goes too far, and the creditors nearly nab him. Having committed every crime of the soul, he climbs onto a train, where he talks indignantly with a priest about the immorality of the age, and disappears. "Arizona Jim" turns into a hit, the publishing office becomes a coöperative, and Lange's flower-faced girl friend loves him. There is a rhapsodic feast. "Every time I'm drunk, I think it's Christmas," a nearly unconscious worker shouts cheerfully. Then Batala reappears, alive and kicking and disguised in the priest's vestments, after the train accident that was supposed to have killed him. It is too much to be borne. It means the end of the co-op, and a plumper Batala than ever. Lange takes his revenge, and the end of the film links back to the beginning. He and his girl still have a little freedom left. The last long shot of them, pushing their luck in some plundered interlude, has a kind of piercing beauty that mysteriously belongs more to comedy than to tragedy, like the racking supposition of Falstaff that his boon nights with Hal are going to go on forever.

Renoir wrote the story with Jean Castanier—"a spherical Catalan friend . . . who spent most of his time getting drunk on the air of the Paris suburbs," as the director described him in 1961. (Jacques Prévert wrote the screenplay.) Renoir had another crony at the time, Carl Koch, who was the husband of the animator Lotte Reiniger and became his collaborator on "Grand Illusion." Koch had nothing directly to do with "Monsieur Lange," but Renoir drew him into the description, all the same: "Our strolls on the banks of the Seine were favorable to the birth of a story. Sometimes Bert Brecht got off the boat with one or two friends. A young woman would unwrap a concertina from its newspaper. . . ." Renoir's talk is very like his films. Things happen, people come and go, all belong. No wonder he responded to Hinduism when he made "The River." "The great word of the Hindu . . . is that the world is one," he said in an interview with Jacques Riverte and François Truffaut soon afterward. "This does not mean an acceptance in the Mohammedan manner, a kind of fatalism. The single man can act. Nevertheless, you cannot undo what has been done. . . . It is a sort of comprehension by the senses of everything that has happened." This is the morality that pours out of his films. It is a morality of bearing witness.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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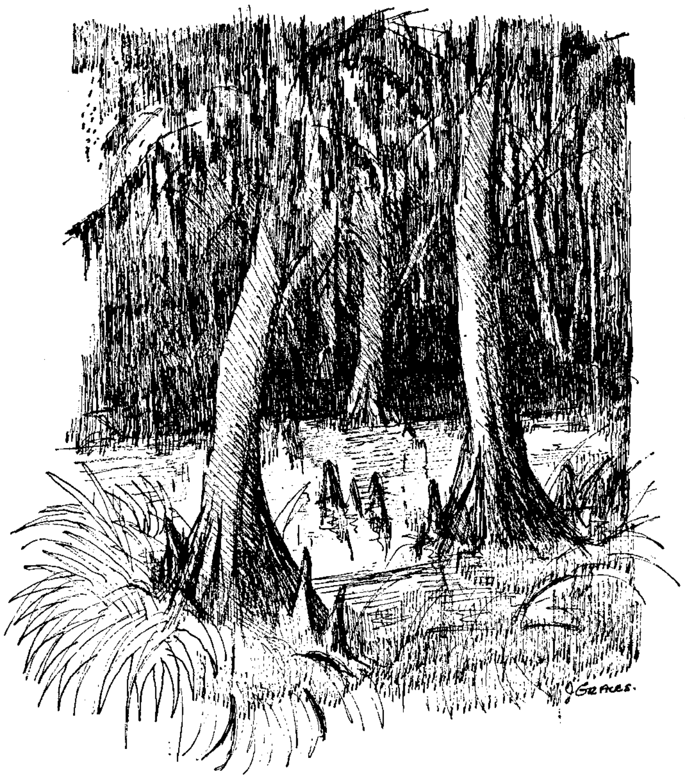
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WITNESS TREE



THE highway ran on and on between two walls of trees. The trees were mainly white oak and beech and loblolly pine, with here and there a Southern magnolia, and they rose from the roadside sixty, eighty, a hundred feet into the hot blue morning sky. This was the Big Thicket of East Texas. It was the remains of a bog-and-bayou wilderness that once—before sawmills and oil wells and pipelines and subdivisions and water-ski resorts—spread over more than three million acres of land in the counties of Polk, Tyler, Hardin, and Liberty. At the urging of local conservationists, the National Park Service had recently proposed that some thirty-five thousand acres of this remainder be preserved as a National Monument, and we—Ernest Borgman, superintendent of Padre Island National Seashore, at Corpus Christi, and I—had driven up to spend a day in that part of the Thicket.

The wall of woods moved back from the highway, and an old frame house appeared on the left, and then, on the right, a field of grazing cattle with cattle egrets following underfoot. At the edge of the field was a sign: "Saratoga." Saratoga (pop. 806), a village founded by a nostalgic upstate New Yorker, lies close to the heart of the Big Thicket, and it was here that we had arranged to pick up our guide, a local naturalist named Lance Rosier. The highway became a street. There was a Texaco station on one side of the street and a Fina station on the other. Then came a block of houses, and then a block of one-story buildings with covered sidewalks: "Crouch Coca-Cola Gro.," "Wimpy's Carnation Fresh Milk Gro. & Mkt.," "Crawford's Have-a-Pepsi Café," a barbershop with a wooden barber pole, a Gulf station, a brick post office. Rosier was waiting for us on a bench in front of the post office. He was a small man with a big nose and big ears, and he had on a faded blue work shirt and a little cotton golf hat. Borgman pulled in to the curb, and Rosier got up and came across to the car. He looked to be about seventy. He gave us each a limp, country handshake, and got into the back seat and sat there with his hands folded in his lap.

"Well, Lance?" Borgman said.

"Sir?" Rosier said.

"Where to?" Borgman said. "Where do we start?"

"Do you know the old Ghost Road?" Rosier said.

"I've heard of it," Borgman said. He swung the car around, and we headed back out of town. "It's on the way to Big Sandy and Tight-Eye and all up there."

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "Turn right, please."

We turned off the highway and onto a narrow sandy road. It ran between fields of grazing cattle and greening corn for half a mile, and then the woods rose up and we were back in the Thicket. The woods were deep and dense and dark, and there was standing water under most of the trees. In the water along the roadside were spiky clumps of scrub palmetto. Up ahead, a buzzard hung over the road. It was a spooky-looking place.

"This must be the Ghost Road," I said.

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "It is. And do you notice how straight it runs? It runs as straight as an arrow for nine miles—all the way to Bragg. Bragg is a ghost now, too. This used to be a branch line of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway. They tore up the tracks in 1934. But that's only partly why they call this the Ghost Road. There's supposed to be a ghost in here. A man was jacking deer in here one night, and he was drinking and he got himself drunk. So he lay down on the railroad tracks to rest. He was still laying there when the train come along, and it cut off his head. The ghost is his lantern. People still see it burning here at night."

"Have you ever seen it, Lance?" Borgman said.

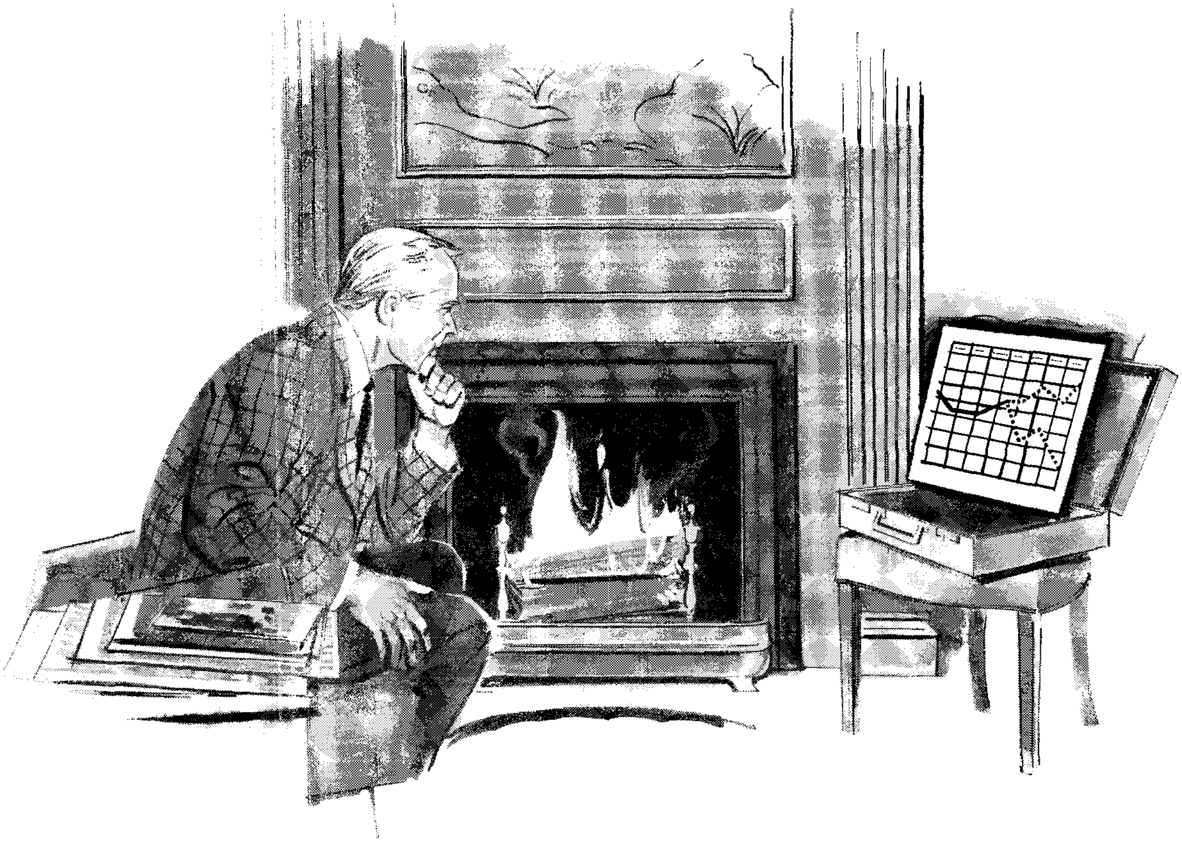
"No, sir," Rosier said. "Now, do you notice that right along here you don't see any hardwood? The lumber company—one of them—sprayed about seven thousand acres to kill off the hardwood and get a pure stand of pine for lumber. It was a hormone spray, and they did it from a helicopter. That was about three years ago. So you don't see any hardwood at all. Or any birds, either."

We drove on down an endless aisle of loblolly pine. After a couple of miles, the woods deepened and darkened, and another buzzard hung over the road. We were out of the pine desolation. Rosier leaned forward. There was something moving on the road ahead. The movement took form—a big brown sow and eight tumbling little pigs. But a glimpse was all I got. There was another commotion, and they all were gone.

Rosier laughed. "Now you know we're out of the sprayed area," he said. "Those wild pigs are a sure sign. They live on acorns. They live right well, too. They can get up to three and four hundred pounds. There are all kinds of animals gone feral in the Thicket. There are pigs like those, and cats and goats, and even some cattle. And about a year ago a man I know got tired of a herd of jackasses he had, and he turned them loose in here. I believe there were twenty-six of them. They're all in here somewhere."

"What about real wild animals?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he said. "We have those, too. Including rattlesnakes and copperheads and water moccasins. We've got deer and coons and possums and skunks and otters and foxes and flying squir-



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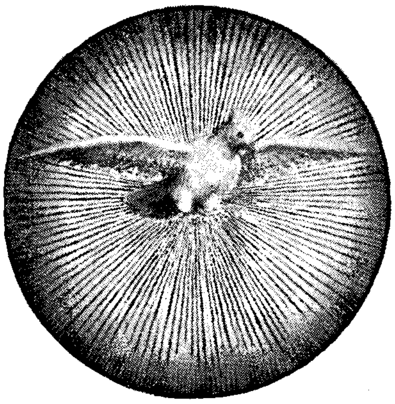

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rels and bobcats and cougars, and there used to be some jaguars. I know there are still some bear—black bear. I've seen them. And there are plenty of armadillos. I don't know about alligators. I think the poachers have just about killed them all. But there may be a few still left in places where even those fellows don't like to go."

"Don't forget the ivorybill, Lance," Borgman said.

"The ivory-billed woodpecker?" I said. "I thought that was supposed to be extinct."

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "That's what everybody thought. But it isn't. There are still a few of them here in the Thicket. That's one reason why I'd like to see the Monument go through. You have to go deep to find them, though. The first confirmed sighting in many years was a couple of years ago, and there have been several more since then. They tell about one fellow that saw one, and to prove it he shot it and brought it in. I don't know how true that is."

"No," Borgman said. "But I do know there are people like that."

THE Ghost Road came out on a gravel highway. Beyond the highway was the main line of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, and on a siding were six flatcars loaded with loblolly logs. The logs were the length of telephone poles and at least two feet in diameter. Beyond the railroad tracks the Thicket began again.

"Turn left, please," Rosier said. He cleared his throat. "You know, this is right nice. I'm right happy to go out with you fellows today. I always like to get back in the Thicket. It's where I've spent most of my life. I started when I was just a boy. I never was big enough to play ball or anything, so I took to going back in the Thicket. I wanted to learn what was there—what was growing there. The other fellows, they called me crazy. They called me sissy, too. That's the way it was in those days. If a man even planted a rosebush in his front yard they called him henpecked. But I didn't pay any mind to that. I used to leave home—I was living with my auntie then—with a bag for specimens and a sweet potato in my pocket for lunch, and spend the day in the Thicket. I liked wild flowers, but I didn't know but a very few. There weren't any books—any field guides—in those days. What I did was this. When I found a flower I didn't know, I'd wrap it up and send it off to one of the colleges, and by and by they would write me back and give me the name—both names—for it. There are over a thousand species of flowering plants in the Thicket, and I learned them all, and that's the way I did it. I learned them the hard way."

"The best way," Borgman said.

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "I think so, too. Now, if you'll turn right, please—at that little dirt road up there. I want to show you one of the most historic spots in East Texas. Then we'll go on to Big Sandy."

The dirt road took us across the railroad tracks and into another deep woods. A cardinal blazed out of the trees and down the edge of the road. But that was only the first one. This was a haven for cardinals. In not much more than a mile, I counted eleven of them. It was also a garden of wild flowers. The roadside grass was bright with crimson clover and blue vervain and yellow buttercups. Even the air was sweet with some rich and blossomy scent. I looked back at Rosier.

"Hawthorn," he said.

We crossed a little brown creek on a bridge of old crossties. A column of dust rose up ahead, and we came up behind a heavy truck.

"That looks like a well-pulling rig," Borgman said.

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "They've got a lot of oil fields around in here, and he's probably going in to pull out some wells that have given out and gone dry. You'll see where he's going directly. You can't very well miss it. And if you listen you can hear a power saw over yonder. That's some of what's happening to the Big Thicket. They tell me the Thicket is going at the rate of fifty acres a day."

We dropped back out of the dust and followed the truck at a distance. We followed it for a couple of miles. Then the road took a turn, and when we came around the bend the truck was gone. And so were the woods. On both sides of the road lay a waste of mud and puddles and rotting stumps and a few palmetto saplings. This was the remains of an oil field. It covered forty or fifty acres, and off to the right, through a screen of skeleton trees, I could see the scar of a second field and the truck moving on toward another.

"What did all that?" I said. "Spilled oil?"

"No, sir," Rosier said. "They don't waste anything that valuable. It's the salt water they have to pump out of the wells that does the damage. It does

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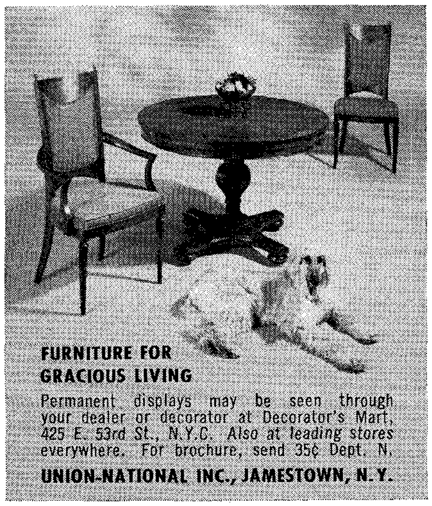

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a right good job, too. They abandoned this field at least five years ago."

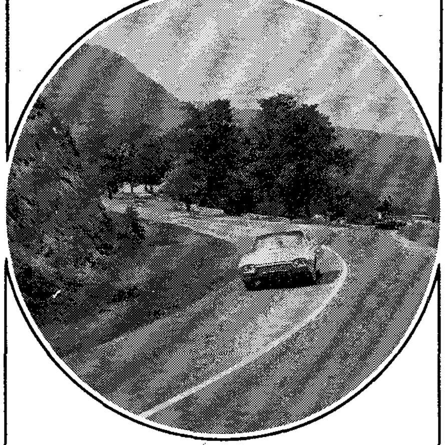
"It's gone," Borgman said.

I looked at the poisoned land. It couldn't be helped: this was the look of the twentieth century. I supposed it couldn't be helped. But it made me feel sick, and I was thankful when the woods sprang up from the ruins and we were back again in the green of the Thicket.

Rosier leaned forward. "Here we are," he said. "Pull over, please—up there by that big sweet gum. This is the history I want to show you. I'm going to take you back in the woods and show you the Keyser Burnout."

Borgman pulled off the road and under the big gum tree. We got out, and Rosier led the way across the road and onto an overgrown wagon-track trail. The trees arched and mingled overhead, and some of them were hung with pink-flowered honeysuckle. It was hot and damp and dim and still, and there were mosquitoes everywhere. And birds. The birds were hidden in the trees, but I could hear them calling—a crow, a cardinal, a white-eyed vireo, a warbler of some kind, a Carolina wren.

"The Keyser Burnout goes back to the War Between the States," Rosier said. "The first residents of the Big Thicket were what they called jayhawkers. They were draft evaders. They were people who didn't own no slaves, so they didn't see no reason to fight, and to keep from being drafted they hid out in here. There were whole families of them. I don't know exactly how many. Different people tell it different. But there must have been anyway two hundred. They lived very careful. They split up into two groups, and each group had its own well, and they came and went through the Thicket without even breaking a twig. But they lived right well. They lived on game and wild honey. They didn't need for anything but coffee and tobacco, and they traded game for that. The government was against them, of course, and finally it sent a man named Captain Keyser up from Galveston to root them out. He come up the Trinity River with his troops and sent word into the Thicket that they either give up or he would burn them out. The jayhawkers wouldn't give up, but there are two different stories about what happened next. One story is that when Captain Keyser set the woods on fire, the jayhawkers all run off and he never did find them. The other story is that they all burned up in the fire. The only thing I ever



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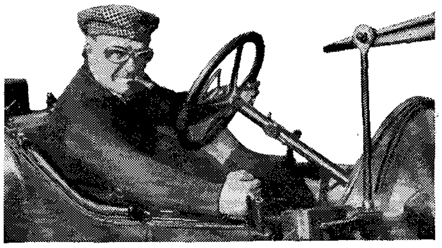

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heard people agree on about the jayhawkers was where Mr. Lilly was shot. Mr. Lilly wasn't a jayhawker, but he was out in the Thicket hunting one day, and Captain Keyser's soldiers mistook him for one, and they shot him. The bullet hit him right where his galluses crossed."

"He must have been running away," Borgman said.

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "I reckon he was scared." He slapped a mosquito. "And this is where the Keyser Burnout starts. You notice here on the right the woods is all slash pine. That's where the Burnout was. It's all pine for over two hundred acres."

THERE was a crossroads up ahead, and Borgman slowed the car. Just beyond the crossing, in a clearing on the left, was a little white store with a big red sign: "Williams Dr Pepper Gro." A dirt track led around the store and across the clearing and into the woods behind. A man on a horse came out of the woods. But it wasn't a horse. He was riding a saddled mule.

"This is Segno," Rosier said. "If you want to see Big Sandy Creek, we can park right here and walk in. It isn't but a couple of miles."

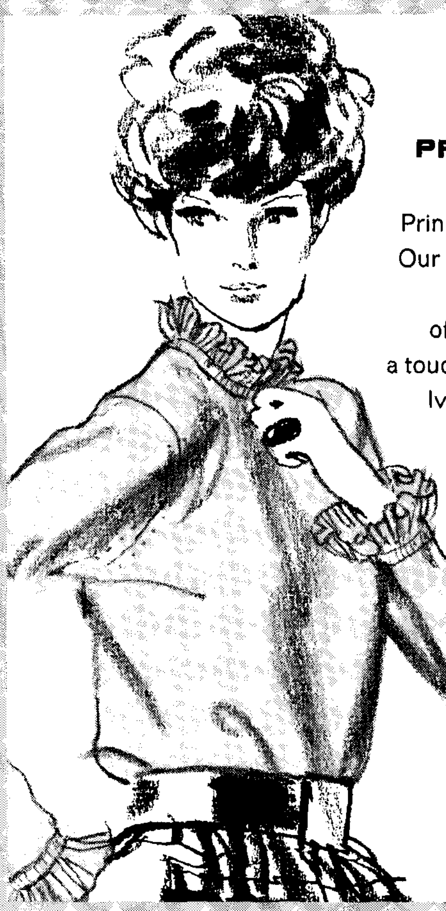
We left the car near the store and walked up the track. It climbed through the woods and around the slope of a hill to an open grove of big magnolia trees. There was a long, low building under the trees with a corrugated-iron roof and a sign above the door: "Welcome to Magnolia Hill Assembly of God Church." On one side of the church were three long, rickety picnic tables.

"My God," Borgman said. "Look at those old tables. They really bring back memories."

"They used to have a saying," Rosier said. " 'Dinner on the ground, preaching all around.' "

"I never heard that," Borgman said. "But that sure is the way it was."

We walked on beyond the church and down past a burying ground. Pink phlox and bluebonnets were growing together between the gravestones, and I could see bees working among the flowers. There was still wild honey in the Thicket. Magnolia Hill was the end of the track. Beyond the burying ground was a limp barbed-wire fence, and then the woods began again. It was an open woods of beech and loblolly pine, and it was cut by deep cattle trails. We walked single file down a downhill trail. Some of the beeches were as big as New England village elms, but



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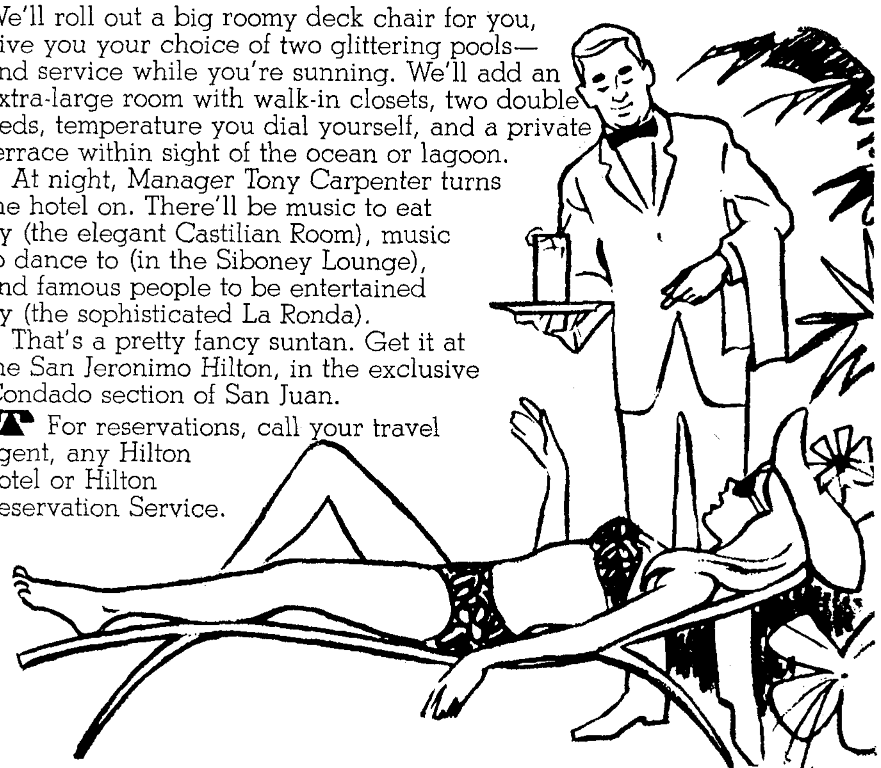

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there was very little underbrush and very few understory trees, and almost no grass at all. That was the work of grazing cattle.

"I don't know," Borgman said. "This doesn't look too bad. It's all been cut over and it's all been overgrazed, but I'm hopeful. The Monument could save it. It can still come back."

"It's better on down by the creek," Rosier said. "It's wilder down there in the bottom. But these woods are still alive. Hear that over yonder? Hear that paup-paup-paup? That's a pileated woodpecker sounding off. He isn't quite as shy as the ivorybill, but he's another bird that only likes deep woods."

"I think he's worth saving, too," Borgman said.

The cattle trail led down and down. The underbrush began to thicken, and the trees reached high overhead. We were in the creek bottom now. The air was hot and heavy, and there were puddles here and there in the mud of the trail. We skirted a grove of bony cypresses standing knee-deep in a black bayou. A little black skink twisted across the trail, and behind us a bullfrog croaked and gulped. Rosier stopped and looked around. We left the trail and broke through a stand of brush and briar and came out on the bank of Big Sandy Creek. It looked like a spring-fed creek. The water was brown and clear, and the sandy bottom was orange in the sunlight. I squatted down and put in my hand. I could feel the tug of the current, and the water was as cold as spring water.

"Big Sandy Creek," Borgman said. "You were right, Lance. This is real great. I like this rough topography. I certainly want to see some of this in the Monument."

"It's a right nice creek," Rosier said. "That hole down yonder is always full of channel cat. Big ones, too. They'll average two or three pounds."

"What about mushrooms?" Borgman said. "There ought to be mushrooms in here."

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "There are—plenty of them. Every kind there is, almost. Or so they tell me. Mushrooms are something I never did learn. I tried one time. I sent away for a book. It cost me twenty-five dollars, and when it came I went out in the Thicket down near home, and I searched around, and pretty soon I found a nice-looking mushroom. It was a big old thing, and I remember it was all white. I dug it up as careful as I could and started home, and I hadn't got very far when I began to feel sick to my stomach. And then my head began to ache. I thought my head was going to bust open. But I finally got home and got out my book and looked up my mushroom, and I found it there, and I read what it said, and it said this was a mushroom that had a smell that would make a man sick. That was the end of me and mushrooms. I even gave up eating mushroom soup."

"I wonder what kind it was," Borgman said.

"I don't remember," Rosier said. "I gave the book away."

We walked on along the bank of the creek. I looked down into the catfish hole, but I couldn't see any fish. They were probably back under the bank. We followed the wandering course of the creek for about a hundred yards and then turned off. The undergrowth was too much. We cut across the bottom and found another cattle trail and started back up the hill. We came through a patch of mulberry brush and into a glade of flowers and soaring, pairing, mating butterflies. They were brown with bright-blue dots on the wingtips—mourning cloaks. The flowers were mostly the usual flowers of the Thicket, but there were some I didn't know. One was a little white flower with a fresh, old-fashioned look. I pointed it out to Rosier.

"That's a sundew," he said. "*Drosera rotundifolia.* It's a pretty little thing. Look at those little hairs on the leaves. Look how they shine. You'd swear they were drops of dew. They even fool the bugs. A bug comes along and he sees that shining dew and he comes down to have himself a drink of water. But the hairs aren't dew, and they stick to him and he can't get away. He's caught. And then the sundew eats him."

IT was one o'clock when we got back to the Williams Gro., and time we had some lunch. There was no place to eat but where we were, and we bought what we could—yellow cheese, Vienna sausages, bread, Dr Pepper—from a barefooted woman in the store, and took it outside and ate at a table in the shade of a live-oak tree. It was good to sit down, and somewhere up in the tree a mockingbird whistled like a cardinal and called like a wren. The ground under the table was paved with

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a thousand bottle caps—soda-pop caps. This was a bone-dry county.

We finished lunch, and Borgman lighted a thick cigar. "I guess we ought to get going," he said. "I'd like to take a look at Tight-Eye before we call it a day."

"I'd like to show it to you," Rosier said. "I'll take you in and show you the Witness Tree. Maybe you've heard of it. The Witness Tree is a big magnolia tree that marks the corner where Liberty County and Hardin County and Polk County all meet. The experts say it's a thousand years old. I want you to see it."

"Why do they call it Tight-Eye?" I said.

"I reckon because it's so thick," he said. "You can't walk through it with your eyes wide open. The branches and brambles would put them out. It's the thickest part of the Thicket."

We dropped the remains of our lunch in a box in front of the store and got in the car and circled back to the crossroads and headed down another gravel highway. There was a big "No Dumping" sign on the right, and piles of trash and garbage, and the trees for a hundred yards around were plastered with windblown papers. We passed the endless gash of a pipeline right-of-way. We passed two miles of forest marked with the sky-blue blaze of a lumber company, and then a mile blazed in orange. We passed a billboard: "Model Homes." We passed a sudden pasture and a fallen-down log cabin. Then we turned off the highway and onto a narrow, potholed asphalt road. The trees came together high overhead, and the asphalt road gave way to sandy mud. We were well into Tight-Eye now. We drove for another ten or fifteen minutes. The only car we met was a station wagon with Louisiana plates.

Rosier sat up and cleared his throat. "I reckon this will do," he said. "We'll get out here and walk in to the famous Witness Tree."

A track that had once been a logging road led into the Tight-Eye woods. The track was overgrown with red oak and sweet-gum saplings, and hedged with broomstick pine. It wasn't much more than a crack in the forest wall.

"This is real Thicket," Borgman said. "This is the best I've seen today. This is what we want for the Monument."

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "And we'll be right in the middle of it in just about a minute. This track doesn't go where we're going." He had his eyes on the trees ahead on the right. He hesitated,

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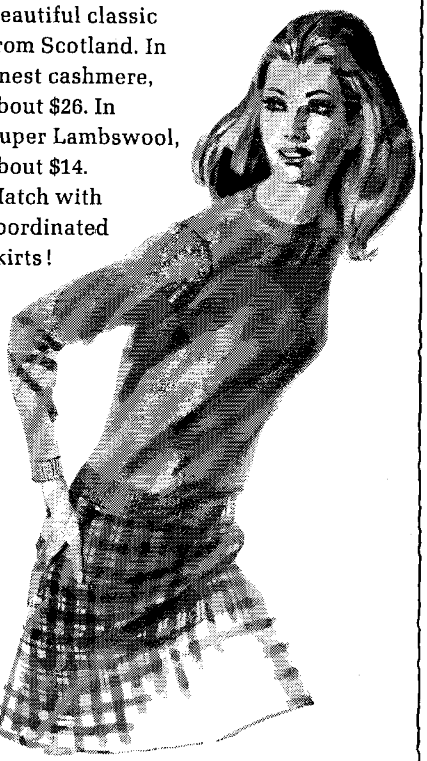

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moved on again, and stopped. "This is it," he said. "There's the old survey blaze. We go across country now."

We broke off the track and into the flanking woods. It *was* real Thicket—a forest floor of fallen trees swamped with brush and briar, an understory of holly and dogwood and gum and oak and maple and hawthorn trailing vines and Spanish moss, and a soaring, pillared canopy of beech and magnolia and loblolly pine. There was no sky, no sun, no sense of direction. We climbed over logs and circled sloughs and ducked under hanging branches, and every log and every slough and every branch looked very much like the last. There were no landmarks. There were only the double welts of the old blazes. We picked our way from blaze to blaze—missing a blaze and circling back and finding it and moving on to the next. We walked for a mile and a half. Then a kind of clearing appeared. It was a grassy clearing with a big gray stump full of woodpecker holes and a tumble of big vine-covered logs. Rosier stopped and kicked around in the grass at the edge of the clearing and uncovered a wooden stake—an ironclad boundary stake.

"Here we are," he said. "This is the county corner. Ernest is standing in Hardin County, and you're in Polk County, and I'm over here in Liberty County." He turned and pointed at the stump. "And that's the famous and historic Witness Tree."

"That *stump*?" I said. It was a very big stump. It was fifty feet high and at least four feet in diameter. But still it was just a stump. "That stump is the Witness Tree?"

Borgman was staring at it, too. "What happened, Lance?" he said.

"They poisoned it three years ago," Rosier said. "They pumped it full of lead arsenate. I can show you the holes they bored to put in the poison. I came in with the experts that made the investigation. We found the holes stopped up with little wooden pegs."

"But why?" I said. "Why would anybody do a thing like that?"

"It sounds crazy," Borgman said.

"Yes, sir," Rosier said. "But there isn't any mystery about it. They did it for a warning. They were some of the folks that don't want the Monument."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

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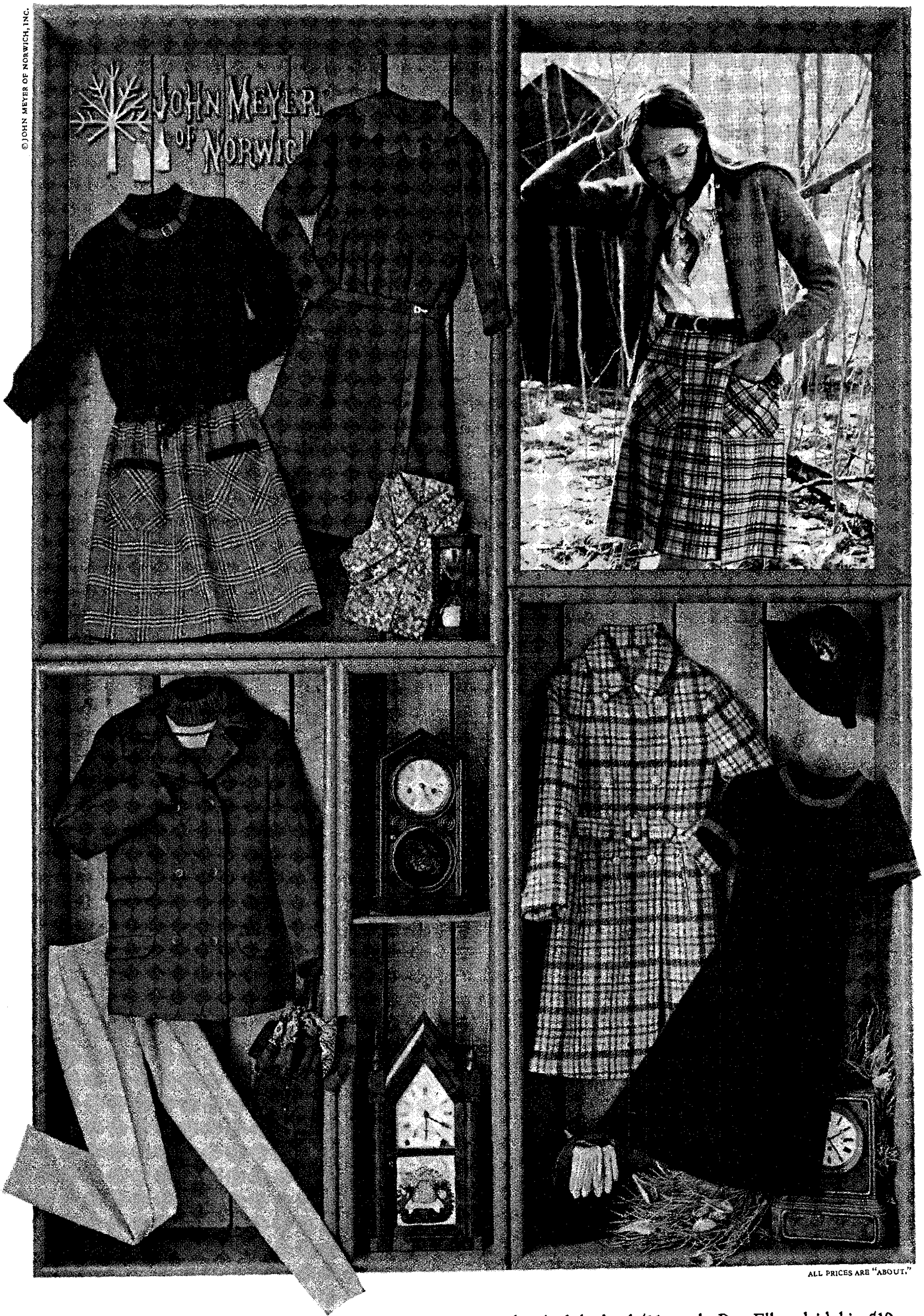

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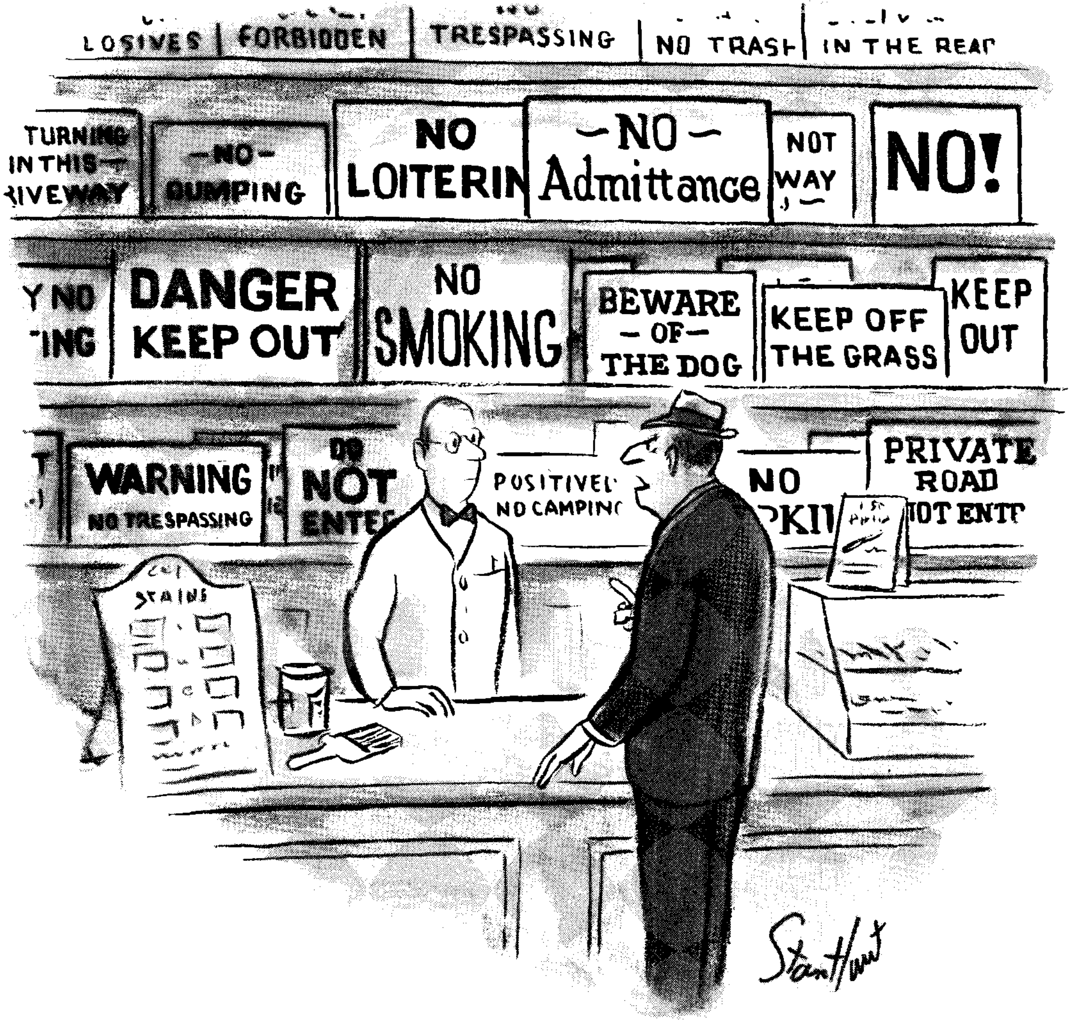
THE MINDFULNESS OF THE MIDDLE-DISTANCE RUNNER

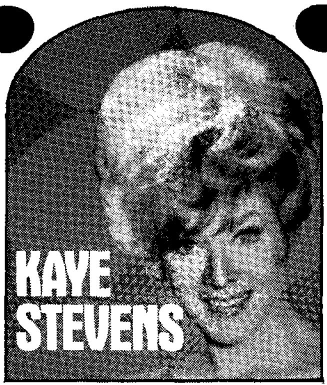
THE mile run has been the glamour event in track and field for so long now that most of us can't remember when it wasn't. I'm not sure just which year it was that the mile began to gain its special appeal, but 1923 suggests itself, since that was when Paavo Nurmi, the great Finnish distance runner, established a new world record, in Stockholm, of 4:10.4, eclipsing by more than two seconds the mark that Norman Taber, an American, had set in 1915 with the aid of four pacesetting quarter-milers. In 1923, Nurmi was twenty-six and just about at the peak of his powers. He had first come to attention in his track-and-field-oriented homeland four years earlier, when, in the course of doing his national military service, he set a new record for a traditional Army exercise that required the trainees to jog or run twenty kilometres while carrying a rifle and further burdened with a cartridge belt and a field pack containing not only its full complement of equipment but five kilos of sand. A year later, when Nurmi won the 10,000-metre run in the 1920 Olympics, the whole world knew of him, and his achievements over the next decade were followed with an ardor that no previous track star had commanded. While his record performance in Stockholm generated a new interest in the mile—particularly in England and the United States, where the mile, and not the 1,500 metres, was the standard race in track meets—he never concentrated on this event. He preferred longer distances, and was unquestionably at his best in the 5,000-metre run (a little over three miles) and the 10,000-metre run. For all that, his 4:10.4 remained unbroken for eight years—until Jules Ladoumegue, of France, knocked one and two-tenths of a second off it. Then, gradually, the time for the mile began to come down: Jack Lovelock, of New Zealand, did 4:07.6 in 1933; Glenn Cunningham, of Kansas, did 4:06.7 in 1934; and, after many further parings of the record, Arne Andersson, of Sweden, did 4:01.6 in 1944, and the next season his countryman Gunder Haegg, with whom he had been duelling for years, made it 4:01.4, bringing the long-dreamed-of "four-minute mile" to within, you might say, sprinting distance. It wasn't until 1954, however, that the four-minute barrier was broken. This was done by Roger Bannister, a young Oxford graduate who was studying medicine in London. On a rather blowy May evening, he returned to Oxford with two close friends, Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher, who had agreed to serve as pacemakers. They spurred him on so effectively that he was able to climb into high gear and stay there until he lunged through the tape in 3:59.4. Once Bannister had shown that it could be done, runners from all over the globe began to break four minutes, and, with John Landy, of Australia, Derek Ibbotson, of England, Herb Elliott, of Australia, and Michel Jazy, of France, in the vanguard, the record had been reduced to 3:53.6 by 1965. Then another major phenomenon appeared on the scene—Jim Ryun, from Cunningham's old college, the University of Kansas. In 1966, as a nineteen-year-old freshman, Ryun, a classic, high-chested runner with a long, very powerful stride and a strong finishing kick, ran a 3:51.3 mile in the All-American meet at Berkeley, and the next year, in the Amateur Athletic Union Championships, at Bakersfield, he established the present world record of 3:51.1.

Once the all-out assault on the four-minute mile was under way, the 1,500-metre run—the so-called "metric mile"—received less and less attention, even on the Continent. Actually, 1,500 metres is about a hundred and twenty yards less than a mile, and, as a rule, a first-class runner can cover it about seventeen seconds faster. Accordingly, the 1,500-metre champions



"I'll take one of each."

were breaking four minutes well before the First World War, and no doubt the lustre of the event suffered from its not presenting, as the mile did, a sharp, clear challenge that magnetized runners from all over the world. However, since all races in the Olympics are over metric distances, in every Olympic year, such as this one, all the ballyhoo and brouhaha that normally accumulate around the mile pass on to the 1,500 metres. So at Mexico City in October, despite the fact that the seventy-four-hundred-foot altitude will make it impossible for the Olympic record (3:35.6, set by Elliott in Rome eight years ago) to be approached, the 1,500 metres will be *the* race. For one thing, everyone will be waiting to see if Ryun can win it and consolidate his position as one of the truly great athletes of all time. Four years ago, as a gangling high-school junior of seventeen, he earned a spot on our Olympic team, but in Tokyo, hampered by a lingering cold, he finished last in his semifinal heat of the 1,500, and so did not qualify for the final, which was won by Peter Snell, of New Zealand. In the interim between the Olympiads, Ryun has done some prodigious things. Today, he holds the world record not only for the mile but also for the 1,500 metres (3:33.1), the American record for two miles (8:25.2), and the unofficial world record for the half mile (1:44.9). (This last mark remains unofficial only because Ryun was caught in the middle of the long, bitter, and still unsettled wrangle between the Amateur Athletic Union and the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which centers on the efforts of the N.C.A.A. to supplant the A.A.U. as the ruling body for American track and field. Because Ryun's record half mile was run in a meet, in Terre Haute, sponsored by the United States Track and Field Federation, which is an arm of the N.C.A.A., the A.A.U. has been rather perfunctory in seeking official recognition for it from the International Amateur Athletic Federation.) Until last May, Ryun was regarded as a practically sure winner at Mexico City, high altitude or not. That month, though, he came down with mononucleosis, which necessitated three weeks of total rest and a graduated return to training, and forced him to pass up the preliminary Olympic trials in June. In July, the word was that his health was excellent again, and that he had resumed training with his typical diligence, breaking up his high-altitude workouts in Flagstaff, Arizona, his summer base, with some sporadic work-



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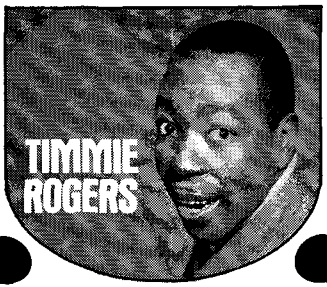

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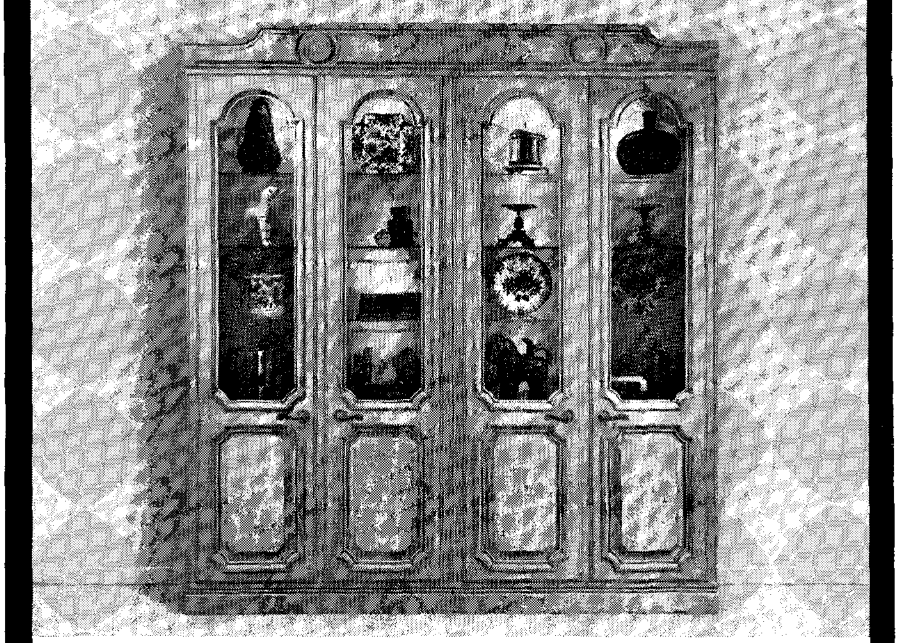
outs at sea level in Topeka and Wichita. Nevertheless, there was no hard news on how full a recovery he had made until mid-August, when he ran in a meet at Walnut, California, and won his first competitive mile since his illness, in 3:55.9. To judge from this, Ryun is well on his way to recapturing his top form. After the final Olympic trials, at South Lake Tahoe, the second week in September, we should know for sure.

SINCE no other triumph in track and field compares to a victory in the Olympics, it would be a real injustice as well as a poetic one if Ryun should not be at his best in Mexico City, for, not to discount the genius of men like Bannister and Elliott, he stands as probably the only middle-distance runner in history who can be classed alongside Nurmi. The story of Ryun's development into a superathlete, and an altogether impressive young man, reads like one of those early-twentieth-century novels for sports-minded boys, and it serves to remind us that in this confusing age, when growing up is in some ways much tougher than it used to be, there are American kids who actually have the stuff that Ralph Henry Barbour and Owen Johnson claimed for their improbable heroes.

Ryun's story begins in his sophomore year at East High in Wichita, when he decided to go out for cross-country, which is what distance runners busy themselves with in the autumn. He did this for two reasons. First, he had his heart set on winning his letter in some sport, and had concluded by the end of junior high that he wouldn't be able to make it as a sprinter or a hurdler or as a baseball or basketball player. Second, he wanted very much to go to college, and thought that if he showed some promise as a runner it might help him get some sort of scholarship. One of three children of fairly hard-pressed parents—his father worked on the night shift at the Boeing aircraft plant at Wichita, and his mother sold dresses at the local Sears, Roebuck—Ryun realized that getting to and through college would be entirely up to him. To that end, he delivered newspapers both morning and afternoon during his years in high school. Early in his sophomore year, Ryun, then fifteen, was clocked for the first time for a mile—5:38! Most boys would have immediately turned in their sweatsuits and hunted up the guiding light of Le Cercle Français. Ryun kept plugging away, and, assisted by Bob Timmons, an exceptionally fine high-school coach, he began to come



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on rapidly in the winter and spring. Incredible though it seems, before the year was over he had brought his time down to 4:07.8—a faster mile than Nurmi ever ran. As a junior, he broke four minutes for the first time, in the Compton Invitation meet, in California, and made our Olympic team; the summer after his senior year, he beat the practically unbeatable Snell in the A.A.U. Championships and, in the process, established a new American record for the mile—3:55.3. The last semester of his senior year, Ryun permitted himself the luxury of buying a car—a Plymouth sedan. Having been assured of a four-year scholarship at the University of Kansas—he picked that school because Timmons had gone there to coach—he was in a position to use his savings for something else, and a car was what he wanted, not only because of the independence it would give him but also because of the help it would be in his training program. In addition to a daily afternoon workout on the school cinder track, Ryun's regimen called for rising at five-thirty each morning, delivering his papers, and then getting in five or six miles of striding—easy running—before he picked up the breakfast his mother had packed (two peanut-butter sandwiches and a container of vegetable or tomato soup) and headed for school. Most of the time, he used the deserted residential streets of Wichita's east side or the nearby highways for these workouts, but he found running over the same routes day after day monotonous. With a car, he could drive himself out into the country and divert himself by loping along pleasant dirt roads or over grassy fields. In college, he followed much the same routine—a leisurely matutinal jaunt in the country or over a golf course, then a much longer and more strenuous afternoon session on the college track. The afternoon sessions were made up almost wholly of "interval running," which in Ryun's case meant busting off a fairly fast half mile and then, after an interval of two minutes or so, in which he cooled off by jogging, busting off another half mile, and so on and on until he had run between fourteen and sixteen half miles.

By the time Ryun got to college, he had become so mentally disciplined and so physically inured to his gruelling schedule that he still had the energy to study an average of three hours after dinner. He has managed to maintain a B average throughout his college career, even though, instead of majoring in physical education, as most star athletes do, he has been studying for a degree in business administration. This past year, his curriculum included courses in business law, financial accounting and control, and microeconomics, plus a side course in the history of music. (Since he is forever being sought out by sportswriters, columnists, and radio and television reporters, one of Ryun's main problems has been finding a way to study without too many interruptions, and the best solution he has found is to shut himself up in a vacant classroom.) At Kansas, Ryun has grown in all directions, and not just as a runner. He has acquired a great deal of poise—not to mention a fiancée—and, in general, his ever-widening interests and his new ease of manner have been a source of deep gratification to those who remember him as a shy, monosyllabic boy. For example, the summer after his graduation from high school, one of his closest friends, Rich Clarkson, who is photo editor and a sportswriter for the Topeka *Capital-Journal*, introduced him to photography, and he has now become proficient enough in it to have won two awards—one for an action photograph of Mike Garrett, a halfback on the Kansas City Chiefs (whose home games, incidentally, Ryun covers for the *Capital-Journal*), the other for a study of two small boys washing a dog. "Photography is rather similar to running a race," Ryun said recently. "The big thing is pre-visualization. Besides having a clear idea of what you're after, to be really good, I think, you must have sort of a dream and a hope."

EARLY this summer, I visited Ryun in Flagstaff for a few days. Flagstaff is really two towns in one. It is bisected by Route 66, and all along the highway it is a garish parade of motels and restaurants catering to the thousands of travellers who pass through daily. For the rest, Flagstaff (population 26,500, altitude 6,900 feet) is a serene mountain town in a beautiful belt of ponderosa pines, and the air is so clear that five observatories—including the renowned Lowell Observatory, where the planet Pluto was dis-

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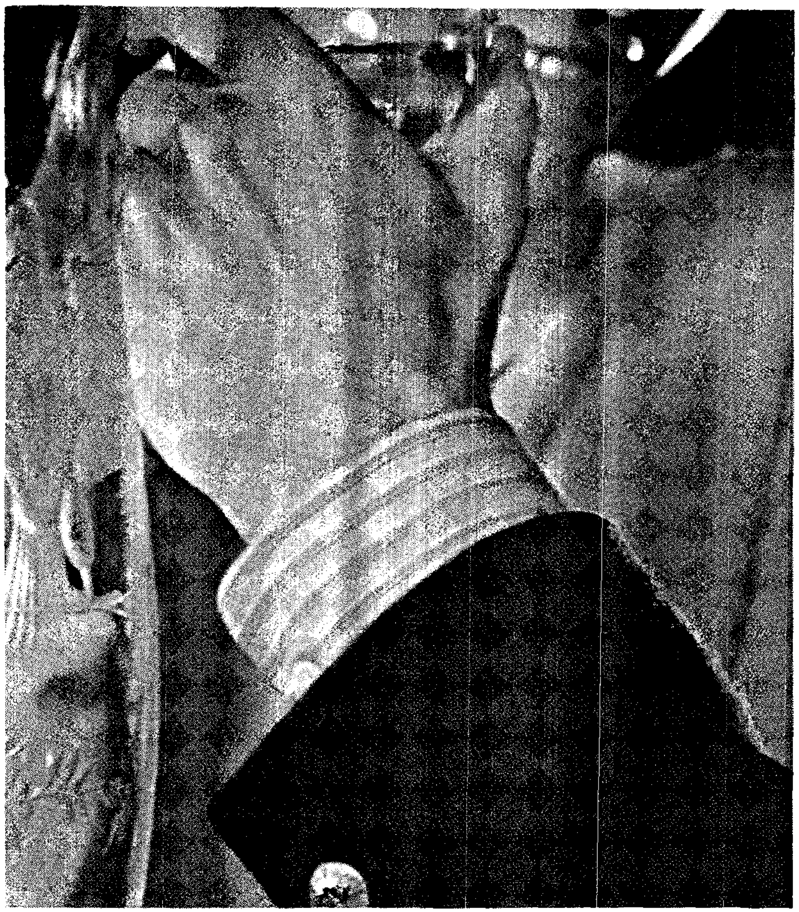

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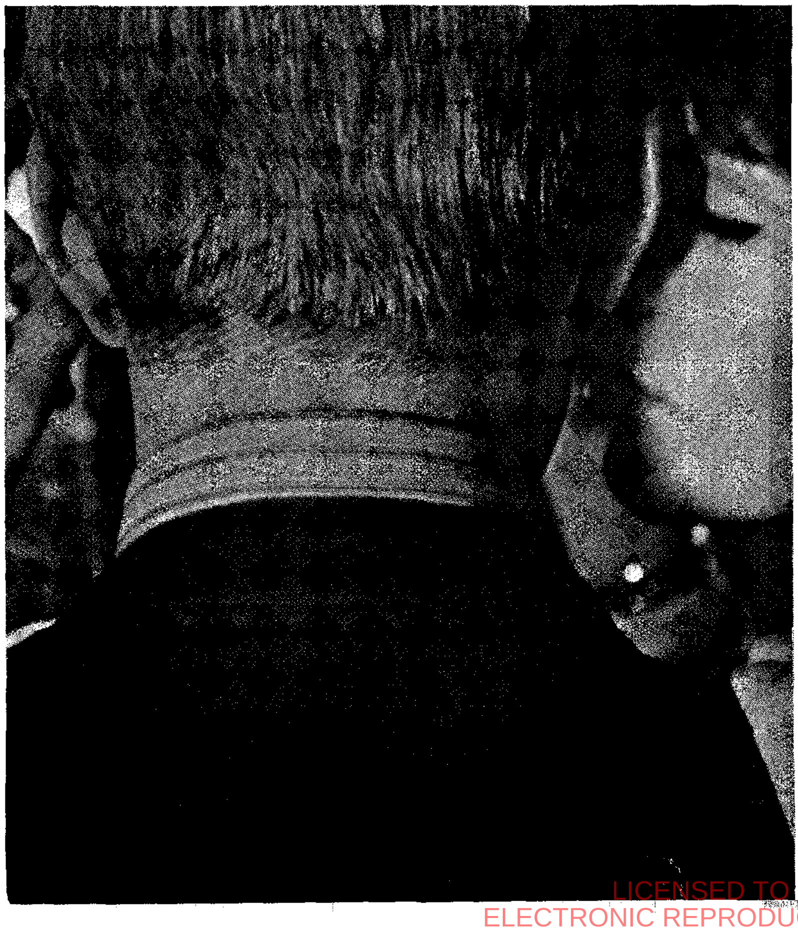

covered in 1930—are situated there. Ryun, who had visited Flagstaff for a week in 1966 and liked its atmosphere, selected it as his training base in preference to South Lake Tahoe, where the great majority of the Olympic candidates have gathered this summer. He values his peace and quiet, and these would be hard to come by at Tahoe, where a kind of carnival atmosphere prevails. Besides, Flagstaff offers all the facilities he needs: Northern Arizona University, which is set in the heart of town, has an indoor track and a new rubberized-asphalt outdoor track, and, for a change of pace, there are nice country roads and the rolling fairways of the Coconino Country Club on the outskirts of town. Furthermore, three friends of his who are also preparing for the Olympic trials—Billy Mills, Conrad Nightingale, and George Young—have joined him in Flagstaff, so he has sufficient company. Flagstaff was so pleased when Ryun chose it as his summer headquarters that even the Chamber of Commerce has been zealously honoring the request of his coach that Ryun be accorded as much privacy as possible. I was struck by the tight-lipped security that Jack Redmond, manager of the Chamber, displayed when, trying to locate Ryun for me, he drove me out to the golf course and asked the pro, "Have you seen a tall, slender fellow running over the course this morning?"

Ryun, who stands six-two and weighs a hundred and seventy, is, I suppose, tall and slender, but one doesn't think of him in exactly those terms, because he is unusually broad-shouldered and, after his many seasons of running and body-building exercises, very well muscled. A handsome young man with short, dark-brown hair, bright eyes, a wide mouth, and a lean jaw, he is somewhat nearsighted, and when he isn't using contact lenses he wears dark-rimmed glasses. When I caught up with him, in the lounge of his dormitory, a high-rise building at Northern Arizona University (he hadn't been on the golf course), he was dressed in a University of Kansas sweatshirt, blue jeans, and loafers. As we talked, he was called away every now and again to answer the phone or see somebody, and I noticed that he never walked but shuffled off in a loose little jog. There was a lot of ginger in his manner, and I was relieved to observe this, for Ryun was just getting over his mononucleosis, and I had half expected to find him in a somewhat dispirited mood after

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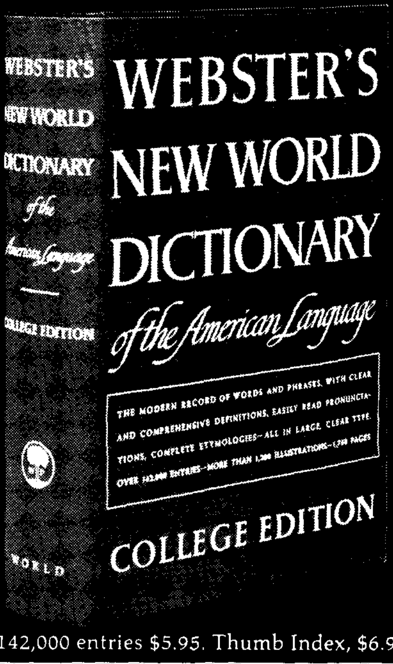

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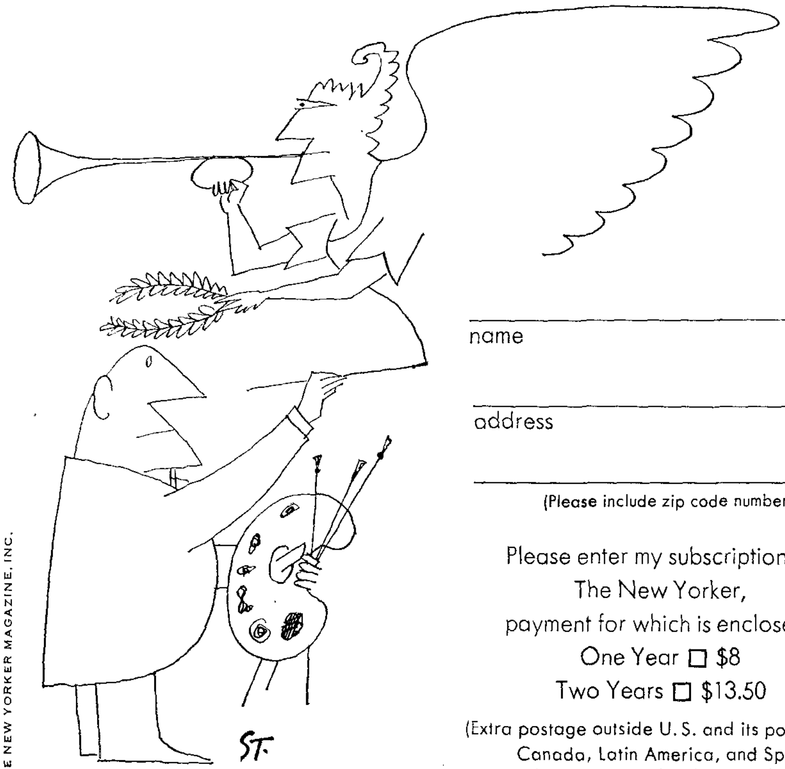

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his three weeks of bristling inactivity. He felt pretty good, he told me, but was anxious to start training again and get back to where he had been before his illness. "I've got the doctor's O.K. to begin running the day after tomorrow, but I'll have to take things slow for a while," he said. "That's going to be frustrating. I'm trying to prepare myself for that. You see, when I came down with mono, I was just at the point where I was beginning to expect good times of myself. As a rule, I reach my peak in June and July. This year, what with the Olympic trials and the Olympics themselves, I wanted June and July to come in September and October, so I was doing a lot of extra-heavy training. Generally, I do twelve to fifteen miles of running a day, but this year I increased it to sixteen to eighteen miles." He smiled. "A hundred and twenty miles a week, plus meets, plus studying, plus getting engaged—I guess I overdid it. However, the last three weeks haven't been so bad for me, really. I was trying to do too much, and they gave me a chance to get a better perspective on things."

That afternoon, we discussed many aspects of distance running, but what impressed me most was Ryun's detailed description of how he goes about his interval running in his afternoon training sessions. In Nurmi's day, Finnish runners understood the value of devoting hours of practice to running shorter distances than the race they were preparing for—tackling a series of 1,000-metre runs, say, if they were getting ready for a 5,000-metre race—but, at the same time, the full value of interval running wasn't appreciated as it is today. Nurmi, for instance, worked primarily on developing a smooth and regular pace—a pace, to be sure, that none of his rivals could stay with. To achieve this, he ran countless miles down city streets, using streetcars as his pacemakers. In competition, he carried a stopwatch but always had an accurate idea of how fast he was running without glancing down at it. Track scholars generally credit Emil Zatopek, the wonderful Czech runner, who, in the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki, won the 5,000 metres, the 10,000 metres, and the marathon, with dramatizing the virtues of the modern method of training—a combination of increasing one's strength, by running many more miles each day than Nurmi's contemporaries did, and increasing one's speed, by not only doing a good deal more interval running but doing it at a much higher pitch. Among the young men who had been at Helsinki and whose eyes were opened by Zatopek's triple triumph was Landy, the Australian. Landy then altered his daily training program for the mile so that it was built around running ten, twelve, or fourteen brisk quarter miles and punctuating these bursts by walking a quarter of a mile between them. That seems unbelievable, twelve or fourteen quarter miles one on top of another, but it is nothing compared to what Ryun demands of himself in the spring after he has set the foundation in the winter with "strength workouts"—one-mile and two-mile "repeats," run at a moderate speed. By May, having gradually moved into "speed workouts," in which the quarter mile has for some years now been the basic unit, Ryun's program calls for him to run thirty—*thirty*—quarter miles just about every afternoon. After each quarter, he recuperates by jogging a hundred and ten or two hundred and twenty yards; then he launches himself into another quarter. For the most part, he runs these quarters in sixty-one or sixty-two seconds, but as the spring weeks pass and he nears the complete fusion of strength and speed he is after, he rips off each of the last ten or twelve quarters—and this *is* unbelievable—in somewhere between fifty-six and sixty seconds. "When I find I'm able to do that, I feel I'm ready to turn in a good time," he told me. "I know I could get by with much less training than I do, but, for me, all that heavy work is necessary for building up the feeling that I have the reserves of strength and speed to run the kind of race I want to run. My sense of pace isn't very good. Once, when I was a kid in high school, I bought a stopwatch and tried carrying it, the way I'd heard Nurmi did, but I gave that up pretty quick. It just didn't suit me. At K.U., at one end of our outdoor track, Coach Timmons has put up a large clock with a big second hand, and I check my times on that. When I'm in a race, I find it a big help if someone calls out the times for the quarters or calls out the splits—the time for each two hundred and twenty yards. When I ran that fast mile at Berkeley two years ago"—this was

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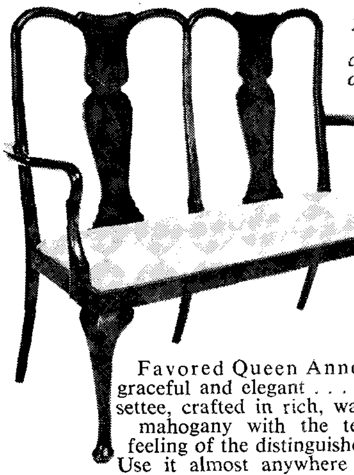

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Ryun's 3:51.3 mile—"we asked them to call out the splits. That worked beautifully. I knew my time for the first three-quarters was 2:55. Usually, though, you're in another world when you're in a race. The timer yells out 'Fifty-seven!' or 'Fifty-eight!' and you don't respond to it until you've run another hundred yards or so. In a race, your thoughts are seldom consecutive." Though Ryun is the last man who would bring it up himself, it is evident that if certain earlier milers have had more physical stamina and certain others have had more downright speed, no one before him—and no one now—has matched him for combined strength and speed. He has, for example, been clocked in 10.3 seconds for a hundred yards, in 21.5 seconds for two hundred and twenty yards, and in 47 seconds flat for a quarter mile. "From a quarter mile up, I can be competitive" is the way Ryun puts it. One man who underestimated the speed that Ryun can release at the end of a race—or perhaps overestimated his own considerable final burst—was Kipchoge Keino, the colorful distance runner from Kenya. When they met in a two-mile race in Los Angeles two years ago, Ryun was amazed when, with a full five hundred yards to go, Keino uncorked his finishing sprint and, as was his custom when he thought he had a run won, pulled off his peaked orange cap and scaled it away. Ryun, who generally begins his kick with three hundred yards to go, bided his time, but when he set out after Keino he quickly closed the gap, passed Keino on the final turn, and left him well behind.

One reason that Ryun was in such excellent spirits at Flagstaff was that his fiancée of three weeks, Anne Snider, had come out to spend a few days with him. Miss Snider, a pretty and lively blonde who is a senior at Kansas State University, where she is studying elementary teaching, grew up in a sports-minded family, and, as I learned that evening, when the three of us had dinner together, there was no need to switch the conversation away from track for fear of boring her. Indeed, she could reel off split-second times—the hallmark of the true track aficionado—with a dispatch that left me gasping. At dinner, accordingly, we talked a good deal of track, and the next day, since it was Ryun's last day of enforced layoff from training, he had the time to talk track for another four hours. I think that the best way to summarize these sessions would be simply to select some of the things

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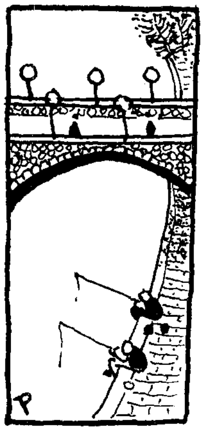
Ryun spoke of which impressed me as especially informative or revealing.

Ryun on high-altitude training: “I haven't really looked into the chemical side of running—the things that take place in your body when you run—but, as I understand it, the main thing is that you must supply your muscles with oxygen. Through training, you increase your ability to take in more oxygen. When you're in a high altitude, the problem is that there's less oxygen in the thin air to take in. You can stride ten or twelve miles at an altitude like Flagstaff at almost the same pace that you can at sea level, but when you try to run a fast 440 or 660, that's a different thing. That's why when you train at seven thousand feet you must take periodic trips back to sea level and do some work there. Otherwise you'd lose your speed.”

On racing tactics: “Most runners don't like to lead. They feel they're doing the work for the other runners. That's true up to a point. The leader does drag the field along with him, and, besides, he's breaking the wind for them. Still, I like to lead. It gives you control of a race, and that outweighs whatever you may be doing for your competition. If I can, I'll take over the lead at the quarter or at the half, and then try to increase it. Of course, it's not very often that a race works out just the way you've planned it. As a matter of fact, I can recall only one race—the 1966 A.A.U. Championships, when I was running against Snell—in which my tactics were brilliant, and that was accidental. My attention was fixed on Snell, naturally, but when Josef Odlozil, the Czech runner, moved out in front with about six hundred yards to go, I went with him. Snell and Jim Grelle fell in right behind me. With three hundred yards to go, I swung out and passed Odlozil. Without my really intending it, this move had the effect of boxing in Snell and Grelle behind Odlozil, and I'd opened up ten yards on them before they were able to get around Odlozil and come after me. At that, I beat Snell only by a yard or so. A very strong runner!”



On why the mile is regarded as the classic event: “A half mile is over so quick you can't make a mistake. Someone gets away from you and it's hard to catch him. In a mile, you can make a mistake and recover from it. It's where speed meets endurance and tactics. You do have time to think and adjust. The mile requires a blend of all the factors, and since it does, you can't cheat on it and run a good time. Two miles can be sort of monotonous. Three miles—you go to sleep.”

On tracks and track meets: “My two best miles—the Berkeley mile and the Bakersfield mile—were run on cinder tracks. They were fine tracks, but the ones I really love are those California clay tracks, like the ones at Modesto and Compton. They drag those tracks in the afternoon and wet them down, and after they bake out in the sun they're perfect—hard but not too hard, and very fast.” At Mexico City, the track will be of a composition material called Tartan, a product of the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company, and no one, including Ryun, is quarrelling with that. Tartan is supposed to be the best of the new all-weather compositions. “For some reason, I run better in the evening—especially when it's warm and humid and peaceful. We had those conditions both at Bakersfield and at Berkeley.”

AFTER I had returned home from Flagstaff and was in a position to jog through a little low-altitude cerebration each day, I found my thoughts returning often to Ryun. Would he be fit enough by the Olympic trials to demonstrate his old superiority over our many other fine young milers—particularly Dave Patrick, of Villanova, who was the last man to defeat him in competition? (This occurred a year and a half ago, in an indoor half mile in Detroit.) Would Ryun's recovery possibly be so thorough that at Mexico City he would attempt to run both the 800 metres and the 1,500 metres? (When one includes the qualifying and semifinal heats, this would mean six tough races within a span of eight days.) I also found myself thinking back over a lot of the things Ryun had spoken of, and wondering why it is that so many outstanding distance runners have been such exceptionally intelligent and able young men. (For example, Bannister and Lovelock both became doctors; Elliott, after completing his studies at Cambridge University, became an executive with Shell Oil; Landy became a conservation specialist with the Victoria National Parks Authority in Australia.) The answer, I suppose, begins with the fact that, however great a young man's native talent may be, distance running requires extreme dedication, and, being essentially a lonely thing, it breeds both self-reliance and thoughtfulness. And this led me to think more than once of what Ryun had answered when I asked him why he ran—why he so gladly put up with the punishment it entailed. "To begin with, there's the satisfaction you get when you set yourself goals and you're able to achieve them—or some of them—depending only on yourself," he said. "I needed a preoccupation like running. Something was missing from my life. Running gave it an extra dimension. Now it's complete. But running is more than just satisfying. It's exhilarating. You can go down along a river, and over sandbars, and over fences. You can go places most people can't go—or, if they can, they don't experience it the way a runner does. He gets there under his own power, and so he sees things through different eyes. In brief, running gives you, I think, a sense of strength, and, of course, it makes you feel better, but, in addition, there's a fundamental enjoyment to it. I can't explain exactly why, but there definitely is."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

I would like to urge strongly that this series is designed for use in Freshman and Sophomore survey courses. Accordingly, we hope that the approach to the various subjects will be relatively nontechnical. We have also found, among most history instructors, a distinct preference for a few relatively long and significant excerpts rather than a multitude of short ones. These policies will, of course, vary from volume to volume, but we would appreciate your keeping them in mind and following them wherever possible. The matter of length is particularly critical.

Needless to say, we want to have each volume as something we can look back on with great pride when we are dead. —*Letter from John-Wiley & Sons, publishers.*

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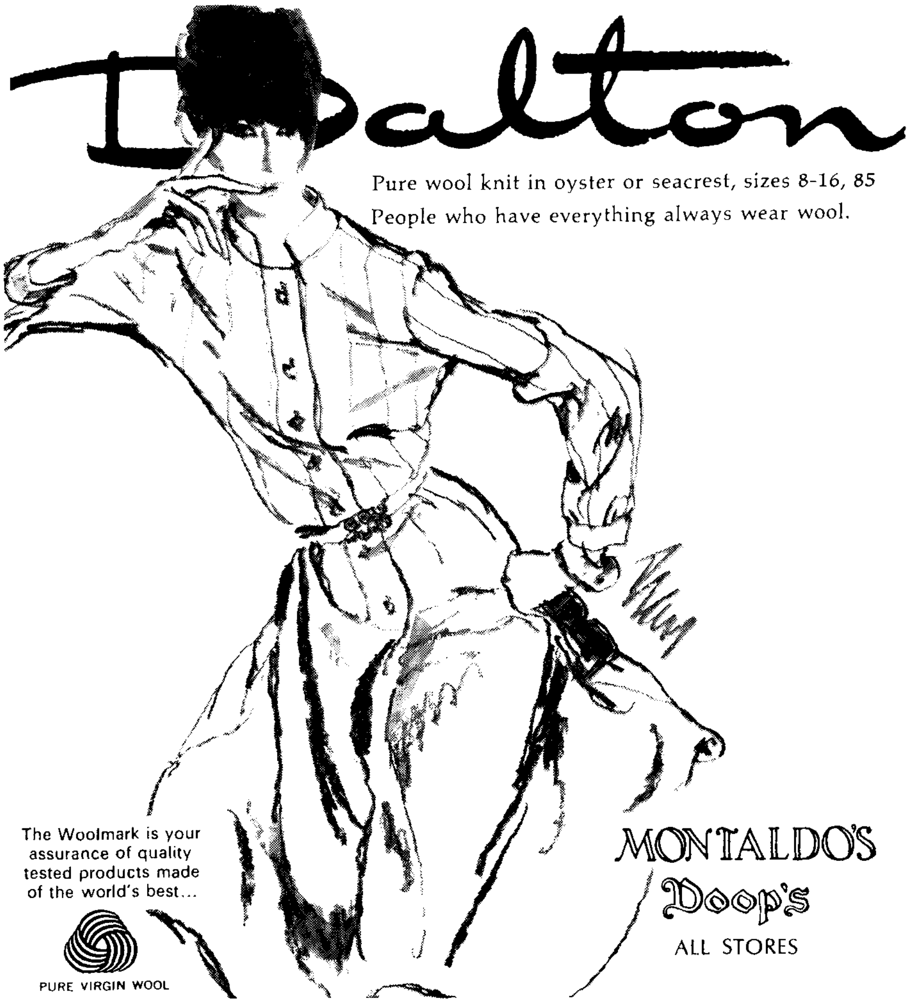
•

THE THIN RED LINE DEPARTMENT

[*Sheilah Graham in the Post*]

Tony Richardson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" turns out to be anti-war. There is none of the heroics of the Errol Flynn version. This is the real happening where the stupidity of some of the British brass resulted in the loss of the noble six hundred. The film will end with this senseless waste of the best of England's manhood.

Sir John Gielgud, who plays the one-armed Lord Raglan in the movie, might have been killed when his horse suddenly bolted. Fortunately, Sir John had just dismounted.



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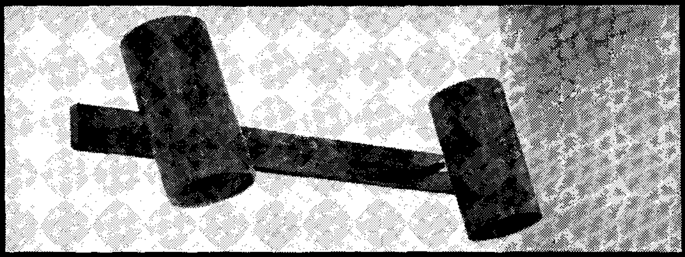

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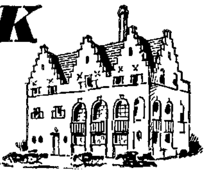

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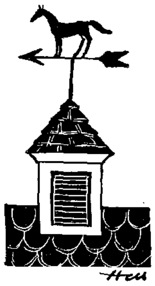
THE RACE TRACK

Dr. Fager's Mile

WHEN Dr. Fager wins a race, that's hardly news, but when he runs a mile in 1:32⅕, that's something else again. He did it in the Washington Park Handicap at Chicago's Arlington Park last weekend, carrying 134 pounds and giving from sixteen to twenty-three pounds to the nine other starters. According to the chart, he took the lead after passing the half-mile mark, and went on to win by ten lengths. For the record, Racing Room was second and Info third. Dr. Fager's time cut two-fifths of a second from the world record set by Buckpasser over the same track two years ago. The fractional times by quarters were 0:22⅖, 0:44, 1:07⅗, and 1:32⅕. First money came to $67,700, which brought Dr. Fager's earnings to $900,592. His next race will be in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City on September 11th, and after that it's up to Johnny Nerud, his trainer. What price he makes a million before the season ends?



ANY idea that the Wheatley Stable-Ogden Phipps establishment had a corner on winning the Hopeful Stakes, or that Ed Neloy, its trainer, had another Buckpasser in Reviewer, was knocked sideways at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. Producing a burst of speed in the stretch to which neither Reviewer, the odds-on favorite, nor the nine other two-year-olds could find an answer, Steven Wilson's Top Knight swept to victory in the closing event of the meeting. Under the whip, two and a half lengths behind him, Reviewer took second place by four lengths from Bushido. The time for the six and a half furlongs was 1:16. I saw this year's Hopeful on television, and I must say it was as enthralling as many Hopefuls I've watched from the roof of the stand. Reviewer, who had been unbeaten in his four previous starts, was looked upon by many of his backers as getaway money, but concern was expressed because he is a slow starter and had drawn the No. 1 post position, which puts a horse at a disadvantage unless he can get a good spot early in the running. Besides, his regular jockey, Baeza, was in Chicago with Dr. Fager, and he was being ridden by Rotz. Despite all this, Reviewer got away on his toes, took the lead halfway down the backstretch, and looked very much the winner until Top Knight, who had never been far behind, bore down on him. The only explanation I have for Reviewer's defeat is the fast early pace. (The second quarter was run in a bit over twenty-two seconds, and the six furlongs in 1:09⅘.) "He just ran his heart out," Rotz said. Top Knight, a chestnut colt by Vertex out of Ran Tan, was bred in Florida by his owner, a retired manufacturer. His share of the $123,300 purse—the largest ever for the race—was $80,145. His next start will be in the Futurity at Belmont Park on September 21st.

By the way, the hunch bet of the afternoon was Ave Valeque, in the fourth. He paid $5.60.

The final week at the Spa started off with another disqualification in a stakes race. (Before that, there was Heartland in the Alabama—remember?) Gamely, a star at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park earlier on, finished first in the Diana Handicap, but she swerved badly in the run down the stretch, crowding Green Glade. The stewards ordered her number taken down, and she was placed second to Green Glade, whom she had beaten by a neck. There was also a mild upset in the Spinaway Stakes, which Queen's Double won by nearly two lengths from Show Off. Fillypasser (now, that's a name for your memory book) was third, and the favorite, Ta Wee, a half sister to Dr. Fager, was a distant fourth.

AND, if you haven't heard, the racecourse management reports that the Saratoga meeting was successful beyond expectations; the attendance was 414,364 and the mutuel handle $32,357,467, which topped the totals of 1967. To this sometime Saratogian, the place still has much of its old charm. Once you've been there, you want to return—and probably will.

—AUDAX MINOR

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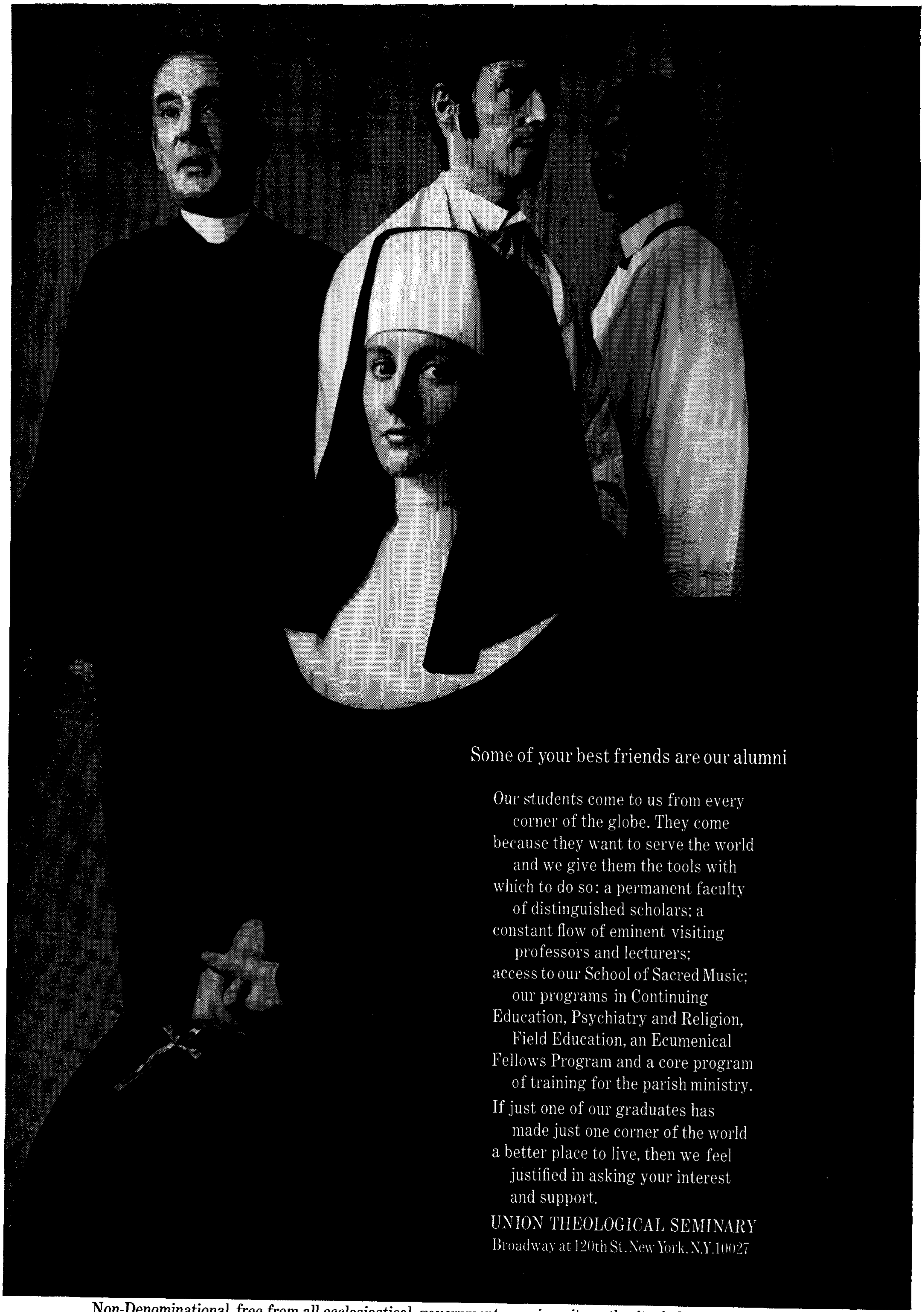

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Pursuit of Happiness, by Thomas Rogers (New American Library). The main character of this novel, which is set in Chicago in the early sixties, is an upstanding young man—an upper-middle-class white university student—whose only interests are the girl he lives with and being left alone. Out driving one afternoon, he unfortunately kills a woman pedestrian and is later sentenced to a year in jail, where he has an even harder time just getting along, minding his own business. Fortunately, he is able to break out. He flees to Mexico with his girl and settles down there. The story is told chiefly through laconic dialogue, and Mr. Rogers is very good at making fine points with a plain style. But his politely anti-social hero is a hollow soul, and the simple pursuit of happiness is a less honorable eccentricity than he implies, even for the early sixties.

GENERAL

Or I'll Dress You in Mourning, by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Simon & Schuster). A biography of Manuel Benítez, the bullfighter known as El Cordobés, who has risen from illiterate orphan, hoodlum, and petty thief to become, at thirty-two, the richest and most idolized matador in the annals of the *corrida*. The authors use El Cordobés as a symbol of the emergence of modern Spain from the pain and hunger of the Civil War into the contemporary world of cheap housing developments, mass amusements, television, and Coca-Cola. For this, as in their previous documentary, "Is Paris Burning?," they lean heavily on such cinematic devices (there can be no doubt as to the final destination of this *œuvre*) as flashbacks and dissolves. Their hyperbolic and portentous language never lets you forget that this script has everything—romance, color, violent action, passion, the majesty and pity of historical change, the roar and lust of the crowd. One gets the feeling that the authors' words are being used to sell their story rather than to tell it. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Photographs.

Note: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "The Blue Estuaries," a collection of poems by Louise Bogan, many of which originally appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Money That Money Can't Buy, by James Munro (Knopf). Only the English can properly delineate the secret agent *nouveau*—the imperfect, ungentle, stony-eyed, satanically shrewd murderer, a thoroughgoing Englishman who wears his Savile Row duds with the elegance of an Oscar Wilde Etonian and the spirit of an unforgiving Borstal boy. He is a brand-new national paragon, in fact, and we cannot help wishing that there were more and more of him, because his dark deeds do brighten life up. Where would crime be without these skilled and dedicated murderers? And these non-heroes of British Intelligence are the best of the lot. John Craig, six feet four and the most accomplished agent that Department K can fall back on, attracts women the way magnets attract whatever it is they attract, and also attracts all kinds of trouble, and undergoes frightful torture, and thinks, and remembers, and comes out at the end in even better shape than he was in at the beginning. What a man. What an *English* Englishman.

•

The commission, in a report just released, noted that "the personnel procedures of many employers screen out rather than screen in people." With good workers in scarce supply, this could be damaging to both company and job applicant.

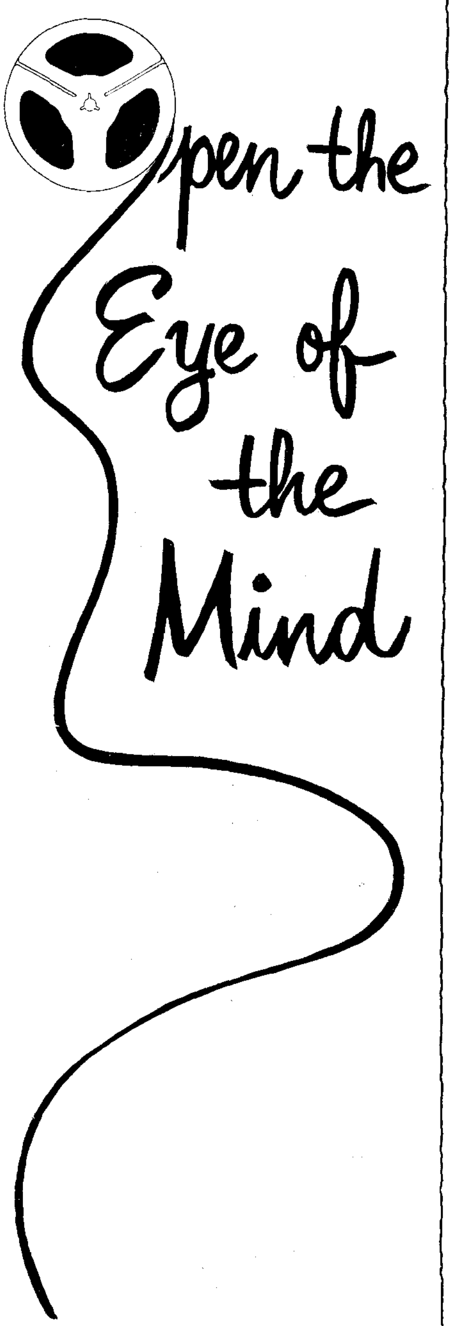
Standardized tests, said William Taylor, staff director of the commission, have been designed to test the white middle class. To illustrate, he draws this question from a widely used test: "Does RSVP mean 'reply not necessary'?"

Although it is entirely possible that the white applicant would fail the question, it isn't difficult to imagine a much higher failure rate for those from environments where such niceties have little meaning.

The answer. It would take one day or 24 hours to properly cook cheap chitlings.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

That'll screen 'em out!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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

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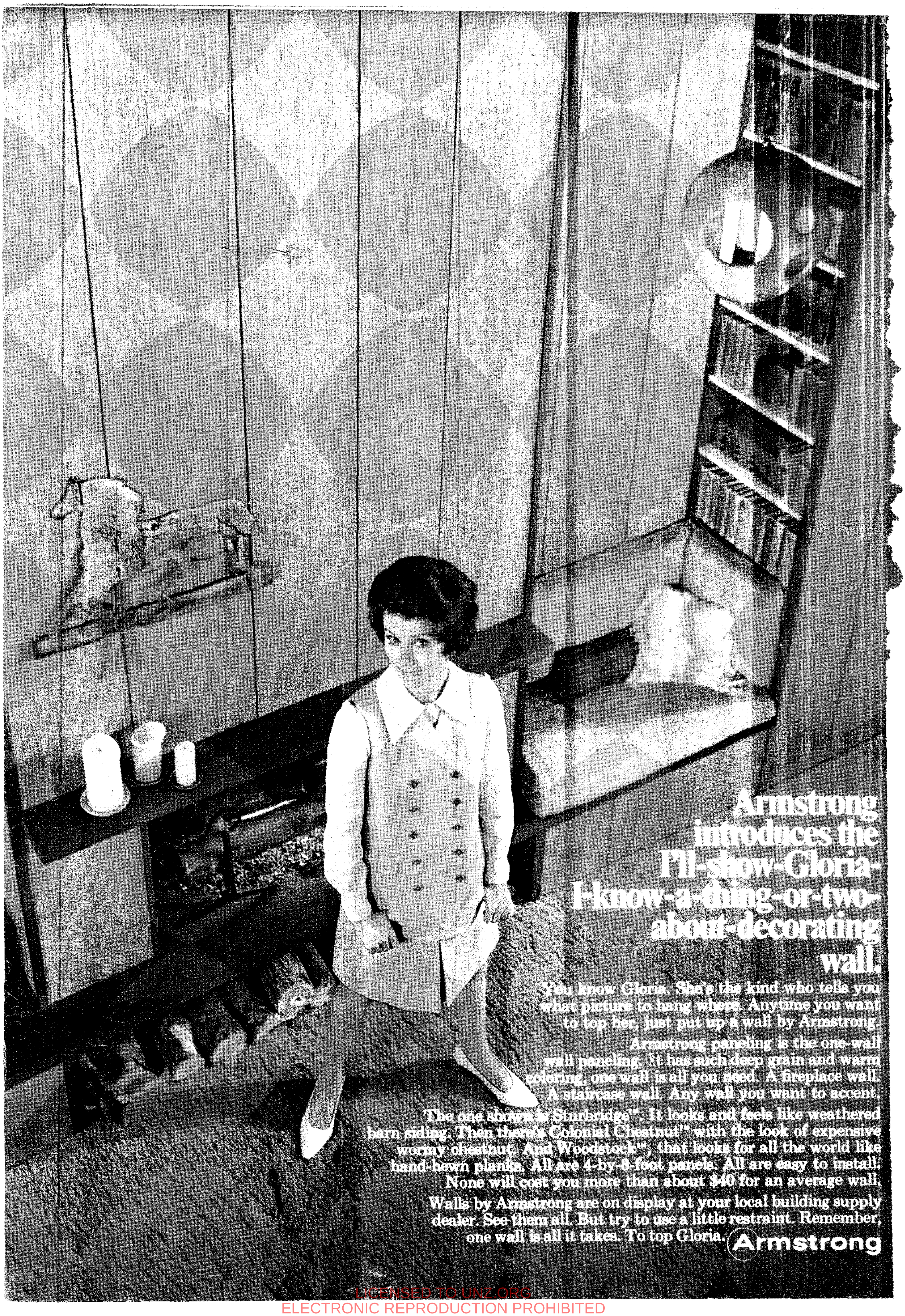

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